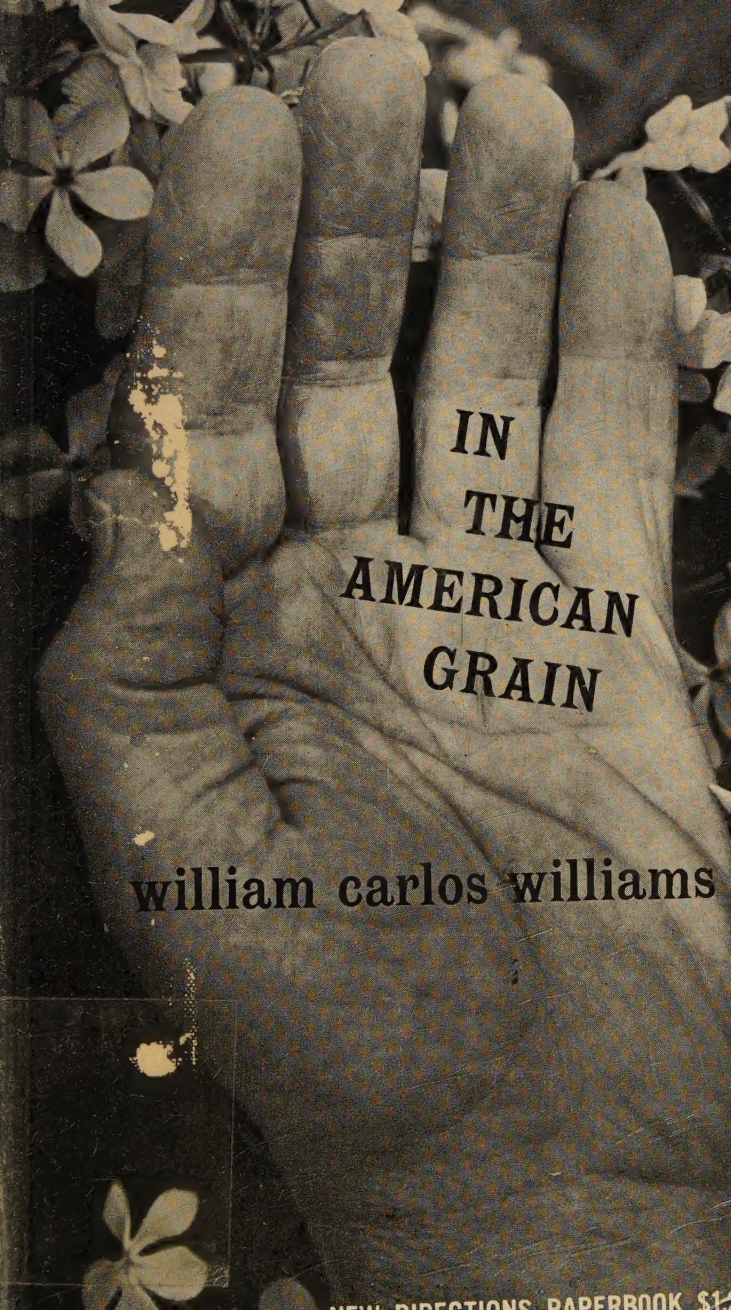
IN
THE
AMERICAN
GRAIN
william carlos williams
NEW DIRECTIONS PAPERBOOK $1.

IN THE AMERICAN GRAIN

LLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS was born in 1883 at Ruther-
l, New Jersey, where he still lives. His father was from
mingham, in England, and his mother, from Puerto Rico,
of Basque and Dutch-Spanish-Jewish descent. After gram-
school in Rutherford, he went to school in Geneva, Switzer-
d, to the Lycée Condorcet in Paris, for three years to the
ace Mann School in New York, and thence directly into
Medical School of the University of Pennsylvania. Intern-
o at the old French Hospital in New York was followed by
ear in Europe, at the University of Leipzig, in London with
nd and Yeats, in Italy and Spain. He returned to Ruther-
l to practice medicine and poetry, marry Florence Herman
Rutherford and father two sons, one of whom has now taken
r most of his medical practice.

lliams was twenty-six when his first small volume of poems
published by a local printer; a second, in 1913, was pub-
ed in London; and in the years that followed, up to 1956,
had published thirty-six separate volumes of prose and
try. Those in print are listed opposite the title page of this
k.

By WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS

Collected Earlier Poems
Collected Later Poems
A Dream of Love
In The Money
Paterson, Books I, II, III, & IV
Selected Poems

The Autobiography of William Carlos Williams
Selected Essays

William Carlos Williams by Vivienne Koch

IN THE AMERICAN GRAIN

BY

WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS

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these studies I have sought to re-name the things seen, now
t in chaos of borrowed titles, many of them inappropriate,
der which the true character lies hid. In letters, in journals,
orts of happenings I have recognized new contours sug-
sted by old words so that new names were constituted. Thus,
ere I have found noteworthy stuff, bits of writing have been
pied into the book for the taste of it. Everywhere I have
ed to separate out from the original records some flavor of
actual peculiarity the character denoting shape which the
ique force has given. Now it will be the configuration of a
n like Washington, and now a report of the witchcraft trials
rbatim, a story of a battle at sea—for the odd note there is
it, a letter by Franklin to prospective emigrants; it has been
y wish to draw from every source one thing, the strange
osphorus of the life, nameless under an old misappelation.

WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS

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IN THE AMERICAN GRAIN

RED ERIC

RATHER the ice than their way: to take what is mine by single strength, theirs by the crookedness of their law. But they have marked me—even to myself. Because I am not like them, I am evil. I cannot get my hands in it: I, murderer, outlaw, outcast even from Iceland. Because their way is the just way and my way—the way of the kings and my father—crosses them: weaklings holding together to appear strong. But I am alone, though in Greenland.

The worst is that weak, still, somehow, they are strong: they in effect have the power, by hook or by crook. And because I am not like them—not that I am evil, but more in accord with our own blood than they, eager to lead—this very part of me, by their trickery must not appear, unless in their jacket. Eric was Greenland: I call it Greenland, that men will go there to colonize it.

I, then, must open a way for them into the ice that they follow me even here—their servant, in spite of myself. Yet they must follow.

It was so from the beginning. They drove me from Haederen, my father and me. Who was this Christ, that he should come to bother me in my own country? His bishops that lie and falsify the records, make me out to be what I am not—for their own ends—because we killed a man.

Was he the first man that was ever killed, that they must sour over it? That he was important to their schemes, that he meant much to them—granted: one of their own color, we

who altered him must be driven from Norway. Their court and soft ways. Not that we killed him. One or the other of us had to die, under the natural circumstance. He or we. But that if we had been killed, would he then have been driven from his country? They would have made him Archbishop.

To Iceland, then. Forget Norway. What there? My father dead. Land to the north cleared. A poor homestead. Manslaughter had driven me there. Then I married Thorhild, removed from the north and cleared land at Haukadal. Must I be meek because of that? If my slaves cause a landslide on Valthioff's farm and Valthioff's kinsman slays them, shall I not kill him? Is it proper for me to stand and to be made small before my slaves? I am not a man to shake and sweat like a thief when the time comes.

Rather say I killed two men instead of the one. These tried me among themselves and drove me out once more. To the north, then. Iceland wilderness.

There Thorgest comes to me and asks if I will lend him my outer dais-boards: ready to take me at a loss. Why else? For Eric the Red is a marked man, beyond the law so it would seem: from that man one steals at will—being many in the act against his one. Thorgest keeps the decorated woodpieces. I go to his house and remove my property. He gives chase and two of his sons are killed in the encounter.

This time they have done the thing. They search for us among the islands—me and my people.

This is the way of it, Thorhall, this has always been the way with me from the first. Eric loves his friends, loves bed, loves food, loves the hunt, loves his sons. He is a man that can throw a spear, take a girl, steer a ship, till the soil, plant, care for the cattle, skin a fox, sing, dance, run, wrestle, climb, swim like a seal. A man to plan an expedition and pay for it, kill an enemy, take his way through a fog, a snowstorm, read a reckoning by the stars, live in a stench, drink foul water, withstand the fierce cold, the black of winter and come to a new country with a hundred men and found them there.

But they have branded me. They have separated murder nto two parts and fastened the worse on me. It rides in the ir around me. What is it to be killed? They have had their ing at me. Is it worse, so much worse, than to be hunted bout the islands, chased from Norway to Iceland, from outh to north, from Iceland to Greenland, because—I am I, nd remain so.

Outlaws have no friends. Murderers are run down like abbits among the stones. Yet my ship was built, fitted, manned, given safe conduct beyond the reefs. To Thorbiorn owe much. And so to Greenland—after bitter days fighting he ice and rough seas. Pestilence struck us. The cattle ickened. Weeks passed. The summer nearly ended before re struck land. This is my portion. I do not call it not to ay liking. Hardship lives in me. What I suffer is myself nat outraces the water or the wind. But that it only should e mine, cuts deep. It is the half only. And it takes it out f my taste that the choice is theirs. I have the rough of it ot because I will it, but because it is all that is left, a remnant from their coatcloth. This is the gall on the meat. Let he hail beat me. It is a kind of joy I feel in such things.

Greenland then. So be it. Start over again. It turns ut always the one way. A wife, her two sons and a daughter. o my life was split up. The logic of it also. This is my roof. We lived at our homestead, well rid of the world. raders visited us. Then Lief, Eric's son, sails to Norway, a housand miles, in one carry. But on his return, Lief the ucky, he is driven westward upon a new country, news of hich he brings to Brattahlid. At the same stroke he brings e back pride and joy-in-his-deed, my deed, Eric moving o, and poison: an edict from Olaf—from my son's mouth—lid as an axe to cut me, half healed, into pieces again.

Not that it was new. Only that here in Greenland I had gun to feel that I had left the curse behind. Here through e winters, far to the west, I had begun to look toward summer when I should be whole again. My people at work, my

wife beside me, the boys free from my smear, growing ii strength and knowledge of the sea. Here was an answer t them all: Thorstein and Lief Erickson, sons of Red Eric murderer! Myself in the teeth of the world.

So they chopped me up. The Pope wins Olaf. Lief a court—Olaf commissions him to carry the thing back t Greenland. It grows like fire. Why not? Promise the weal strength and have the strength of a thousand weak at you bidding. Thorhild bars me, godless, from her bed. Both son she wins to it. Lief and Thorstein both Christians. An this is what they say: Eric, son of evil, come and be forgiven.— Let her build a church and sleep in it.

* * *

With the years there began to be much talk at Brattahli of Vinland the Good that Lief had first seen, that it shoul be explored. And so Karlsefni and Snorri fitted out a shi Eric, too old to go with them, watches the ship depart. Bu Eric is in the ship, with the men, Eric the bedless, the sonless Fate has pulled him out at the holes of his eyes and flung hi again to sea as the ship steers southward. Now the glas darkens as the sea takes them to the New World.

They found wild rice, they built booths and palisades First they traded with the Skrellings, whose cheekbones wer high, whose eyes wide, then fought them. Whereas Karlsefn and his men had shown white shields before, now they too red shields and displayed them. The Skrellings sprang fro their canoes and they fought together. Karlsefni and Snorr were beaten. They fell back. Then it was that Freydis Eric's natural daughter, came out from her cabin. Seeing that the men were fleeing, she cried: Why do you flee from these wretches, when ye should slaughter them like cattle Had I a weapon I would fight better than any of you.

Lagging behind the rest as they ran, because of her belly she being with child, she found a dead man in front of her It was Snorri's son, with his head cleft by a stone, his nake

ord beside him. This she took up and prepared to defend rself. The Skrellings then approached her, whereupon she ripped down her shirt and slapped her breast with her re sword. At this the Skrellings were terrified and ran wn to their boats.

So, thinning out, more and more dark, it ran: Eric in reydis' bones: Freydis now, mistress of her own ship, perades two brothers, Helgi and Finnbogi, to sail with her ain to Vinland: all to share equally the good things that ight there be obtained. Lief to lend her his house there. wo ships, each to have thirty able-bodied men besides the omen, but at the start Freydis violated the compact by conaling five men more. Karlsefni feared her.

Now they put out to sea, the brothers in one ship and reydis and Karlsefni in the other, having agreed that they ould sail in company. But although they were not far apart om each other the brothers arrived somewhat in advance id carried their belongings up to Lief's house. Freydis mes and does the same. The brothers withdraw and build new house nearby. Within a month, the two houses are at ds and winter comes on.

Spring. Freydis, one night, after long thinking, arose rly from her bed and dressed herself, but did not put on oes and stockings. A heavy dew had fallen. She took o her husband's cloak, wrapped it about her and walked the dark to the brothers' house and up to the door, which d been only partly closed by one of the men, who had gone t only a short time earlier. She pushed open the door and ood silently in the doorway for a moment. Finnbogi was ake and said: What dost thou wish here, Freydis? She swered: I wish thee to arise and go with me for I would eak with thee. They walked to a tree which lay close by the ll of the house and seated themselves upon it. How art ou pleased here, she said. He answered that he was well eased with the place, except for the quarrel which had come between them. They talked.

It was the brothers' boat—it seemed—she wanted, larger than her own. Finnbogi slow, thickheaded, or asleep, consents to let her have it. Freydis, split with anger or bad blood, returns home and Finnbogi to his bed.

The woman climbed into bed and awakened her husband with her cold feet. Why so cold and wet? I have been to the brothers to buy their ship, but they refused and beat me!

Thorvard roused his men. They went to the brothers' house, took them and all their people, and slaughtered them one by one as they were brought from within. Only the women were left. These no man would kill. What? said Freydis. Hand me an axe! This done, she fell upon the five women and left them dead.

In Greenland, Lief, now head of the family, has no heart to punish his sister as she deserves: But this I predict of them, that there is little prosperity in store for their offspring. Hence it came to pass that no one from that time forward thought them worthy of aught but evil. Eric in his grave.

THE DISCOVERY OF THE INDIES

THE New World, existing in those times beyond the sphere of all things known to history, lay in the fifteenth century as the middle of the desert or the sea lies now id must lie forever, marked with its own dark life which es on to an immaculate fulfillment in which we have no rt. But now, with the maritime successes of that period, e western land could not guard its seclusion longer; a redestined and bitter fruit existing, perversely, before the ite flower of its birth, it was laid bare by the miraculous st voyage. For it is as the achievement of a flower, pure, ite, waxlike and fragrant, that Columbus' infatuated course ust be depicted, especially when compared with the acrid d poisonous apple which was later by him to be proved.

No more had Columbus landed, the flower once ravished, an it seemed as if heaven itself had turned upon this man r disturbing its repose. But the initiative taken, the course ached, the story must go on. He left a handful of colonists the islands while he, himself, returned to Spain with the ws and for aid.

As the outward journey had been pleasant "like April in idalucia"—still seas, clear, fine weather and steady winds, now the return was difficult. Through tempest, assault, ckery among the Portuguese Azores, capture and despair, fought his way. But as he neared the home coast at last his als grew worst of all. Everything hung on the point of ng lost:

* * *

. . . daylight until sunset, great trouble with the wind, high d tempestuous seas. Lightning three times to the N.N.E. sign of a great storm coming from that quarter or its opsite. We lay to most of the night, afterwards showing a

little sail. In the day the wind moderated a little, but soon increased again and during the night the waves were terrible, rising against each other and so shaking and straining the *Niña* that she was in danger of being stove in. We carried the mainsail very closely reefed, so as just to give her steerage way.

Meanwhile the sea and wind increased, and we began to run before it, there being nothing else to do. The caravel *Pinta* began to run before it at the same time, and Martin Alonzo ran her out of sight, although we kept showing lantern all night and they answered us.

Sunrise the wind blew still harder, and the cross seas were terrific. Continued to show the closely reefed mainsail to enable her to rise between the waves, or she would otherwise have been swamped. Now I feared that we should perish. I should have borne this misfortune with less distress had my life alone been in peril, but what caused me boundless grief and trouble was the thought that just now when our gainsayers were to be convinced and the discovery of a New World victoriously to be announced, that just now the Divine Will should wish to block it with my destruction.

Of this mind I resolved, that even if I should die, the ship be lost, to find a means of not losing a victory already won. I wrote on a parchment, with that brevity which the time demanded, how I had discovered the lands I had promised to find, describing the route I had followed and how your Highness had possession of all that had been found by me.

This folded and sealed, I had a cask brought, and having wrapped the writing in waxed cloth surrounded by a large cake of wax, I enclosed all in a barrel stoutly hooped, which I threw into the sea. All believed it some act of devotion.

Later amid showers and squalls, the wind veered to the west and we sailed before it, in a very confused sea, for five hours. We had taken in the reefed mainsail, for fear that the wind would carry all away. That night at the time of repeating the *Salve*, some of the men saw a light to leeward

uring the night a terrible storm, expecting to be overwhelmed the cross seas, while the wind seemed to raise the caravel o the air. In these straits, not knowing whether there was y port for shelter, I set the mainsail. . . .

* * *

Forced by the storm into Lisbon harbor, the turn of his stiny quickly multiplied his misfortunes. In Spain, when finally arrived there, they immediately accused him of play- g traitor to Castile, of having tried to bargain with the rtuguese sovereign.

But that passed; there was too much still for him to en- re for catastrophe to have overtaken him so early; some vage power had him in its care, preserving him for its er pleasure. Now his triumph was acclaimed, his captives re paraded in Madrid, his gold was witnessed, his birds, nkeys and native implements were admired. This over, mediately the urge was on him once more. He must re- rn at once to the New World. Never content would he be the balance of his whole life, following his fortune, whose ver, unknown to him, was past.

But now he saw before him the illusive bright future of a eat empire founded, coupled with a fabulous conquest of thendom by the only true church. Much had been prom- d him. He had succeeded in the sternest hazard, the great t step; should not the rest prove easy and natural? It e before him like a great gilded mountain. Again and again calls before his mind their agreements:

* * *

. . . that henceforth I should be called Don, and should Chief Admiral of the Ocean Sea, perpetual Viceroy and vernor of all the islands and continents that I should dis- er and gain in the Ocean Sea, and that my eldest son uld succeed, and so from generation to generation for- r.

. . . . . .

Item: that of all and every kind of merchandise, whether pearls, precious stones, gold, silver, spices, etc., of whatever kind, name and sort which may be bought, bartered, discovered within the said Admiralty, your Highnesses grant from henceforth to the said Don Cristóbal, the tenth part of the whole . . . granted, in the town of Santa Fe de la Granada on the 17th day of April, in the year of our Lord Jesus Christ 1492. I, the King. I, the Queen.

* * *

Unhappy talk. What power had such ridiculous littl promises to stay a man against that terrific downpour on th brink of which they were all floating? How could a kin fulfill them? Yet this man, this straw in the play of th elemental giants, must go blindly on. More and more h threw everything he had into the contest, his sons, his brothers in the hope that his fortunes would be retrieved in the end How could he have realized that against which he was opposed? His instinctive enemies, however, were not so backward on their part. With malicious accuracy, finding hi more and more alone, they sensed everything and turned i to their own advantage, being closer to that curious self-interest of natural things than he.

Heroically, but pitifully, he strove to fasten to himself that enormous world, that presently crushed him among it multiple small disguises.

With its archaic smile, America found Columbus its firs victim. This was well, even merciful. As for the others, wh shall say?—when riding a gigantic Nature and when through her heat they could arrogate to themselves a pin's worth o that massive strength, to turn it against another of thei own kind to his undoing,—even they are natural and as muc a part of the scheme as any other.

There is no need to argue Columbus' special worth. A much as many another more successful, everything that i holy, brave or of whatever worth there is in a man was contained in that body. Let it have been as genius that he mad

his first great voyage, possessed of that streamlike human purity of purpose called by that name—it was still as a man that he would bite the bitter fruit that Nature would offer him. He was poisoned and his fellows turned against him like wild beasts.

Bewildered, he continued, voyage after voyage, four times, out of his growing despair; it seemed that finally by sheer physical effort a way must be found—till the realization of it all at last grew firmly upon him:

* * *

Seven years passed in discussion and nine in execution, the Indies discovered, wealth and renown for Spain and great increase to God and to his Church. And I have arrived at and am in such condition that there is no one so vile but thinks he may insult me.

What have I not endured? Three voyages undertaken and brought to success against all who would gainsay me; islands and a mainland to the south discovered; pearls, gold, and, in spite of all, after a thousand struggles with the world and having withstood them all, neither arms nor counsels availed, it cruelly kept me under water.

If I were to steal the Indies or the land which lies beyond them from the altar of St. Peter and give them to the Moors, they could not have greater enmity toward me in Spain.

When on my last voyage, having turned homeward, I had left Paria (Brazil) and come again to Española (Porto Rico), I found half the people in revolt; and the Indians on the other side grievously harassed me. It was at this time that Bobadilla came to Santo Domingo. I was at La Vega. He took up his abode in my house and, just as he found it, so he appropriated everything to himself. Well and good; perhaps he was in want of it. On the second day after his arrival he created himself Governor.

I thought the affair would end like that of Hojeda and the others, but I restrained myself when I learned for certain from the friars that your Highnesses had sent him. I wrote

to him that his arrival was welcome, that I was prepared to hand it over to him as smooth as my palm. But he gave me no answer. On the contrary, he put himself in a warlike attitude and compelled all who were there to take an oath to him as Governor. Together with them, he ordered inquisitions concerning me, the like whereof were never known in hell. I was made prisoner and returned to Spain in the condition of which you know.

I should have freed myself forever from this affair and undertaken that holy pilgrimage which has long been in my heart had it been honorable to my Queen to do so. But the support of Our Lord and Her Highness made me persevere. I undertook a fresh voyage to the new Heaven and Earth. And if this, the most honorable and profitable of all, is held in small esteem in Spain, it is because it has been looked upon as my work.

Up to the period of reaching these shores, I experienced most excellent weather, but the night of my arrival came on with a dreadful tempest, and the same bad weather has continued ever since. On reaching the island of Española, I despatched a packet of letters, by which I begged as a favor that a ship be supplied me at my own cost in lieu of one of those that I had brought with me, which had become unseaworthy, and could no longer carry sail. The letters were taken, and your Highnesses will know if a reply has been given them. For my part I was forbidden to go on shore.

The tempest was terrible throughout the night, all the ships were separated, and each one driven to the last extremity without hope of anything but death; each of them also looked upon the loss of the rest as a matter of certainty. What man was ever born, not even excepting Job, who would not have been ready to die of despair at finding himself as I then was, in anxious fear for my own safety, and that of my son, my brother and my friends, and yet refused permission either to land or to put into harbor on the shores which by God's mercy I had gained for Spain sweating blood?

And this is the thing which calls most loudly for redress ad remains inexplicable to this moment. The lands in this art of the world, which are now under your Highnesses' vay, are richer and more extensive than those of any other hristian power, and yet, after that I had, by the Divine 'ill, placed them under your high and royal sovereignty, ad was on the point of bringing your Majesties into receipt a very great and unexpected revenue; and while I was wait-g for ships to convey me to safety, and with a heart full of y, to your royal presence, victoriously to announce the news the gold that I had discovered, I was arrested and thrown ith my two brothers, loaded with irons, into a ship, stripped, nd very ill treated without being allowed any appeal to ustice.

Who could believe that a poor foreigner would have risen gainst your Highnesses, in such a place without any motive argument on his side; without even the assistance of any ther Prince upon whom to rely; but on the contrary amongst our own vassals and natural subjects, and with my sons stay-g at the royal court? I was twenty-eight years old when I ame into your Highnesses' service, and now I have not a hair pon me that is not gray; my body is infirm, and all that was ft me, as well as to my brothers, has been taken away and old, even to the frock that I wore.

I would implore your Highnesses to forgive my com-laints. I am indeed in as ruined condition as I have re-ted. With regard to temporal things, I have not even a *anca* for an offering; and in spiritual things, I have ceased ere in the Indies from observing the prescribed forms of re-gion. . . .

But to return to the ships: although the tempest had so ompletely separated them from me as to leave me single, et the Lord restored them to me in His good time. The ship or which we had the greatest fear, had put out to sea to escape eing blown toward the island. The *Gallega* lost her boat and part of her provisions, which latter loss indeed all of the

ships suffered. With this tempest I struggled on till I reached Jamaica, and there the sea became calm, but there was a strong contrary current which carried me as far as the Queen's Garden without seeing land. Hence, as opportunity offered, I pushed on for the mainland, in spite of the wind and a fearful contrary current, against which I contended for sixty days. All this time I was unable to get into harbor, nor was there any cessation of the tempest, which was one continuation of rain, thunder and lightning. I at length reached the Cape of Gracias a Dios, and after that the Lord granted me fair wind and tide; this was on the twelfth of September. Twenty-eight days did this fearful tempest continue, during which I was at sea and saw neither sun nor stars, my ships lay exposed, with sails torn, and anchors, rigging, cables, boats and a great quantity of provisions lost. Other tempests have been experienced, but never of so long a duration as this. I myself had fallen sick, and was many times on the point of death, but from a little cabin that I had caused to be constructed on deck, I directed our course. My brother was in the ship that was in the worst condition and the most exposed to danger; and my grief on this account was the greater that I had brought him with me against his will.

Such is my fate, that the twenty years of service through which I have passed with so much toil and danger, have profited me nothing, and at this very day I do not possess a roof in Spain that I can call my own; if I wish to eat or sleep, I have nowhere to go but to the inn or tavern, and most times lack wherewith to pay the bill.

I reached the land of Cariay, where I stopped to repair my vessels and take in provisions, as well as to afford relaxation to my men, who had become very weak. There I gained information respecting the gold mines of which I was in search and two Indians conducted me to Carambaru, where the people, who go naked, wear golden mirrors round their necks, which they will neither sell, give, nor part with for any con-

deration. They named to me many places on the sea-coast here there were both gold and mines. I started with the intention of visiting all of them. It was on the eve of St. Simon nd St. Jude, which was the day fixed for our departure; but at night there arose so violent a storm, that we were forced go wherever it drove us. I ran before the wind without ower to resist it. Never was the sea seen so high, so terrific nd so covered with foam; not only did the wind oppose our roceeding onward, but it also rendered it highly dangerous run in for any headland, and kept me in that sea, which emed to me as a sea of blood, seething like a cauldron on mighty fire. Never did the sky look more fearful; during ay and night it burned like a furnace and every instant I ooked to see if my masts and my sails were not destroyed. hese flashes came with such alarming fury that we all thought e ships must have been destroyed. All this time the waters om heaven never ceased, not to say that it rained, for it was xe a repetition of the deluge. Twice had the ships suffered ss in boats, anchors, rigging, and were now lying bare without sails . . . still raining. The sea very tempestuous and I as driven backward under bare poles. . . .

I anchored at an island, where I lost, at one stroke, three nchors; and at midnight, when the weather was such that e world appeared to be coming to an end, the cables of the her ship broke, and it came down upon my vessel with such rce that it was a wonder we were not dashed to pieces; the ngle anchor that remained to me was our only preservation. fter six days, when the weather became calm, I resumed my ourney, having already lost all my tackle; my ships were erced with borers more than a honeycomb and the crew enrely paralyzed with fear and in despair. There the storm turned to drive me back . . . I continued beating against ntrary winds, and with the ships in the worst possible contion. With three pumps. and the use of pots and kettles, e could scarcely clear the water that came into the ship, ere being no remedy but this, against the shipworm, I deter-

mined on keeping the sea, in spite of the weather, when we miraculously came upon land.

Weep for me whoever has charity, truth and justice. I did not come out on this voyage to gain to myself honor and wealth; for at that time all hope of such a thing was dead. I do not lie when I say, that I went to your Highnesses with honest purpose of heart, and sincere zeal in your cause. I humbly beseech your Highnesses, that if it please God to rescue me from this place, you will graciously sanction my pilgrimage to Rome and other holy places. May the holy Trinity protect your Highnesses' lives, and add prosperity. . . .

* * *

Storms and men; the very worms of the sea were opposed to him. But if, as he instinctively, but for his insane doggedness, would have done, he had undertaken that holy pilgrimage of which he had spoken, the flower might again, in that seclusion, often have appeared to him in all its old-time loveliness, as when he himself floated with luck and in sunshine on that tropic sea toward adventure and discovery:

* * *

. . . at the third hour of Saturday night it began to blow from the N. E. and I shaped my course to the west. We took in much water over the bows, which retarded our progress and nine leagues were made during the day and night.

Sunday we made nineteen leagues, and I decided to reckon less than the number run, for should the voyage prove of long duration, the people would not be so terrified and disheartened. This day we lost sight of land, and many fearful of not seeing it again sighed and shed tears. The sailors steered badly, letting the ships fall off to N. E. and even more, of which I was forced to complain several times.

Monday . . . Tuesday we sailed on our course which was west and made twenty leagues or more. We saw a large piece of the mast of a ship of one hundred and twenty tons, but were unable to get it.

Wednesday . . . On this day, Thursday, thirteenth Sep-
mber, at the commencement of the night, the needles turned
half point to the north-west, and in the morning still more
. This I took to be due to a movement of the North Star
nich must have an orbit like the others howbeit less than
ey.

Friday, on the westerly course, day and night, twenty
agues, counting a little less. Here those on the caravel
iña reported that they had seen a tern, a bird which is
ver far from land.

Saturday, we made twenty-seven leagues on the west
urse; and in the early part of the night there fell into the
a a marvelous flame of fire, at a distance of about four or
e leagues from the ship.

Sunday, the sixteenth, day and night, I steered the course
st, making thirty-nine leagues but counted only thirty-
. There were some clouds and small rain. From this day
d ever afterward very temperate breezes, so that there was
eat pleasure in enjoying the mornings, nothing being wanted
t the song of nightingales. It was like April in Andalucia.
ere we began to see many tufts of grass that were very green
d appeared to have been quite recently torn from the land.
l this I called to the attention of the men and from this I
dged that we were near land, but not the mainland which I
ke to be more distant.

The seventeenth of September, Monday, I proceeded on
e west course and made over fifty leagues in the day and
ght, counting only forty-seven. A favorable current aided
on our way. There was very much fine grass and herbs
om rocks, which came from the west, so that it seemed for
tain that land must be near. This day the pilots observed
e north point and found, for the first time, that the needles
rned a full point to the west of north. All this day the
ariners were alarmed and dejected and would not give their
ason. But I knew that it was because of the needle. At
wn I ordered that the north should be again observed.

They then found that the needles were true for the cause was that the star makes the movement and not the needles. At dawn we observed much more weed appearing, like herbs from a river, in which one of the men discovered a live crab. This I kept that all might see it and believe on the land. The sea water was found to be less salt than it had been since leaving the Canaries. This I caused many to taste. The breezes were always soft. Every one was pleased and the best sailors went ahead to sight the first land. Many tunnyfish passed on all sides of us and the crew of the *Niña* killed one. All these signs came from the west in which direction I trust in that high God in whose hands are all victories that very soon we shall see land. On that morning there appeared a white bird, called boatswainbird, which is not in the habit of sleeping on the sea.

Tuesday, we made forty-five leagues, counting only thirty-eight. The sea was like the river of Seville. Martin Alonzo, with the *Pinta*, which was a fast sailer, did not wait, but said to me from his caravel, that he hoped to see land that night. A great cloud appeared to the north, a sign of the nearness of land.

Wednesday, twenty-five leagues, but it was calm, and I counted only twenty-two. This day, at ten o'clock, a booby came to the ship and in the afternoon another, these birds not generally going more than twenty leagues from the land. There was also some drizzling rain without wind, which is a sure sign of land. I felt it to be certain that there were islands both to the north and south of our position and that we were passing through them. This I explained to all saying that my desire was to press on to the Indies, the weather being fine, as such it was, and that on the return we should see all. Here the pilots found their position. He of the *Niña* made the Canaries four hundred and forty leagues distant, the *Pinta* four hundred and twenty. But he of my own ship made the distance exactly four hundred leagues, which I gave out to be the true.

Thursday, twentieth of September, the course was W. by and as her head was all round the compass, owing to the m that prevailed, the ship made only seven or eight leagues. o boobies came to the ship, and afterwards another, a sign the proximity of land. One of the men caught a bird with hand, which was like a tern. But it was a riverbird, not eabird, the feet being like those of a gull. At dawn two or ee land birds came singing to the ship and they disappeared ore sunset.

Twenty-first of September, most of the day was calm, later ttle wind. During the day and night we made only thirn leagues. At dawn we saw so much weed that the sea eared to be covered with it. And it came from the west. ooby was seen. The sea was very smooth, like a river, and air the best in the world. Toward midday a whale was ted, which is a sign of land, because they always keep near shore.

Saturday, September twenty-second, I shaped my course N. W. more or less, her head turning from one to the r point and made thirty leagues. This contrary wind was v necessary to me, because my people had become much exd at the thought that in these seas no wind ever blew in direction of Spain. In the morning there was no weed in the afternoon it was very thick.

This day, Sunday, the twenty-third of September, I ed a course N. W. and at times more northerly; some-s getting upon our course, which was west, and made t twenty-two leagues. A dove was seen and also another y, another riverbird and some white birds. Great quans of weed and crabs in it. The sea being calm and smooth, crews began to murmur, saying that here there was no t sea and the wind would never blow so that they could rn to Spain. Many were in great despair and torment of d thinking that they would never be able to return. Afterd the sea arose very much and later adverse winds apred. The adverseness of the wind and the high sea were

very helpful to me since they freed the crew of the ide
that there would be no favorable sea and winds for their re
turn. Yet even then some objected, saying that the win
would not last.

Monday, on the west course all day and night making fou
teen leagues. I counted only twelve.

Tuesday, calm and afterwards wind. On the west cour
till night. This day I signaled that the *Pinta* should dra
near and conversed with Martin Alonzo Pinzon respecting
chart which I had sent to the caravel three days before c
which I had depicted certain islands in that sea. Mart
Alonzo said that the ships were in the position on which t
islands were placed, with which I agreed but added that
might be that we had not fallen in with them due to the cu
rents which had always set the ships to the N. E. and th
we had not made so much as the pilots had reported. At m
request the chart was sent back on a line. Thereat I plott
our position on it with the aid of the pilot and mariners th
they might be reassured. At sunset Martin Alonzo went u
on the poop of his ship and with joy called out that he ha
sighted land. I fell on my knees and gave thanks to the Lor
so heavy had been my burdens these latter days at the despe
among the men and the murmurs going among them, that
should have to turn back. And Martin Alonzo said the *Glor
in Excelsis* with his people. My own crew did the sam
Those of the *Niña* all went up on the mast and into the riggi
and declared that it was land. It seemed distant twenty-fi
leagues. So it appeared until night. I ordered the cou
to be altered from west to S. W. in which direction the la
had appeared. Four leagues that day on a west course a
seventeen S. W. during the night, in all twenty-one, but
told the men that thirteen was the distance made good. T
sea was very smooth so that many sailors bathed alongsi
We saw many giltheads and other fish.

Wednesday, what had been said to be land was only clou
and I continued on the west course till afternoon, then

red to S. W. Day and night thirty-one leagues counting enty-four for the people. The sea was like a river, the air easant and mild. The despair of the crew redoubled at s disappointment but I comforted them as best I could, gging them to endure a while longer for all that would be eirs in the end.

Thursday, the course west, and distance made good day d night twenty-four leagues, twenty being counted for the ople. Many giltheads came. One was killed. A boat-ainbird came.

Twenty-eighth September, Friday, the course was west d the distance, owing to calms, only fourteen leagues, count-; only thirteen. Little weed but more giltheads. Caught .

Saturday, the course was west, twenty-four leagues, count-; only twenty-one. Calm, not much distance made good ring day and night. Today we saw a man-o-war bird, which kes the boobies vomit what they have swallowed, and eats maintaining itself on nothing else. It is a seabird but does sleep on the sea, and does not go more than twenty leagues m land. The sea smooth as a river. Much weed.

Sunday, the last day of September, west fourteen leagues, ven being counted. Four boatswainbirds came to the ship ich I considered a great sign of land.

Monday, first of October, west twenty-five leagues, counted nty. A heavy shower of rain. At dawn the pilot of our p made the distance from Hierro five hundred eighty-four gues to the west. The reduced reckoning which I showed the crew made it five hundred seventy-eight leagues, but the th which I kept secret was seven hundred seven. Thus the dom of the double reckoning was confirmed.

Tuesday, west, day and night thirty-nine leagues, counted the crew thirty. The weed, many thanks to God, coming m east to west, contrary to the usual course. Many fish n and one killed. A white bird like a gull.

Wednesday, still the west course, and made good forty-

seven leagues, counted forty. Sandpipers appeared, an much weed, some old and some quite fresh and having frui No birds. So I gave it out that we had left the islands be hind that were depicted on the chart. Here many called upo me to turn about and search for the land but I did not wis to keep the ships beating about, although I had certain in formation of islands in this region. It would not have bee good sense to do this since the weather was favorable and th chief intention was to go in search of the Indies by way of th west. This was what I had promised to the King and Quee and they had sent me for this purpose.

Thursday, west sixty-three leagues, counted forty-si More than forty sandpipers came to the ship in a flock an two boobies. A shipsboy hit one with a stone. There also cam a man-o-war bird and a white bird like a gull. The crew he became ever louder in their complaints but I gave as litt heed as I was able though many were now openly mutino and would have done me harm if they dared.

Peter Gutierrez: So that, virtually, you have staked you life and the lives of your companions, upon the foundation of mere speculative opinion.

Columbus: So it is: I cannot deny it. But consider a li tle. If at present you and I, and all our companions, we not in this vessel, in the midst of this sea, in this unknow solitude, in a state as uncertain and perilous as you please; what other condition of life should we pass these days? Pe haps more cheerfully? or should we not rather be in so greater trouble or solicitude, or else full of tedium? I ca not to mention the glory and utility we shall carry back, the enterprise succeeds according to our hope. Should n other fruit come from this navigation, to me it appears mo profitable inasmuch as for a time it preserves us free fro tedium, makes life dear to us, makes valuable to us man things that otherwise we should not have in consideration.

Friday, fifth of October, fifty-seven leagues, but counte forty-five. The sea smooth and quiet. To God be giv

anks, the air being pleasant and temperate, with no weed, ny sandpipers, and flying fish coming on the deck in mbers.

Saturday, continued the west course, forty leagues, thirty-ree being counted. Martin Alonzo said that it would be it to steer west by south, that night, for the island of Cingo which the map showed but I thought it best to go at e to the continent and afterwards to the island.

Sunday, seventh October, west twenty-three leagues, count- eighteen. This day the *Niña* hoisted a flag at the mast-d, and fired a gun, which was the signal I had ordered that d had been sighted. At this time also, I ordered that at rise and sunset, all the ships should join me, because at se times things are most proper for seeing the greatest tance, the haze clearing away. No land was seen during afternoon as reported by the *Niña*. But we passed great mbers of birds flying from N. to S. W. This I believed be due either to the birds going to sleep on land or that y were flying from the winter which might be supposed to near in the land from which they were coming. And this some measure consoled the men from their disappointment r the false news from the *Niña* since it is known that most he islands held by the Portuguese were discovered by the ht of birds. For this reason I resolved to give up the west rse and to shape a course W. S. W. for two days. We an the new course an hour before sunset, expecting to see l soon and this served to encourage the crew with renewed e.

Monday, the course W. S. W. and twelve leagues were le during the day and night. Thanks be to God the air ery soft like April at Seville; and it is a pleasure to be e, so balmy are the breezes. The weed this day is very h, there are many land birds and one was taken that was ng S. W., terns, ducks and a booby.

Tuesday, ninth October, the course S. W. The wind then

changed and I steered W. by N. four leagues. Throughou the night birds were heard passing.

Wednesday, fifty-nine leagues, W. S. W., but counted n more than forty-four. Here the people could endure n longer. All now complained of the length of the voyage. Bu I cheered them as best I could, giving them good hopes o the advantages they might gain by it. Roused to madnes by their fear, the captains declared they were going back bu I told them then, that however much they might complai I had to go to the Indies and they along with me, and that would go on until I found them, with the help of our Lor And so for a time it passed but now all was in great dange from the men.

Thursday, eleventh of October. The course was W. S. W More sea than there had been during the whole of the voy age. Sandpipers and a green reed near the ship. And fo this I gave thanks to God as it was a sure sign of land. Thos of the *Pinta* saw a cane and a pole, and they took up anothe small pole which appeared to be worked with iron; also a other bit of cane, a land plant and a small board. The crew the caravel *Niña* also saw signs of land, and a small pla covered with berries.

After sunset I returned to the west course. Up to tw hours past midnight we had gone ninety miles, when the *Pint* which was the fastest sailer and had gone ahead, found t land and gave the signals. The land was first seen by Rodri de Triana.

Though on the night before, at ten o'clock, I saw a lig and called Peter Gutierrez and said that there seemed to be light, and that he should look at it. He did so and saw The same to Rodrigo Sanchez who at first could see nothi but afterward saw the light once or twice like a wax can rising and falling. When they said the *Salve*, which all t sailors are accustomed to sing in their way, I admonished t men to keep a good lookout on the forecastle and to wat well for land and to him who should first cry out that he h

n land I would give a silk doublet besides the other rewards omised by the Sovereigns which were ten thousand *maravis* to him who should first see it. Two hours past midnight, e moon having risen at eleven o'clock and then shining ghtly in the sky, being in its third quarter and a little nind Rodrigo de Triana, the land was sighted at a distance about two leagues. At once I ordered them to shorten sail d we lay under the mainsail without the bonnets, hove to iting for daylight.

On Friday, the twelfth of October, we anchored before the d and made ready to go on shore. Presently we saw naked ople on the beach. I went ashore in the armed boat and k the royal standard, and Martin Alonzo and Vincent ñez, his brother, who was captain of the *Niña*. And we v the trees very green, and much water and fruits of divers ds. Presently many of the inhabitants assembled. I gave some red caps and glass beads to put round their necks, d many other things of little value. They came to the ps' boats afterward, where we were, swimming and bring- us parrots, cotton threads in skeins, darts—what they d, with good will. As naked as their mothers bore them, d so the women, though I did not see more than one young d. All I saw were youths, well made with very handsome lies and very good countenances. Their hair short and rse, almost like the hairs of a horse's tail. They paint mselves some black, some white, others red and others of at color they can find. Some paint the faces and others whole body, some only round the eyes and others only on nose. They are themselves neither black nor white.

On Saturday, as dawn broke, many of these people came the beach, all youths. Their legs are very straight, all in line and no belly. They came to the ship in canoes, made of the trunk of a tree, all in one piece, and wonderfully ked, propelled with a paddle like a baker's shovel, and go a marvelous speed.

Bright green trees, the whole land so green that it is a

pleasure to look on it. Gardens of the most beautiful trees I ever saw. Later I came upon a man alone in a canoe goin from one island to another. He had a little of their brea about the size of a fist, a calabash of water, a piece of brow earth, powdered then kneaded, and some dried leaves whic must be a thing highly valued by them for they bartered wit it at San Salvador. He also had with him a native baske The women wore in front of their bodies a small piece of cotto cloth. I saw many trees very unlike those of our cou try. Branches growing in different ways and all fro one trunk; one twig is one form and another is a differer shape and so unlike that it is the greatest wonder in the wor to see the diversity; thus one branch has leaves like those a cane, and others like those of a mastic tree; and on a sing tree there are five different kinds. The fish so unlike ou that it is wonderful. Some are the shape of dories and of th finest colors, so bright that there is not a man who would n be astounded, and would not take great delight in seeing ther There are also whales. I saw no beasts on land save parro and lizards.

On shore I sent the people for water, some with arms, an others with casks; and as it was some little distance, I waite two hours for them.

During that time I walked among the trees which was th most beautiful thing which I had ever seen. . . .

Eia ergo, advocata nostra, illos tuos misericordes oculi ad nos converte. Et Jesum, benedictum fructum ventris tu nobis post hoc exsilium ostende. O clemens, o pia, o dulc Maria.

THE DESTRUCTION OF TENOCHTITLAN

JPON the orchidean beauty of the new world the old rushed inevitably to revenge itself after the Italian's return. Such things occur in secret. Though men ay be possessed by beauty while they work that is all they ow of it or of their own terrible hands; they do not fathom e forces which carry them. Spain cannot be blamed for the assness of the discoverers. They moved out across the seas rred by instincts, ancient beyond thought as the depths they re crossing, which they obeyed under the names of King Christ or whatever it might be, while they watched the creative New unfolding itself miraculously before them, fore *them*, deafened and blinded. Steering beyond familiar rizons they were driven to seek perhaps self-justification for torious wars against Arab and Moor; but these things are e surface only. At the back, as it remains, it was the evil the whole world; it was the perennial disappointment which lows, like smoke, the bursting of ideas. It was the spirit malice which underlies men's lives and against which noth- g offers resistance. And bitter as the thought may be that nochtitlan, the barbaric city, its people, its genius wherever und should have been crushed out because of the awkward mes men give their emptiness, yet it was no man's fault. It s the force of the pack whom the dead drive. Cortez was ither malicious, stupid nor blind, but a conqueror like other nquerors. Courageous almost beyond precedent, tactful, ourceful in misfortune, he was a man of genius superbly ted to his task. What his hand touched went down in spite him. He was one among the rest. Velasquez, the Cuban vernor who sent him out, traitorously attacked him from e rear a week afterward. His own captains would have

deserted him, so hard was he to follow. But the entire enter prise lived for many years on the verge of being allowe to languish, ruin to succeed destruction, because of the for tuitous anger which blossomed so naïvely, so mysteriously i Fonseca, Bishop of Burgos, President of the Council of th Indies. This the man, Cortez' most powerful enemy, alread so notorious for the spiteful malevolence with which h thwarted the views of Columbus—a logic clearer had ther been two Fonsecas instead of the one. After a rough voyag from Cuba, across the gulf, Cortez landed his small forc safely before what is now Vera Cruz, near the native city o Cempoal. There, lest his men should desert him in view o the hardships which lay ahead, he had his vessels beached, un der pretext of their being no longer seaworthy, and destroye them.

Montezuma immediately sent gifts, at the same time beg ging the Spaniard not to risk coming up into the back coun try: a gold necklace of seven pieces, set with many gems lik small rubies, a hundred and eighty-three emeralds and te fine pearls, and hung with twenty-seven little bells of gold.— Two wheels, one of gold like the sun and the other of silve with the image of the moon upon it, made of plates of thos metals, twenty-eight hands in circumference, with figures c animals and other things in bas relief, finished with great ski and ingenuity.—A headpiece of wood and gold, adorned wit gems, from which hung twenty-five little bells of gold, an on it, instead of plume, a green bird with eyes, beak and fe of gold.—Several shoes of the skin of deer, sewed with gol thread, the soles of which were made of blue and white ston of a brilliant appearance.—A shield of wood and leather, wit little bells hanging to it and covered with plates of gold, i the middle of which was cut the image of the god of war b tween four heads of a lion, a tiger, an eagle and an owl re resented alive with their hair and feathers.—Twenty-four cur ous and beautiful shields of gold, of feathers and very sma pearls, and four of feathers and silver only.—Four fishes, tw

ucks and some other birds of molten gold.—A large mirror dorned with gold, and many small.—Miters and crowns of eathers and gold ornamented with pearls and gems.—Sev-al large plumes of beautiful feathers, fretted with gold and mall pearls.—Several fans of gold and silver mixed together; chers of feathers only, of different forms and sizes.—A va-iety of cotton mantles, some all white, others chequered with hite and black, or red, green, yellow and blue; on the out-de rough like shaggy cloth and within destitute of color and ap.—A number of underwaistcoats, handkerchiefs, counter-anes, tapestries and carpets of cotton, the workmanship nperior to the materials of which they were composed.—And ooks made of tablets with a smooth surface for writing, hich being joined might be folded together or stretched out o a considerable length, "the characters inscribed thereon esembling nothing so much as Egyptian hieroglyphics."—But ortez was unwilling to turn back; rather these things whet-ed his appetite for the adventure. Without more ado he ent letters to his king advising him that having come to these nds to conquer them, in the royal name and that of the true nurch, he would forthwith proceed to take Montezuma, dead r alive, unless he should accept the faith and acknowledge imself a subject to the Spanish throne.

The advance was like any similar military enterprise: it ccomplished its purpose. Surmounting every difficulty Cor-ez went his way into the country past the quiet Cempoalan naizefields, past the smoking summit of Popocatepetl, until, fter weeks of labor, he arrived upon the great lakes and ne small cities in them adjoining Tenochtitlan itself. Mon-ezuma seeing that there was nothing else for it, sent envoys ccompanied by three hundred warriors, who met the Spaniard dvancing on the lake road and there welcomed him to the istrict with great ceremony and show of friendliness. No-ceable among them was one young man of magnificent ap-earance who descended from his litter and walked to meet he Conqueror while his followers ran before him, picking up

stones and other small obstructions which lay in his path. Cortez now passed over his first causeway into one of the lesser lake cities, built of well-hewn stone sheer from the water. He was overcome with wonder. The houses were so excellently put together, so well decorated with cloths and carven wood, so embellished with metalwork and other marks of a beautiful civilization; the people were so gracious; there were such gardens, such trees, such conservatories of flowers that nothing like it had ever been seen or imagined. At the house where the Conqueror was entertained that day and night he especially noted a pool built of stone into the clear waters of which stone steps descended, while round it were pavem paths lined with sweet-smelling shrubs and plants and trees of all sorts. Also he noted the well-stocked kitchen garden. The following day at noon he arrived at the end of his journey.

There it lay! a city as large as Cordova or Seville, entirely within the lake two miles from the mainland: Tenochtitlan. Four avenues or entrances led to it, all formed of artificial causeways. Along the most easterly of these, constructed of great beams perfectly hewn and fitted together, and measuring two spears-lengths in width, the Christian advanced. Running in at one side of the city and out at the other this avenue constituted at the same time its principal street. As Cortez drew nearer he saw, right and left, magnificent houses and temples, close to the walls of which, each side, moved parallel rows of priests in black robes, and, between them, supported by two attendants, Montezuma, on foot, down the center of the roadway. Cortez stepped forward but the attendants interceded. The Emperor then advanced alone and with great simpleness of manner placed a golden chain about the Christian's neck. Then taking him by the hand, and the whole procession following, he conducted him to the quarters which had been chosen for the visitors, a great building close to the royal palaces in the center of the city. Everything had been prepared in advance: all the material needs together with rich gifts, as before: precious metals, gems, male and female

oparel of remarkable elegance, ornamental hangings for bed-
ambers, tapestries for halls and temples, counterpanes
mposed of feathers interwoven with cotton, and many beauti-
l and curious artifices "of so costly and unusual workman-
ip that considering their novelty and wonderful beauty no
ice could be set on them." Here in this large building whose
eat hall was to serve the Spaniards for barracks from that
me until the end, Montezuma and Cortez found themselves
ated at last face to face. Montezuma spoke: "They have
ld you that I possess houses with walls of gold and many
her such things and that I am a god or make myself one.
he houses you see are of stone and lime and earth."—Then
ening his robe: "You see that I am composed of flesh and
ne like yourselves and that I am mortal and palpable to the
uch."—To this smiling sally, so full of gentleness and
nused irony, Cortez could reply nothing save to demand that
e man declare himself a subject of the Spanish King forth-
th and that, furthermore, he should then and there announce
blicly his allegiance to the new power.—Whatever the Aztec
ay have felt during the weeks of Cortez' slow advance upon
s capital from the seashore, nothing at the present moment
emed to disturb his aristocratic reserve. He had thought
d he had made up his mind. Without semblance of anger,
ar or impatience; without humility or protest but with the
rce bred of a determination to face at any cost a situation
st going beyond his control, he spoke again. He explained
at his people were not the aborigines of the land but that
ey had emigrated there in times past and ended by accepting
e Spanish Monarch as his rightful and hereditary master.
fter due announcements and explanations had been made to
e people Cortez became the acknowledged regent, in the name
Castile and the true church, for all that country.

Streets, public squares, markets, temples, palaces, the city
read its dark life upon the earth of a new world, rooted
ere, sensitive to its richest beauty, but so completely removed
om those foreign contacts which harden and protect, that

at the very breath of conquest it vanished. The whole world of its unique associations sank back into the ground to be reënkindled, never. Never, at least, save in spirit; a spirit mysterious, constructive, independent, puissant with natural wealth; light, if it may be, as feathers; a spirit lost in that soil. Scarcely an element in the city's incredible organization but evidenced an intellectual vigor full of resource and delicacy which had given it distinction. Half land and half water the streets were navigated by canoes and bridged at the intersections by structures of great timbers over which ten horsemen could go abreast. For water supply a masonry pipe, two paces broad and five feet high, ran from the mainland over one of the great causeways, carrying excellent drinking water. There were two such aqueducts, side by side, each to be used alternately while the other was cleaning. There were public squares, and one of great size surrounded by porticoes where daily sixty thousand souls engaged in buying and selling under the supervision of twelve central magistrates and numbers of inspectors. Here "everything which the world affords" was offered for purchase, from the personal services of laborers and porters to the last refinements of bijouterie; gold, silver, lead, brass, copper, tin; wrought and unwrought stone, bricks burnt and unburnt, timber hewn and unhewn, of different sorts; game of every variety, fowls, quails, partridges, wild ducks, parrots, pigeons, reed-birds, sparrows, eagles, hawks, owls, likewise the skins of some birds of prey with their feathers, head, beak and claws; rabbits, hares, deer and little dogs, which they raised for eating; wood and coals in abundance and brasiers of earthenware for burning coals; mats of various kinds; all kinds of green vegetables, especially onions, leeks, watercresses, nasturtium, sorrel, artichokes and golden thistle: fruits, fish, honey, grain—either whole, in the form of flour or baked into loaves; different kinds of cotton thread of all colors; jars, jugs, pots and an endless variety of vessels, all made of fine clay, most of them glazed and painted; eggs, cakes, pâtés of birds and fish; wine from the maguey; finally

erything that could be found throughout the whole country
s sold there, each kind of merchandise in a separate street
quarter of the market assigned to it exclusively, and thus
e best order was preserved. There was an herb street, there
re shops where they shaved and washed the head, and res-
urateurs who furnished food and drink at a price.

Large numbers of temples existed throughout the great
y, but for grandeur and excellence of architectural detail
e far surpassed the rest. Forty towers, lofty and well built,
se from within its sacred precinct, the largest of which, con-
ructed of hewn stone remarkably hard in texture, had fifty
ps leading to its main body. A mass higher than the ca-
edral of Seville. Three halls of wonderful extent and height,
orned with figures sculptured in wood and stone, contained
e principal idols. And from these, through very small
ors, opened the chapels, to which no light was admitted, nor
y person except the priests, and not all of them. Decorated
th curious imagery in stone, the woodwork carved in relief
d painted with figures of monsters and other things, un-
rved, darkened and bloodstained, it was in these chapels that
e religious practices which so shocked the Christian were
rformed. Here it was that the tribe's deep feeling for a
ality that stems back into the permanence of remote origins
d its firm hold. It was the earthward thrust of their logic;
ood and earth; the realization of their primal and continuous
entity with the ground itself, where everything is fixed in
rkness. The priests in black robes, tribal men, never cutting
combing the hair; the instinctive exclusion of women from
places of worship; the debarring of priests from female
ciety: it was a ceremonial acknowledgment of the deep sex-
s urge of life itself, the hungry animal, underlying all other
wer; the mysterious secret of existence whose cruel beauty
ey, the living, inherited from the dead. The same for their
ulpture. It is the mystery of the past which monsters, gro-
ques, beasts combined with the human, truly signify—gen-
animal associations distorted by the invasions of night—

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and not a debased instinct whose reliance is necessarily upon oppression and fear. The earth is black and it is there: only art advances. The figures of the idols themselves were of extra-human size and composed, significantly, of a paste of seeds and leguminous plants, commonly used for food, ground and mixed together and kneaded with human blood, the whole when completed being consecrated with a bath of blood from the heart of a living victim. The chief of these idols Cortez precipitated from their pedestals and cast down the temple steps; an act of extraordinary daring; at the same time purifying the chapels and setting up in them images of Our Lady and the saints. Such a stroke could not fail to have proved of the most serious consequence to all had not Montezuma again displayed his tact, self-control and remarkable grasp of the changing situation. The new state of affairs was accepted, human sacrifice was abolished and the orderly significance of the events taking place was publicly made evident. In person, together with many of the principal citizens, he, Montezuma, assisted at the final purification of the chapels. Whether or not this be evidence on the Aztec's part of weakness or the deepest forbearance, surely nothing like it for quiet flexibility of temper and retained dignity has ever been recorded. Perhaps by a sudden, daring stroke this man might have rid himself of the intestine enemy who was each day, each week, striking deeper at the nation's life. Perhaps fear had unmanned him. Perhaps what we call forbearance was no more than the timidity which is an overwhelming agony of heart inspired by the sight of a resistless force aimed at our destruction. Still, if this be so, Montezuma has left no trace of cowardice upon the records. But weakling or genius, about the suave personality of this barbaric chieftain the liveliest, most airily expansive moods of the race did flower, just as the black permanence of tribal understanding stood rooted in the priesthood. Perhaps it was a conscious knowledge of this that inspired and moved Montezuma in the present action.

Surely no other prince has lived, or will ever live, in such

ıte as did this American cacique. The whole waking aspira-
ms of his people, opposed to and completing their religious
ıse, seemed to come off in him and in him alone: the drive
ward, toward the sun and the stars. He was the very per-
ı of their ornate dreams, so delicate, so prismatically color-
, so full of tinkling sounds and rhythms, so tireless of in-
ation. Never was such a surface lifted above the isolate
ckness of such profound savagery. It is delightful to know
ıt Montezuma changed his clothes four times a day, donning
ır different suits, entirely new, which he never wore again;
.t at meals he was served in a great clean-swept chamber on
ts upon the floor, his food being kept warm in chafing dishes
ıtaining live coals; that at meals he sat upon a small cushion
ıriously wrought of leather." But nowhere in his state was
stark power of beauty, the refined and the barbaric, so
ıuisitely expressed as in his smaller palaces and places of
ıusement. "What can be more wonderful than that a bar-
ous monarch, as he is, should have every object in his do-
in imitated in gold, silver, precious stones and feathers; the
d and silver being wrought so naturally as not to be sur-
ssed by any smith in the world; the stonework executed
h such perfection that it is difficult to conceive what instru-
nts could have been used, and the feather work superior
the finest production in wax and embroidery." "There is
palace inferior to the rest, attached to which is a beautiful
rden with balconies extending over it supported by marble
umns and having a floor formed of jasper elegantly inlaid.
longing to it are ten pools, in which are kept the different
cies of water birds found in the country, all domesticated:
the sea birds there are pools of salt water and for the
er birds, fresh water. Each species being supplied with the
d natural to it when wild. Over the pools are corridors and
leries, to which Montezuma resorts, and from which he
ı look out and amuse himself with the sight of the birds
re." "In an apartment of the same palace there are men,
nen and children whose faces, bodies, hair, eyebrows and

eyelashes were white from birth." "The Emperor has anothe very beautiful palace, with a large courtyard, paved wit handsome flags in the style of a chessboard. There are cag about nine feet in height and six paces square, each of whic is half covered with a roof of tiles, and the other half ha over it a wooden grate, skilfully made. Every cage contain a bird of prey, of all species." "In the same palace the are several large halls on the ground floor, filled with im mense cages built of heavy pieces of timber, well put togethe in which are kept lions, wolves, foxes and a great variety other animals of the cat kind." "The care of these anima and birds is assigned to three hundred men." Daily the Em peror's wine cellar and larder were open to all who wished eat and drink. His meals were served by three or four hundr youths who brought on an infinite variety of dishes; indee whenever he dined or supped, the table was loaded with eve kind of fish, flesh, fruits and vegetables which the countr afforded. Both at the beginning and end of every meal th furnished water for the hands, and the napkins used on the occasions were never employed a second time.

And then the end: Cortez had demanded gold from th first. To satisfy him, small groups of two Spaniards and tw Indians, bearing the proper credentials, had been despatch about the Aztec's domain, to distances in some cases of seve hundred miles, that the tribute be collected. On one of the forays the two Christians were killed. Cortez immediate seized the person of Montezuma, together with his daughte and sons, imprisoning them in the garrison-fortress. Fro that time on, it was merely a matter of detail and of time to what form the final catastrophe would take. Events shift back and forth until in May, seven months after the Spa iards' first entrance to the city, the people laid siege to t intolerable intruders, determined to have done with them. answer to shouts from outside, Montezuma, a prisoner with had appeared on the ramparts of the besieged fortress wher he implored his people to give over their attacks. In reply

s struck on the head by a stone which killed him. Only the
rse and the ordnance saved the Christians on that memorable
reat across the great causeway. Fighting madly to escape
h some remnant of his forces through the masses of the
my, and to retain at the same time his prisoners and treas-
, Cortez lost everything. The children of Montezuma, the
d, everything perished over the sides of the breached and
eaguered avenue across the lake down which the Spaniards
reated, foot by foot, with swarms of Indians flinging them-
es continually upon them. They escaped. Some months
r they returned and continued the destruction, this time
iberately and with calculated malintention. Tenochtitlan
rounded, the water supply cut off, the augmented Spanish
es began to burrow forward and after weeks of desperate
rt they succeeded in their plans. It was the horses the
lians feared most. At one time they had Cortez in their
y hands only to have them cut off at the wrists by his fol-
ers. But nothing could bemuse them now. They knew
what it all meant and they opposed themselves to the
uder inflexibly and without murmur until the end. Neither
overwhelming means used against them, their desertion
friends of the nearby tribes, the lack of water, starvation,
attempts to inspire them with fear, made the slightest im-
ssion. To every advance made inviting them to parley
y had but the one answer: no! Cortez, dejected, seeing
t it would be necessary to exterminate them before he could
ceed in taking the city and dreading the horror of such a
rse, decided with reluctance, in order to impress them, to
n the noble edifices in the great square which had served
ntezuma for aviaries. "It grieved me much but it grieved
enemy more." Each day he heard mass and returned to
city to renew the attack upon the now nearly starved in-
itants who had retreated to the market quarter and there
held out. At one time during a successful sally the In-
ns had killed two of the Spanish horses and in great spirits
sent the severed heads by messengers in canoes to the sur-

rounding tribes for them to come to the rescue, but none dare
Most had already joined the Christian in his irresistible pu
pose. But Guatemotzin, the young nephew of Montezuma
would not give in. Women and children reduced to the la
extremity by hunger and privation were wandering daze
about the streets when the Spaniards had made their fin
charge. But Guatemotzin, taken captive from a boat in a
effort to get to the mainland, still maintained his pride an
integrity of spirit. He had done all that he could and H
was beaten. Placing his hand upon the hilt of Cortez' dagge
he asked the Spaniard to draw it and plunge it into his hear
Cortez refused. Later the Conqueror tried to rebuild the cit
Viva quien vence!

THE FOUNTAIN OF ETERNAL YOUTH

HISTORY, history! We fools, what do we know or care? History begins for us with murder and enslavement, not with discovery. No, we are not In-ns but we are men of their world. The blood means noth-; the spirit, the ghost of the land moves in the blood, moves blood. It is we who ran to the shore naked, we who cried, eavenly Man!" These are the inhabitants of our souls, our dered souls that lie . . . agh. Listen! I tell you it was y for Spain the first ship put its men ashore where it did. he Italian had landed in Florida, one twist of the helm h, or among the islands a hair more to the south; among Yemasses with their sharpened bones and fishspines, or ng the Caribs with their poisoned darts—it might have n differently.

When in the later years Ponce found his plantations go-under for lack of slaves—no more to be trapped in Puerto o, *rico!* all ruined—he sought and obtained a royal patent nd more in the surrounding islands. He was granted the t to hunt out and to take the Caribs; the Caribs whom The at Maker had dropped through a hole in the sky among r islands; they whose souls lived in their bodies, many s in one body; they who fought their enemies, ate them; se gods lived, Mabouya, in the forest, Oumekon, by the —there were other gods—

His ship came into Guadeloupe—the great sulphur cone of the water. He had arrived straight from Spain, hot after niggers. Having much soiled linen aboard from the trip, he ordered his laundresses ashore, with a body of ps to guard them, where a stream could be observed com-down to the sea.

It was a paradise. A stream of splashing water, the lu
uriant foliage. A gorge, a veritable tunnel led upstream l
tween cliffwalls covered by thick vines in flower attended
ensanguined hummingbirds which darted about from cup
cup in the green light. But the soul of the Carib was on t
alert among the leaves. It was too late.

Fierce and implacable we kill them but their souls dom
nate us. Our men, our blood, but their spirit is master.
enters us, it defeats us, it imposes itself. We are modernss
madmen at Paris—all lacking in a ground sense of cleanline
It is the Caribs leaping out, facing the arquebuses, thinki
it thunder, looking up at the sky: No rain! No clouds! Th
the second volley. Their comrades bleeding, dead. Ki
Not a Spaniard but they stretched out in the streambo
Hagh, I can hear the laundresses squeal on the shore—r
hither and thither. The devils had them safe. Let old Pon
sit up in his hammock on the poop of his ship. Let him se
other boats ashore. The Indians have grabbed up the wom
Three naked savages shot through the chest from behind
fore they could gain the forest rolled over and gripped
females they had been carrying by the throat with their tee
Worth being a laundress to be carried off that way, eh? N
psychologic study, those women. And the damned blo
hound, Berrescien. Ponce had got his belly full. They o
flanked him in canoes, ridiculed his strategy, took his cha
shot in the chest and came back for more. They drove H
off, so much so that they made him forget his dog, the p
cious Berrescien, of whom he thought more, that and his hid
gan pride, than—a population. The hound had been l
behind in their scared flight. They saw him, they in the
treating boats, leap from the woods in pursuit of a fly
Carib. Listen to this. The Indian swam out, the Spania
in the boats turned back for the beast. The dog was steac
gaining on his victim. But, O Soul of the New World,
man had his bow and arrow with him as he swam. Tell t
to Wilson. He stopped, turned, raised his body half out

water, treading it, and put a bolt into the damned hound's oat—whom sharks swallowed. Then to shore, not forget- g—leaping to safety—to turn and spit back the swallowed inshot, a derisive yell at the Christians.

They had the women and the dog. They left what they l defeated, to—us.

* * *

If men inherit souls this is the color of mine. We are, , the others. Think of them! The main islands were kly populated with a peaceful folk when Christ-over found m. But the orgy of blood which followed, no man has tten. We are the slaughterers. It is the tortured soul of world. Indians have no souls; that was it. That was t they said. But they knew they lied—the blood-smell of. Ponce had been with the discoverer on his second trip. became a planter. Sugar cane was imported from the aries, maize was adopted from the Indian souls. But enues dwindled where none would work save in the traffic girls: nine years old, reads the Italian's journal. Slaves. Indians having no souls knew what freedom means. The niards killed their kings, betrayed, raped, murdered their aen and children; hounded them into the mountains. ce with wife and children in the *Casa Blanca* was one of the dthirstiest. They took them in droves, forced them to r. It was impossible to them—not having been born to tism. How maddening it is to the spirit to hear:—Bands hem went into the forests, their forests, and hanged them- es to the trees. What else? Islands—paradise. Sur- aded by seas. On all sides "heavenly man" bent on murder. -privilege. Two women and one man on a raft had got- one hundred and fifty miles out to sea—such seamen were —then luck again went against the Indian. Captured and to slavery. Caravels crept along the shore by night. t morning when women and children came down to the e to fish—fine figures, straight black hair, high cheek- s, a language—they caught them, made them walk in

bands, cut them down if they fainted, slashed off breasts, arm
—women, children. Gut souls—

* * *

Thus the whole free population was brought into slaver
or killed off. Aboujoubo, greatest chief in the island of Sa
Ion, retreated in anguish to a rocky height. Ponce, now Gov
ernor, since he dare not economically murder every one, sallie
out and is received by a native queen, girls dancing, give
one a gold crucifix, legend says. Two years later finds he
under a bush, both hands hacked off. Belly-hurt he digs
shallow grave with his sword for her and shoves the gold sym
bol into his wallet. He exchanges names with a chief, sacre
symbol of Indian faith and friendship. Hounds him out later
I am Juan Ponce de Leon! says the savage, standing befor
his followers—hanged nevertheless. The hound, Berrescier
gone ahead into a rocky place, comes spinning back, tumblin
down, knocking against rocks, a gash in his forehead. Ponc
defeated, embittered has the dog stretched upon a litter c
leaves and branches and carried to the ship.

Do these things die? Men who do not know what lives, ar
themselves dead. In the heart there are living Indians onc
slaughtered and defrauded—Indians that live also in subtle
ways: Ponce at fifty-two was rich, the murderous campaign
of his youth had subjugated the island—allayed his lust c
common murder. The island was, in any case, mostly con
quered.

An old Indian woman among his slaves, began to tell hi
of an island, Bimini, a paradise of fragrant groves, of a
fruits. And in the center of it a fountain of clearest wate
of virtue to make old men young. Think of that! Pictu
to yourself the significance of that—as revenge, as irony, a
the trail of departing loveliness, *fata morgana*. Yet the rea
the thing destroyed turning back with a smile. Think of th
Spaniard listening. Gold. Gold. Riches. And figure t
yourself the exquisite justice of it: an old woman, loos
tongued—loose sword—the book, her soul already half ou

her with sorrow: abandoned by a Carib who had fled back his home having found Borequien greatly overrated. Her ldren enslaved—

The man, fifty-two, listened. Something has escaped him. that moment rich, idle, he was relieved of his governorship. ssels, three. He fitted them up at his own cost. Men ough, eager to serve the old master, rushed to his banner. t the new governor complain that he was taking away too my able soldiers. Ponce smiled. Men whose terms of vice had expired do as they please.

Por donde va la mar
Vayan las arenas—

They sailed north. It was March. In the wind, what? auty the eternal. White sands and fragrant woods, fruits, hes, truth! The sea, the home of permanence, drew them into its endless distances. Again the new! Do you feel The murderer, the enslaver, the terror striker, the de-oyer of beauty, drawn on by beauty across the glancing pical seas—before Drake, before the galleons. The rhythm the waves, birds, fish, seaweed as on the first voyage. They n put in at Guanahani for water—Columbus' first land-l; then populous, inviting; now desolate, defeated, murdered npeopled.

March! Spring! to the north. The argosy of the New rld! In search of eternal youth. In search of the island Bimini—an old woman's tale. The destroyer. Admon-ed that he had done enough, still there floated a third world discover: no end—away from the beginning—tail chaser.

A Carne de lobo
Diente de perro

could not halt—no end. Curious that Amino—the boy Palos who watched Columbus prepare his vessels for the t voyage and went on the second—should be his pilot. Sea d. The same piloted Cortez to Mexico.

Let them go. They found nothing but a row of whi islands called "The Martyrs," a catch of turtles, Las Tortuga a sandy coastline, a devil of a current that shoved the about and devilish Indians who drove them back from t watering places—flamingoes, pelicans, egrets, herons—Rou seau has it. Thickets with striped leaves, ferns emerging fro the dark, palms, the heat, the moon, the stars, the sun in pool of swampwater. Fish fly. In the water seals—back Cuba.

Old now, heavy at heart over the death of his bloody pe Ponce retired to his Casa Blanca and sulked for three year Then came the news of Cortez' triumph and the wealth Montezuma.

Ponce—

de Leon
en nombre y podesta

—the victor, now defeated, must stir again. Back to Florida thinkin to find on the continent, he only then found that he had di covered, another Tehuantepec.

But this time the Yamasses put an arrow into his thigh the first landing—and let out his fountain. They flocked the beach, jeered him as he was lifted to the shoulders of h men and carried away. Dead.

THE—Courage is strength—and you are vigilant, sagacious, firm besides. But I am beautiful—as "a cane box, called petaca, full of unbored pearls." I am beautiful: a greater than Cuzco; rocks loaded with gold as a comb with ney. Believe it. You will not dare to cease following me—at alchi, at Cutifachiqui, at Mabilla, turning from the sea, ing inland. And in the end you shall receive of me, nothing ave one long caress as of a great river passing forever on your sweet corse. Balboa lost his eyes on the smile of Chinese ocean; Cabeça de Vaca lived hard and saw much; arro, Cortez, Coronado—but you, Hernando de Soto, ping the lead four years in a savage country, against odds, thout fortress or support of any kind," you are mine, Black mine, mine.—

* * *

On Friday, the thirtieth day of May, in the year 1548, the ny, fresh from Cuba, landed in Florida, on the west coast, leagues from the town of an Indian chief named Ucita. e ground was very fenny and encumbered with dense kets and high trees.

From this place, Espíritu Santo, they began their eventjourney, having first sent a small squadron north to find ase toward which they might travel. And they waited months for its return "which seemed like a thousand years," finally the ships appeared and with good news. De Soto ded his forces, sending a few back to Cuba and leaving e others as a garrison at the place they then occupied. h the rest he set out paralleling the coast toward Anhaica lachi where they were to spend the winter that year. The

course was north and west, a march of about a hundred leagu
—through obscure and intricate parts: native villages in t
swamps, Caliquen, Napateca, Hurripacuxi, Paracoxi, Tocas
Cale—outlandish names.

She—Who will recognize them? None but you. To t
rest without definition but to you each a thing in itself, de
cate, pregnant with sudden meanings.

* * *

The way had been difficult: through a great morass, m
led, ambuscaded at the fords, fighting, swimming, starving f
a month at a time, thankful for a little parched corn, not ev
ripe, the cob and all being eaten as it was, and the stalk, to
for want of better.

* * *

She—It is de Soto! all goes forward somehow. But I a
before you. It is my country. Everything is in accordan
with my wish. Eight men start from a thicket, naked a
tattooed, your lancers rush upon them, but one falls to H
knees crying out, "Do not kill me. I am a Christian! It
Juan Ortiz, relic of Narvaez' forces, whom I have nurse
tenderly for you these twelve years, teaching him the wi
language. Witness my love. But I shall take him from y
when he is most needed."—

* * *

At Anhaica Apalachi, through the winter, they lived wi
difficulty on game and other stores, such as they could tal
from the natives, miserably, as best they were able.

On Wednesday, the third of March, 1549, the Governo
left his winter quarters at Apalachi to seek Yupaha, of whic
a young slave had told them: a country toward the rising su
governed by a woman, where there was gold in quantity.

Now the second year was starting. Led by the youth the
continued to bear east and north in the hope of finding th
country of which he had spoken: days, weeks, a month—wit

all food, such want of meat and salt that oftentimes, in any places, a sick man would say, "Now, if I had but a slice meat, or only a few lumps of salt, I should not thus die." at the Indians, skillful with the bow, would get abundance of er, turkeys, rabbits and other game. Crossing a stream ter nine last days of forced marching they came out into a ne grove on the far bank. Here all direction was lost. "He nt about for the road and returned to us desperate."

The Governor had brought thirteen sows to Florida, which d increased to three hundred swine; and the maize having led for three days, he ordered killed daily, for each man, lf a pound of pork, on which small allowance, and some iled herbs, the people with much difficulty lived.

From Apalachi in Florida to Cutifachiqui, on the Savanna ver, two days march from the sea, where presently after the eatest hardships they arrived, they had traveled northeast may be four hundred and thirty leagues. At this place, it peared well to all to make a settlement; but Soto, as it was object to find another treasure like that of Atabalipa, lord Peru, would not be content to stay. The natives were ed if they had knowledge of any great lord further on, to ich they answered that twelve days' travel thence was a ovince called Chiaha, subject to a chief of Coca.

The Governor then resolved, having rested his army, to go once in quest of that country, taking with him a quantity pearls which the cacique had given him; and being an in- ible man, and dry of word, who, although he liked to ow what the others all thought and had to say, after he had e made up his mind he did not like to be opposed, and as he r acted as he thought best, all bent to his will. So they ned north and continued forward until the fall, bending ut through a quiet country.

* * *

She—For you I come severally as envoys from the chief n upon the road, bearing baskets of mulberries, a honey ab, marten skins and the hides of deer, and in calabashes

the oil of walnuts and bear fat, drawn like olive oil, clear of good taste.—

* * *

And what? Silences, death, rotting trees; insects "so t the sails were black with them and the men laughed, in s of their forlorn condition, to see each others' faces so swo and out of shape in the morning;" alligators, reptiles, a rose "like that of Spain, but with less leaves, because it g in the woods." Sun, moon, stars, rain, heat, snow; water the neck for days; blue-butterflies among the green palm leaves; grapes and others that grow on vines along the grou plums of two sorts, vermillion and gray, of the form and of walnuts, having three or four stones in them; wolves, d jackals, rabbits,—

* * *

She—To make you lonesome, ready for my caresses.

* * *

"Unprepared, we believed ourselves on a footing of pe so much so that some of us, putting our arms in the lugge had gone without any."

Then to battle! It is Mabilla, the staked town.

* * *

She—It is I, in my son, Tuscaloosa; tall of person, mus lar, lean and symmetrical. All is you; I, too, am all— either side. Men, horses, hogs—all goes down in our fu Now you feel me. Many times I shall drive you back f the palisades. But you come again. What shall I do govern that lust—which if it break, I am the most defeat Those in chains having set down their burdens near the fe my people lift them on their backs and bring them into town. Thus, to anger you, I have possession of all the b gage, the clothes, pearls and whatever else you had beside lost in the conflagration. I am strong! I shall possess y

Oh, but I lie. I am weak. I fail. I cannot take y What are they but savages—who know nothing? they wo you, they wound you, and every arrow has upon its barb

s from my lips. There is one in your thigh, between the ges of the armor. Thrice you fall before reaching the gate! ie fools, madmen. It is into my own flesh, fifty, a hundred ies deeper than into yours. And me it kills—but you, though u cannot grip the saddle because of it, you fight standing day in the stirrups. I divide myself to take you and it is self that wounds myself, jealous even of your injuries, ious at that sweet touch of your flesh which my tools en- but I have—not yet. It is all you. The young Syl- tre fainting on the back track; Pedro Moron diving from bridge with a shower of arrows about him—swimming to ety; Don Carlos, alighting to pull an arrow from his horse's ast at the stockade, receives one himself, in at the neck, behind—and falls prostrate.

* * *

After heaviest losses in men, beasts and possessions they vailed and of the Indians all were killed, two thousand hundred more or less, all having fought with the utmost very and devotion.

The Governor now learning that Francisco Maldonado s waiting for him at the port of Ochuse, six days' travel tant to the southward, he caused Juan Ortiz to keep the vs secret, that he might not be interrupted in his purpose; ause the pearls he wished to send to Cuba for show, that ir fame might raise the desire of coming to Florida, had n lost, and he feared that, hearing of him without seeing d or silver or other thing of value from that land, it would ne to have such a reputation that no one would be found ling to go there when men would be wanted; so he deter- ed to send no news of himself until he should discover a n country. So that to Tuscaloosa must be given credit, in ct, for a great victory.

On Sunday, the eighteenth of November, the sick being nd to be getting well, the Governor again set out, moving t, to Chicaca, a small town of twenty houses, but well cked with maize. There he determined to pass the second

winter. The Indians, at peace, came frequently with turk and rabbits and other food—but secretly they were plott other matters.

Suddenly, on a certain night, the air above the st roofs is filled with flame. Sentries and the enemy arrive in town together; a terrific confusion, four columns converg upon the same point. Indians moving about freely in town, because of the peace that existed, had that night brou the fire in little pots, not to be seen. Everything is afla Men come out naked from their beds. The horses strive free themselves, some succeed. The hogs squeal and per Soto and one other are all that are able to mount. He dr upon an Indian with his lance and transpierces him. saddle girth, hastily adjusted, slips and he falls. Who straighten out the confusion in the night? Who will gat the naked and disarmed soldiers, among the smoke, the flam the noise? The Governor is up. He directs as best he c But, by luck, the horses dashing about through the smo spread terror to the savages who think it the cavalry form for an attack. Alarmed they escape from the stockade.

* * *

She—Naked, armless, acold you draw off, in the morni to Chicacilla, protecting yourself as best you can—there retemper the swords and await what will happen. Some reduced to straw mats for their only cover, lying now t way, now that to the fire, keeping warm as they are able.

And for this your people begin to hate you. It is work. But again I am defeated, your last thought shall be their safety. Because you have found no gold, only incre ing hardships; because of your obstinacy, unexplained, credible to them—you will be compared meanly with far les spirits. It is their revenge, making you solitary—ready my caresses.

And if, to survive, you yourself in the end turned nat this victory is sweetest of all. Bitter the seed that at N will cause that horrid slaughter: You already sick, in gr

nger, thinking of the men. Let them talk, my Indian: I
ll console you. None but you, the wise, the brave, could
we answered.

* * *

At Chicacilla, the balance of the winter over, once more
:y gathered their strength and again set out to the west-
rd, beginning the third summer. There was a town Quiz-
iz. Here, after struggling seven days through a wilder-
s having many pondy places, with thick forests, they came
: upon the Great River.

He went to look at the river: swift and very deep; the
ter, flowing turbidly, bringing from above many trees and
ch timber, driven onward by its force.

The next day the chief of that country arrived.

* * *

She—It is I.

* * *

Two hundred canoes filled with men having weapons.
ey were painted with ochre, wearing great bunches of
ite and other plumes of many colors, having feathered
elds in their hands, with which they sheltered the oarsmen
either side, the warriors standing erect from bow to stern,
ding bows and arrows. The barge in which the chief came
l an awning at the poop under which he sat; and there, from
ler the canopy, where the chief man was, the course was
ected and orders issued to the rest. All came down together,
l arrived within a stone's throw of the ravine, whence the
ef said to the Governor, who was walking along the river
k, with others who bore him company, that he had come to
t, serve and obey him. The Governor expressed his pleas-
, and besought him to land, that they might the better con-
; but the chief gave no reply, ordering three barges to
w near, wherein were great quantity of fish, and loaves like
cks, made of pulp of plums, which Soto receiving, gave
thanks and again entreated him to land.

Making the gifts had been a pretext, to discover if any

harm might be done; but finding the Governor and his peo on their guard, the chief began to draw off from the sho when the crossbowmen, who were in readiness, with loud cr shot at the Indians, and struck down five or six of them.

* * *

She—Well done, Spaniard! like an Indian. Witness th my answer:

* * *

They retired with great order, not one leaving the o even though the one next to him might have fallen, and cov ing themselves they withdrew. These were fine looking m very large and well formed; and what with the awnings, t plumes, and the shields, the pennons, and the number of pe ple in the fleet, it appeared like a famous armada of galle

During the thirty days that were passed there, fo piraguas were built, into three of which one morning, thr hours before daybreak, the Governor ordered twelve caval to enter, four in each, men in whom he had confidence th they would gain the land notwithstanding the natives a secure passage or die. So soon as they had come ashore t piraguas returned and when the sun was two hours high, t people had all got over. The distance was nearly half league: a man standing on the shore could not be told wheth he were a man or something else, from the far side.

* * *

She—Now you are over, you have straddled me, this is m middle. Left to right, the end is the same. But here in t center I am not defeated. Go wander. Aquixo, Casq Pacaha. Take what you will. Clothe your men, yours you will never clothe save as I clothe you, in my own wa They have suffered, they have gone nearly bare. At Pacah I have provisioned them in advance.

* * *

Shawls, deer skins, lion and bear skins, and many c skins were found. Numbers who had been a long time bad

ered here clothed themselves. Of the shawls they made
atles and cassocks. Of the deer skins were made jerkins,
-ts, stockings and shoes; and from the bear skins they made
y good cloaks, such as no water could get through. They
nd shields of raw cowhide out of which armor was made
the horses.

* * *

She—Look, then, Soto, upon this transformed army.—
e forty days and at the end I am beside you once more.
ere is she now, Doña Ysobel, your helpmate, years since,
Cuba?

* * *

The chief of Pacaha bestowed on him two of his sisters
ng him that they were tokens of love, for his remembrance,
e his wives. The name of one was Macanoche, that of the
r Mochila. They were symmetrical, tall and full; Maca-
ne bore a pleasant expression; in her manners and features
eared the lady, the other was robust.

* * *

She—Ride upon the belly of the waters, building your
s to carry all across. Calculate for the current; the boats
e with a force not their own, up and down, sliding upon
female who communicates to them, across all else, herself.
still there is that which you have not sounded, under the
s, under the adventure—giving to all things the current,
wave, the onwash of my passion. So cross and have done
it, you are safe—and I am desolate.
But you are mine and I will strip you naked—jealous of
ything that touches you. Down, down to me—in and un-
and down, unbeaten, the white kernel, the flame—the
e burning under water, that I cannot quench.
I will cause it to be known that you are a brute. Now
no sea-ringed island, now it is no city in a lake: Come,
is room for search and countersearch. Come, black-
d, tireless rider, with an arrow in the thigh. I wait for
—beyond the river. Follow me—if you can. Follow me,

Señor, this is your country. I give it to you. Take it. H
are carriers for your burdens; here are girls for your be
my best men for adversaries. You have beaten them all.
time is coming: you have seen how they defend their palisa
for me; they have driven trees into the ground about th
villages. They are men, tall, slim, full of strategies; tt
come against you naked, with their bows and arrows; they
at the paddles but none quivers. It is me they defend. I
for the brave, for the wise, for the victor. Watch yourself
the fords, at the porches of houses.

See how I have fled you, dashing into a lake there to fre
all night, coming forth at dawn, half drowned, my br
hidden in lily leaves. At the sight of your boats, at the brea
of your name, the villages are left empty. Nothing can
duce the chief to show himself. All have gone upstream to
island, carrying their goods with them. At the sight of y
men in armor, terror strikes them; they plunge into
stream, pushing their possessions on little rafts, that esc
ing in the haste, float downstream. I have fled, a single m
among my own people but your hounds scenting me out ha
dragged me down.

* * *

Now it begins to change. The third winter past, at A
mamu, it is the fourth year.

At Alimamu, where they learned to catch rabbits with
dian snares, Juan Ortiz died, a loss the Governor greatly
gretted; for, without an interpreter, not knowing whither
was traveling, Soto feared to enter the country, lest he mig
get lost. The death was so great a hindrance to our goi
whether on discovery or out of the country, that to learn
the Indians what would have been rendered in four words
now became necessary to have the whole day; and ofte
than otherwise the very opposite was understood to what w
asked; so that many times it happened the road traveled o
day, or sometimes two or three days would have to be return
over, wandering up and down, lost in the thickets.

For four days marching was impossible because of the w. When that ceased to fall, he traveled three days ough a desert, a region so low, so full of lakes and bad sages, that at one time, for a whole day, the travel lay ough water up to the knees at places, in others to the rups; and occasionally, for the distance of a few paces re was swimming. And he came to Tutelpinco, a town unanted and found to be without maize, seated near a lake t flowed into the river with a great current.

* * *

She—Nearer, nearer.

* * *

Cayas, Quigaltam, Guachoya—thither the Governor demined to go in a few days to learn if the sea was near. He not over three hundred efficient men, nor more than forty ses. Some of the beasts were lame, and useful only in xing out a show of a troop of cavalry.

At Guachoya he sent Juan de Anasco with eight of the alry down the river to discover what population might be e and get what knowledge there was of the sea. He was e eight days and stated, when he got back, that in all that e he could not travel more than fourteen or fifteen leagues, account of the great bogs that came out of the river, the ebrakes and thick shrubs that were along the margin, and e he had found no inhabited spot.

The river, the river.

The Governor sank into a deep despondency at sight of the culties that presented themselves to his reaching the sea; , what was worse, from the way in which the men and ses were diminishing in numbers, he could not sustain self in the country without succor. Of that reflection he ed.

But before he took to his pallet, he sent a message to the que of Quigaltam to say that he was the child of the , and whence he came all obeyed him, rendering him trib-

ute; that he besought him to value his friendship, and to co
where he was. By the same Indians the chief replied:

"As to what you say of your being the child of the s
if you will cause him to dry up the great river, I will beli
you; as to the rest, it is not my custom to visit any one,
rather all, of whom I have ever heard, have come to visit
to serve and obey me, and pay me tribute, either voluntar
or by force. If you desire to see me, come where I am; if
peace, I will receive you with especial good will; if for war
will await you in my town; but neither for you nor for a
man, will I set back one foot."

When the messenger returned the Governor was alre
low, being very ill of fevers. He grieved that he was not i
state to cross the river at once to see if he could not ab
that pride; though the stream was already flowing very pow
fully, was nearly half a league broad, sixteen fathoms de
rushing by in a furious torrent, and on either shore were m
Indians; nor was his power any longer so great that he mi
disregard advantages, relying on his strength alone.

Every day the Indians of Guachoya brought fish, u
they came in such plenty that the town was covered w
them.

Now the Governer feared to repair the palisades that th
might not suppose he stood in awe of them; and, lest
Indians rise, he ordered the slaughter at Nilco, to strike dre
into the rest.

Conscious that the hour approached in which he sho
depart this life, Soto commanded that all the king's offic
should be called before him, the captains and principal p
sonages, to whom he made a speech. He told them that
was about to go into the presence of God, to give account
all his past life; and since He had been pleased to take h
away at such a time, he, His most unworthy servant, render
Him hearty thanks. He confessed his deep obligations
them all, for their great qualities, their love and loyalty
his person, well tried in suffering of hardship. He begg

t they would pray for him. He asked that they would ieve him of the charge he had over them as well as of the ebtedness he was under to them all, and to forgive him any ongs they may have suffered at his hands. To prevent any isions that might arise, as to who should command, he ged that they elect a principal person to be governor, and ng chosen, they would swear before him to obey; that this uld greatly satisfy him, abate somewhat the pains he suf-ed, and moderate the anxiety of leaving them in a country, y knew not where.

Baltasar de Gallegos responded in behalf of all, consoling with remarks on the shortness of the life of this world, at-ded as it was by so many toils and afflictions, saying that om God earliest called away, He showed particular favor; n many other things appropriate to such an occasion; and lly since it pleased the Almighty to take him to Himself, d the deep sorrow which they not unreasonably felt, it was essary and becoming in him, as in them, to conform to the ine Will; that as respected the election of a governor, ch he ordered, whomsoever his Excellency should name to command, him would they obey. Thereupon the Governor inated Luís Moscosco de Alvarado to be his captain-gen-; when by all those present was he straightway chosen sworn Governor.

The next day, the twenty-first of May, departed this life magnanimous, the virtuous, the intrepid captain, Don nando de Soto, Governor of Cuba and Adelantado of rida. He was advanced by fortune, in the way she is t to lead others, that he might fall the greater depth; he in a land, and at a time, that could afford him little com-in his illness, when the danger of being no more heard n stared his companions in the face, each one himself hav-need of sympathy, which was the cause why they neither e him companionship nor visited him, as otherwise they ld have done.

Some were glad.

It was decided to conceal what had happened, lest the I
dians might venture on an attack when they should learn th
he whom they feared was no longer opposed to them.

So soon as death had taken place, the body was p
secretly in a house, where it remained three days: thence
was taken by night to the gate of the town and buried with
The Indians having seen him ill, finding him no longer, su
pected the reason; and passing by where he lay, they observ
the ground loose and looking about talked among themselv
This coming to the knowledge of Luís de Moscosco he order
the corpse to be taken up at night, and among the shawls th
enshrouded it having cast abundance of sand, it was taken c
in a canoe and committed to the middle of the stream.

Down, down, this solitary sperm, down into the liquid, t
formless, the insatiable belly of sleep; down among the fish
there was one called bagre, the third part of which was hea
with gills from end to end, and along the sides were gre
spines, like very sharp awls; there were some in the river th
weighed from a hundred to a hundred and fifty pounds. The
were some in the shape of barbel; another like bream, with t
head of a hake, having a color between red and brown. The
was likewise a kind called peel-fish, the snout a cubit in leng
the upper lip being shaped like a shovel. Others were like
shad. There was one called pereo the Indians sometim
brought, the size of a hog and had rows of teeth above a
below.

Luís de Moscosco ordered the property of the Goverm
to be sold at public cry. It consisted of two male and thr
female slaves, three horses, and seven hundred swine. Fro
that time forward most of the people owned and raised hog

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

OF the pursuit of beauty and the husk that remains, perversions and mistakes, while the true form escapes in the wind, sing O Muse; of Raleigh, beloved by majesty, inging his lust into the body of a new world—and the deaths, ;fortunes, counter coups, which swelled back to certify that lor with defeat. Sing! and let the rumor of these things ke the timid more timid and the brave desperate, careless of muments which celebrate the subtle conversions of sense and truth go unrecognized. Sing! and make known Raleigh, o would found colonies; his England become a mouthful of oke sucked from the embers of a burnt weed. And if the tions, well founded on a million hindrances, taxes, laws and vs to annul laws must have a monument, let it be here imed: this undersong, this worm armed to gnaw away lies and release—Raleigh: if it so please the immortal gods.

Sing of his wisdom, O Muse: The truth is that all nations, w remote soever, being all reasonable creatures, and enjoyg one and the same imagination and fantasy, have devised, cording to their means and materials, the same things.

They all have lighted on the invention of bows and arws; all have targets and wooden swords, all have instrunts to encourage them to fight, all that have corn beat it in rtars and make cakes, baking them upon slate stones; all vised laws without any grounds had from the scriptures or om Aristotle's Politick, whereby they are governed; all that ell near their enemies impale their villages, to save themves from surprise. Yea, besides the same inventions, all ve the same natural impulsions; they follow nature in the oice of many wives; and there are among them which, out of kind of wolfish ferocity, eat man's flesh; yea, most of them

believe in a second life, and they are all of them idolators : one kind or another.——

These things, still chewing, he chewed out. And as an atheist, with Marlow, they would have burned him. It was his style! To the sea, then! mixed with soundest sense—on selling cannon to one's enemies.

But through all else, O Muse, say that he penetrated to the Queen!

Sing! O Muse and say, he was too mad in love, too clear, too desperate for her to trust upon great councils. He was not England, as she was. She held him, but she was too shrewd a woman not to know she held him as a woman, she the Queen; which left an element. Say that he was made and cracked by majesty, knew that devotion, tasted that wisdom and became too wise—and she all eyes and wit looking through until her man, her Raleigh became thin, light, a spirit. He was the whetter, the life giver through the Queen—but wounded cruelly. In this desperate condition, willless, inspired, the tool of a woman, flaming, falling, being lifted up, robbed of himself to feed her, caught, dispatched, starting, held again, giving yet seeking round the circle for an outlet: this was herself; but what, O Muse, of Raleigh, that proud man?

Say, first, he was the breath of the Queen—for a few years; say, too, that he had traveled much before he knew her, that he had seen the tropics and explored the Orinoco River for a hundred miles. Then say, O Muse, that now he saw himself afar, that he became—America! that he conceived a voyage from perfection to find—an England new again; to found a colony; the outward thrust, to seek. But it turned out to be a voyage on the body of his Queen: England, Elizabeth—Virginia!

He sent out colonists, she would not let him go himself: nothing succeeded. It was a venture in the crook of a lady's finger, pointing, then curving in. Virginia? It was the nail upon that finger. O Raleigh! nowhere, everywhere—and nothing. Declare, O Muse, impartially, how he had gone with the

glish fleet to strike at Spain and how she called him back—
e, do you not know, you!? These women are my person.
nat have you dared to do? How have you dared, without
order, to possess yourself of what is mine? Marry this
man!

Sing, O Muse, with an easy voice, how she, Elizabeth, she
gland, she the Queen—deserted him; Raleigh for Leicester,
sex now for Raleigh; she Spencer whom he friended, she
he Faery Queen," she Guiana, she Virginia, she atheist, she
y dear friend Marlow," she rents, rewards, honors, influ-
e, reputation, she "the fundamental laws of human knowl-
e," she prison, she tobacco, the introduction of potatoes to
Irish soil: It is the body of the Queen stirred by that
ugh—now all withdrawn.

O Muse, in that still pasture where you dwell amid the
dly noticed sounds of water falling and the little cries of
ckets and small birds, sing of Virginia floating off: the
ken chips of Raleigh: the Queen is dead.

O Virginia! who will gather you again as Raleigh had you
hered? science, wisdom, love, despair. O America, the
thplace of his son! It is Raleigh, anti-tropical. It is the
d north, flaring up in ice again.

What might he have known, what seen, O Muse?—Shoal
er where we smelt so sweet and so strong a smell, as if we
l been in the midst of some delicate garden; and keeping
od watch and keeping but slack sail—we arrived upon the
st; a land so full of grapes as the very beating and surge
the sea overflow them, such plenty, as well there as in all
ces else, on the sand and on the green soil on the hills, as
l as every little shrub, as also climbing towards the tops
high cedars, that in all the world I think a like abundance
not to be found. And from below the hill such a flock of
nes, mostly white, arose with such a cry as if an army of
n had shouted all together.—He might have seen the brother
the king, Granganimo, with copper cap, whose wife, comely
l bashful, might have come aboard the ship, her brows bound

with white coral; or running out to meet them very cheerfull at Roanoak, plucked off his socks and washed his feet warm water. A people gentle, loving, faithful, void of guile and treason. Earthen pots, large, white and sweet a wooden platters of sweet timber.

Sing, O Muse and say, there is a spirit that is seekin through America for Raleigh: in the earth, the air, the water up and down, for Raleigh, that lost man: seer who faile planter who never planted, poet whose works are questione leader without command, favorite deposed—but one who y gave title for his Queen, his England, to a coast he never sa but grazed alone with genius.

Question him in hell, O Muse, where he has gone, and whe there is an answer, sing and make clear the reasons that l gave for that last blow. Why did he send his son into tha tropic jungle and not go himself, upon so dangerous an e rand? And when the boy had died why not die too? WH England again and force the new King to keep his promi and behead him?

VOYAGE OF THE MAYFLOWER

THE Pilgrims were seed of Tudor England's lusty blossoming. The flamboyant force of that zenith, spent, became in them hard and little. Among such as they its ecarious wealth of petals sank safely within bounds to lie eaming or floating off while the Restoration throve, a swelring seclusion of the hothouse, surrounded by winter's cold. In those little pips a nadir, sure as the sun, was reached, which lay the character of beginnings in North America. s particles stripped of wealth, mortifying as they were morfied, "*predicateurs*," greatly suffering, greatly prepared to ffer, they were the perfect sprout for the savage continent od had driven them to. But Puritans, as they were called, they were pure it was more since they had nothing in them fulfillment than because of positive virtues.

By their very emptiness they were the fiercest element in e battle to establish a European life on the New World. The st to come as a group, of a desire sprung within themselves, ey were the first American democracy—and it was they, in e end, who would succeed in making everything like themves. No man led them; there was none. The leaders had iled long since for them at home—if there ever had been any and those still at home were still more removed from them an ever. Stripped and little they came resting on no author- but the secret warmth of their tight-locked hearts. But, happily, never had they themselves nor has any one penetated there to see what was contained. The emptiness about em was sufficient terror for them not to look further. The rgon of God, which they used, was their dialect by which ey kept themselves surrounded as with a palisade. They

pleaded weakness, they called continually for help (while worr
ing shrewdly with their own hands all the while), they ask
protection—but the real help had been to make them sma
small and several, several and each as a shell for his own "soul
And the soul? a memory (or a promise), a flower sheared aw
—nothing.

Theirs is the secret of fairy tales, the descent of the "sou
into picturesque smallness: children, dwarfs, elves; the dimin
tive desires of the lowly for—they scarcely know what. T
"God" of the Pilgrims is redolent of these mysteries. All the
fears, their helplessness, the uncertainty of their force—ha
the quality of such lore. The pathetic detail of the roug
sailor who cursed the poor people and what happened to him
strongly in this mood. It shows also the collective sense of th
destiny common to lowly people.

From the outset they had had trouble, then the accou
goes on:—"These troubles being blowne over, and now all b
ing compacte together in one shipe, they put to sea again wit
a prosperous winde, which continued diverce days togethe
which was some incouragement unto them; yet according to y
usuall maner many were afflicted with sea sickness. And
may not omit here a spetial worke of God's providence. The
was a proud and very profane younge man, one of ye sea
men, of a lustie body, which made him the more hauty; h
would allway be contemning ye poore people in their sickness
and cursing them dayly with greeous execrations, and did no
let to tell them, that he hoped to cast halfe of them over boar
before they came to their journey's end, and to make merr
with what they had; and if he were by any gently reproved h
would curse and swear most bitterly. But it pleased God be
fore they came halfe seas over, to smite this yong man wit
a greeveous disease, of which he dyed in a desperate maner
and so was himself ye first yt was throwne overboard. Thu
his curses light on his owne head; and it was an astonishmen
to all his fellows for they noted it to be ye just hand of Go
upon him."

The dreadful and curious thing is that men, despoiled and ving nothing, must long most for that which they have not d so, out of the intensity of their emptiness imagining they e full, deceive themselves and all the despoiled of the world to their sorry beliefs. It is the spirit that existing nowhere them is forced into their dreams. The Pilgrims, they, the ed, instead of growing, looked black at the world and damn- g its perfections praised a zero in themselves. The inver- on of a Gothic Calvin.

For the Puritans there had been a decline of which it was eir miserable fate never to know, while they raised their holy cantations. These are not the great flower of the spirit. rged by hard experience (worn bodies from which a white ve springs), they are not all soul as they and we have agined. Bodily suffering was more an alleviation than herwise, a distraction that kept them mercifully blinded. ney were condemned to be without flower, to sow themselves sely that after them others might know the end. Each rank from an imagination that would sever him from the st.

And so they stressed the "spirit"—for what else could ey do?—and this spirit *is* an earthly pride which they, pride- s, referred to heaven and the next world. And for *this* we aise them, instead of for the one thing in them that was luable: their tough littleness and weight of many to carry rough the cold; not their brokenness but their projection the great flower of which they were the seed.

The Pilgrims were mistaken not in what they did, because ey went hard to work with their hands and heads, but in what ey imagined for their warmth. It could not have been herwise. But it is sordid that a rich world should follow athetically after. Their misfortune has become a mal- asant ghost that dominates us all. It is they who must have vented the "soul," but the perversion is for this emptiness, is dream, this pale negative to usurp the place of that which ally they were destined to continue.

This stress of the spirit against the flesh has produced a race incapable of flower. Upon that part of the earth the occupied true spirit dies because of the Puritans, excep through vigorous revolt. They are the bane, not the stai Their religious zeal, mistaken for a thrust up toward th sun, was a stroke in, in, in—not toward germination but th confinements of a tomb.

Everything attests their despoiled condition: the pitifu care for each one, the talk of the common wealth (common t all alike, so never the proud possession of any one) and th church—that secret inversion of loveliness; their lost poss tion, itself, in the new land, the cold, disease, starvation—in explicable, unavoided troubles; their committing themselve not to any plan but floating on the ocean as a seed to God— to the sea and the winds—trustful, in a leaky boat. It is th weakling in us all that finds this beautiful. So with the lo condition of their words themselves, the bad spelling of thei journal; treated with contempt by the least of those they ha to do with, so contemned that no one would lend them mone "so they were forst to selle of some provisions to stop thi gape"; their continually expressed love of each other, "Be loved friends, sory we are that there should be occasion o writing at all unto you," etc.

* * *

"So they comited them selves to ye will of God and re solved to proceed. In sundrie of these storms the winds wer so feirce and ye seas so high, as they could not beare a knot of saile, but were forced to hull, for diverce days together And in one of them, as they thus lay at hull in a mighty storm a lustie young man (called John Howland) coming upon som occasion above ye gratings, was, with a seel of ye shipe thrown into ye sea: but it pleased God yt he caught hold of ye tope saile halliards, which hung over board, and ran out at grea length: yet he held his hould (though he was sundrie fadome under water) till he was hold up by ye same rope to ye brim of ye water, and then with a boat hooke and other means go

o ye shipe again, and his life saved; and though he was nething ill with it, yet he lived many years after, and be- ne a profitable member both in church and comone wealth."

This passage is perfect: the one man of it, at sea, in the rciful guardianship of God, (washed away, howbeit), rely- on his own hands and feet saves himself by force of him- , is hauled back by others like himself; the minute care detail, the note of his subsequent illness, and yet, the ral at the end.

And this moral? As with the deformed Æsóp, morals are memory of success that no longer succeeds.

But the enjoyment of the lust, the hidden flower, they rtyrized as the spirit or the soul, has curious turns. Pri- rily despoiled by providence; clinging with the doggedness a northern race, cold, close and slow to that; they become it, except where there exists the same sort of stress which ught them into being; the hard, repressive pioneer soil of mind. They must have relied on vigorous hypocrisy to e them—which they did. But this they could not revere. If the "puritan" in them could have ended with their ry into the New World and the subtle changes of growth at e have started, (See Cotton Mather's "Wonders of the isible World," the prefatory remarks) everything would e been different, but the character of the land was not orable. They did try to land further south.

In fear and without guidance, really lost in the world, it is y alone who would later, at Salem, have strayed so far— bidly seeking the flame,—that terrifying unknown image which, like savages, they too offered sacrifices of human n. It is just such emptiness, revulsion, terror in all ages, ch in fire—a projection still of the truth—finds that ch lost and desperate men have worshiped. And it is to-day the Puritan who keeps his frightened grip upon throat of the world lest it should prove him—empty.

Such would the New World become. Their strength made ut why, why the perpetual error of remaining at that low

point? It is that at which the soul, dying in them, not libe ated by death, but dead—is sad.

The result of that brave setting out of the Pilgrims H been an atavism that thwarts and destroys. The agoniz spirit, that has followed like an idiot with undeveloped bra governs with its great muscles, babbling in a text of the de years. Here souls perish miserably, or, escaping, are be into grotesque designs of violence and despair. It is an add strength thrown to a continent already too powerful for me One had not expected that this seed of England would co to impersonate, and to marry, the very primitive itself; creep into the very intestines of the settlers and turn the against themselves, to befoul the New World.

It has become "the most lawless country in the civiliz world," a panorama of murders, perversions, a terrific u governed strength, excusable only because of the horrid beau of its great machines. To-day it is a generation of gross kno nothingism, of blackened churches where hymns groan li chants from stupefied jungles, a generation universally eag to barter permanent values (the hope of an aristocracy) return for opportunist material advantages, a generation ha ing those whom it obeys.

What prevented the normal growth? Was it England, t northern strain, the soil they landed on? It was, of course, t whole weight of the wild continent that made their conditi of mind advantageous, forcing it to reproduce its own lik ness, and no more.

THE FOUNDING OF QUEBEC

WHY cannot I sit here lovingly, quietly and simply thinking of that most delightful man, Champlain, without offending you? Samuel de Champlain, of ouage, on the Bay of Biscaye, if you remember. His father s an admiral in the navy of Henry of Navarre. Here was a n. Here *is* a man after my own heart. Is it merely in a ok? So am I then, merely in a book. You see? Here at st I find the thing I love. I mean here *is* the thing, ac-ately, my own world, the world in which I myself breathe l walk and live—against that which you present. No, no! nsist. We live in different worlds.

There is a place among the works of Machiavelli where says that coming home at evening from the fields dusty and ed out he doffs his outdoor clothes, dresses himself for a w part and entering his study becomes a king. It is not rare a feeling but at least I understand it. Not that I'm reat reader; I tire of books too easily. Can anything tire e a book? But to me this Champlain is the perfection of at we lack, here. And sometimes, you know, well—it's a lsend to read a book—about such as he.

Parkman says, "Champlain was a man all for the theme l purpose, nothing for himself." Good Lord, these his-ians! By that I understand the exact opposite of what is tten: a man all for himself—but gently, with love, with ience, unwilling to endure the smallest fracture of his way doing. He knew Champlain and followed Champlain in rything. See if I am not right.

At the time of which I speak he had already spent three rs in North America, penetrating as far as the location the city he would found, trading, making maps, charting

the coast and drawing colored pictures of everything. An now, in France, he is ready to make his real essay. To sup port his project he asks one favor only of the king, a monopo of the fur trade for three years. Good! He gets Pont Gra to sponsor him and, all in proper time, sets out with two ves sels for New France, a country almost invented, one migh say, out of his single brain.

First the sea. The two ships heading for Cape St. Law rence had lost track of each other, Pont Gravé's, as it turne out later, being in the van. Then the northern coast. It iss new world this time sure enough: high mountains with litt soil, rocks and sand covered with firs and birches, icy winc hard currents and treacherous tides. But presently he ar rived at the harbor of Tadoussac, their rendezvous, outside which he anchored in a storm.

But what has happened? Where is Pont Gravé and th other ship? The New World presses on us all; there seem no end to it—and no beginning. So too with him. They s a ship's boat coming. So Pont Gravé has gained the harbo Good. But there's a stranger in the skiff. A Basque. There been trouble.

To me there is a world of pleasure in watching just thi Frenchman, just Champlain, like no one else about him, watc ing, keeping the thing whole within him with almost a woman tenderness—but such an energy for detail—a love of the ex act detail—watching that little boat drawing nearer on thi icy bay. This is the interest I see. It is this man. This me; this American; a sort of radio distributor sending ou sparks to us all.

Well, here's the boat. What's happened? Ah, Pont Gra is here, of course. Well? There was a Basque ship in th bay before him, they refused to stop their trade in furs at th King's order. A short battle. Pont Gravé wounded. Th Basque with us has come to make a truce. Champlain w "greatly annoyed," his records say, at such a beginnin Greatly annoyed! Isn't that a treasure?

Well, what? What to do? Well, what's first? To plant
e colony this year, *this* year, you understand. Everything
e—aside. To begin with, he must see Pont Gravé. He is
rt but will recover. The Basque is content to temporize.
ere is a truce. The carpenters are set to work and since
e ships are too unwieldy for the river a small barque is soon
npleted. In this, not waiting for a second one, Champlain,
gentleman, the adventurer, the enthusiast, drawer of col-
d pictures—is ready to go and found the City of Quebec.
Is that weakness, not to have destroyed the Spaniard on
spot, or to have died himself? Yes. Drake would not
e done it, nor would Raleigh. Columbus, yes. Yes, it was
ind of weakness I suppose—a thing priceless, miraculous
hat age and in such a place. It is a pride as separate from
ordinary as—Well, these things are costly.
See what it entailed. For these things show in a man.
who cares so long as a man leads, leads? I mean here is a
energy that penetrated Canada, the cold, the isolation,
savages, but the fineness of it is all personal. It is all a
a lost—something that the ship, the sailors, the very theme
f does not need. It disturbs, torments, undermines the
, it is a fine difficulty to success. But you shall see.
The river ascended, they arrive at the selected place. Here
ec shall stand. But how carefully he has noted every
d, every tree almost upon the way and how his imagina-
has run west and south and north with the stories of the
ans, surmising peoples, mountains, lakes, some day to be
vered, with the greatest accuracy. And what care he
s, what fastidious pains to establish beyond point of con-
rsy the exact place where Jacques Cartier wintered for-
y, that it was not where popular misconception had sup-
l but in another place—beyond the scientific possibility
doubt. This is Champlain.
o not mistake me though. This was a great adventurer,
mendous energy, one of the foremost colonizers of our
nent. He knew our North Atlantic coast from end to

end, had been in Boston Harbor, noted the islands and wh trees grew on them, had been at Plymouth—or where it shou be—fifteen years before the Pilgrims. And, in addition, h left charts, maps, colored drawings, as I told you, that a priceless now.

You remember, he had left Pont Gravé recovering fro his wound at Tadoussac and the Basque there with him; o watching the other; while he himself had gone up in the barq to the place selected for his city. Immediately he set t men to work, some digging a cellar, some sawing logs a making boards of them and some doing the construction. H speaks of their energy and good spirits, saying that wi such a fine *ensemble* the supplies would soon be under cove But now the second barque comes up the river with its su port. What devil is it in this land? What special hell has h this country assigned to it as a province?

"I was in a garden that I was having prepared," he write In a garden! that's wonderful to me. He was in this gard when the pilot of the second barque came to him with a sto —for his private ear. Champlain drew the fellow off into little wood, and there he heard: From the very day of settli out from France, it seems, there had been one at least who planned to murder him. That's how Quebec was plante from the first day. It is the genius of such men as Cha plain to attract such dooms. A locksmith, one Jean de Va was the chief culprit, but by this time almost the whole co pany had been subverted, only the unexpected arrival of t second barque having saved the Master from his death th night. One of the company had confessed.

Is it not clarity itself? The man absorbed in his wor eager, riding ahead of his plans—and fate dogging hi behind.

But now he is awakened, what does he do? What? It too amusing! Mind you his life is threatened. He gets t pilot, his informer, to send the four chief felons two bottl of wine from the second barque, a gift, we'll say, from the

ends, the Basques, and will they come to dinner at the barque
t night?

They come, of course, and there he seizes them. What
n? But first he has had a session with the man himself
first disclosed the plot. I can see that puzzled face. Why?
y? Why have they wished to kill him, him Champlain?
d pardon every one, except those four, if he could learn
motive.

Nothing, except that they had imagined that by giving up
place into the hands of the Basques and Spaniards, they
ht all become rich, and that they did not want to return
rance.

How's that for a simple answer? Think what Champlain
have thought at that, he bred on the sea, a Frenchman
obably nowhere so much at home as by himself, out of
nce, carrying his own head about prying curiously into
vilderness. And now that he had them handcuffed, those
imagine what comes next. He took them personally
the river in the barque to Tadoussac and called a coun-
Pont Gravé, the Captain of the vessel, the surgeon, the
and other sailors—and himself. Can you beat it?

hey decided that to kill the one man Jean de Val would
fficient, and necessary to intimidate the Spanish who were
where about. The other three should be returned to
ce for trial. So they strangled and hanged de Val and
his head upon a pike. To me the whole thing's marvel-
—all through.

hen he, Champlain, returned up river, carefully took
of the provisions which the knaves had badly wasted—
oes on with his city.

His friend replies)

o hell with all that: collecting pictures for France—or
e—or art! What for the New World? No. I know
you mean. A spirit of resignation. Literature. Books
brary. Good night, then. That's not you. You!
is why France never succeeded here. It is the Latin,

or Gaelic or Celtic sense of historic continuity. Let it
back, Roman, Greek, Phœnician, Egyptian, Arab—Jew; l
it go back with roots in every culture of the world. Chines
It is the weakness of you French—planting a drop of yo
precious blood in outlandish veins, in the wilderness and fanc
ing that that addition makes them French—that by this t
wilderness is converted! civilized, a new link in the chai
Never. Great as your desire may be.

Rebellion, savagery; a force to leap up and wrench y
from your hold and force you to be part of it; the place, t
absolute new without a law but the basic blood where t
savage becomes brother. That is generous. Open. A bre
through.

Champlain couldn't. The place (that more vulgar m
sensed as the strength in their arms) was outraged, that is
if you are right—and I think you are. These men struck
him as an impertinence. He with his maps, for France, f
science, for civilization—his gentleness, his swoons. I say,
is marvelous—if you want it, but as against a New World
it is inconceivable.

It claims you, you! and you resign the office for the sa
of—history. Quite so, you say.

The land! don't you feel it? Doesn't it make you want
go out and lift dead Indians tenderly from their graves,
steal from them—as if it must be clinging even to their corps
—some authenticity, that which—

Here not there.

THE MAY-POLE AT MERRY MOUNT

A MOST confusing thing in American History, as we read it, is the nearly universal lack of scale. This parochialism is helped by such balanced statement as C. Adams' preface to Thomas Morton's *The New English aan*—in which the incident of the May-pole at Merry unt is related. Adams has compared that "vulgar royalist rtine," Morton, and the Puritans of the Plymouth Colony closely. He has seen the time too near. He has accepted mere chance presence of Morton in the neighborhood of mouth as the outstanding fact, letting his mind dwell upon t, trying one party against the other, as they quarreled in flesh—till both are worn, in our eyes, to some unrecog-able, indifferent proportion. The description, "a vulgar alist libertine, thrown by accident into the midst of a Puri- Community, an extremely reckless but highly amusing old auchee and tippler," is not adequate to describe a man ng under the circumstances that surrounded Morton; its e might do for a London clubman but not a New World neer taking his chances in the wilderness. It lacks scale. Adams' pretty scholar humor can be very annoying. "Had rton lived in Virginia or even in the vicinity of New York," ays, "he would not have been noticed." What of it? He *not* live in either Virginia or New York and he *was* noticed; ie was brought to write the *Canaan*, so he has come down as and so we recognize him. Instead of quarreling with luck, Adams should have given us a better picture. Not : one expects or should expect, in the preface to a book of nt importance, more than a simple exposition of the facts ting to it. But Thomas Morton was unique in our his- and since Adams does attempt an evaluation of his book

it is a pity he did not realize that, in history, to preserve thin of "little importance" may be more valuable—as it is m difficult and more the business of a writer—than to champ a winner. It is not so much good history to present Mort with sly amusement in mortal and unmannerly combat with betters, as it would be to relieve him from that imposition his time and seriously to show up that lightness, his essent character, which discloses the Puritans themselves as maim to their advantage, for survival, the converse of which—in crooked way, perhaps, but in a way—Morton presented.

No use, merely because he lived that way, to join Mort with the Puritans; comment upon him and his book should laid mainly elsewhere, upon the more general scene of t New World, in his relationship with its natives—to which t Puritans so violently objected. And they were dead right that, Adams convinces us. Such a place as Morton kept "Ma-re Mount," the yearly rendezvous of a rough and la less class of men, selling liquor and firearms to the savag "was a terror unto them, who lived stragglingly, and were of strength in any place;" and it was unfair of Morton—seei how the Indians valued guns and liquor—to use them for ba ter when the other settlers were not permitted to do so. T was the practical side of the desire to rid the colony of th man. But since the whites were armed with guns and h liquor, was it in the eyes of history *wrong* for Morton to u them for his trade? Another side of Puritan disgust with t brazen fellow was the moral one of his consorting with t Indian girls. It was upon this count, not the first, that th chose finally to attack him.

> *Lasses in beaver coats come away*
> *Ye shall be welcome to us night and day.*

Some of the earlier writers on the New England India have spoken of the modesty of the women; Wood, in his *Pro pect*, for instance, and Josselyn, in the second of his "Tw Voyages." "Morton however is significantly silent on th

int, and the idea of female chastity in the Indian mind, in e rare cases where it existed at all, seems to have been of the guest possible description. Morton was not a man likely to fastidious, and his reference to the 'lasses in beaver coats,' suggestive." This is as near as Adams ever gets to a full tement of the facts.

In Parkman, "Jesuits in North America," (ch. iv) there a very graphic account of the missionary Le Jeune's ex-rience among the Algonquins, in which he describes the in-ior of a wigwam on a winter's evening. "Heated to suffo-ion, the sorcerer, in the closest possible approach to nudity, on his back, with his right knee planted upright and his leg crossed on it, discoursing volubly to the company, who, their part, listened in positions scarcely less remote from ency." Le Jeune says, "Les filles et les jeunes femmes sont exterieur très honnestement couvertes, mais entre elles leurs cours sont puants, commes des cloaques."

Parkman says that "chastity in women was recognized as a ue by many tribes." Of the New England Indians Wil-ns remarks,—"Single fornications they count no sin, but r marriage they count it heinous for either of them to be e." Judging by an incident mentioned by Morton, how-, adultery does not seem to have been looked upon as a grave offense among the Indians of the vicinity in which ived. "The colour of their eies being so generally black le a salvage, that had a young infant whose eies were gray, wed him to us, and said they were English mens eies; I tould Father that his son was *nan weeteo*, which is a bastard; hee ied *tita cheshetue squaa*, which is, he could not tell, his might play the whore; and his childe the father desired ht have an English name, because of the liteness of his which his father had in admiration because of the novelty ngst their nation."

Strachey (Historie p. 65) says of the Virginians: "Their ng women goe not shadowed (clothed) amongst their own panie, until they be nigh eleven or twelve returns of the

leafe old, nor are they much ashamed thereof, and therefo would the before remembered Pocahuntas, a well featured, h wanton yong girle, Powhatan's daughter, sometymes resorti to our fort, of the age of eleven or twelve years, get the boy forth with her into the market place, and make them whee falling on their hands, turning up their heels upwards, whon she would followe, and wheele so her self, naked as she w all the fort over; but being over twelve years, they put on kind of semecinctum lethern apron before their bellies, and a very shamefaced to be seen bare.

"—wantons before marriage and household drudges afte it is extremely questionable whether they had any conceptii of it." (i. e. female chastity.) From conflicting reports fro many sources the truth seems to be that the state of affai with respect to this trait of female chastity was a matt largely of individual inclination. Some would be chaste a others wanton as the blood ruled them or the local fashion the moment seemed to warrant. Were a wife too flagrant adulterous no husband would want her; thus, the case wou decide itself.

And so—"Morton's inclination to boisterous revelry cu minated at last in that proceeding which scandalized the Pl mouth elders and passed into history." Book III, Chapt 14, of "The New English Canaan" presents it as follows: "T Inhabitants of Pasonagessit having translated the name their habitation from the ancient Salvage name to Ma— Mount, and being resolved to have the new name confirm for a memorial to after ages, did devise amongst themselves have it performed in a solemn maner, with Revels and mer ment after the old English custome; (they) prepared to se up a Maypole upon the festivall day of Philip and Jac (1627), and therefore brewed a barrell of excellent beare a provided a case of bottles, to be spent, with other good chea for all commers of that day. And because they would have in compleat forme, they had prepared a song fitting to t time and present occasion. And upon May day they brou

: Maypole to the place appointed, with drumes, gunnes, pis-s and other fitting instruments, for the purpose; and there cted it with the help of Salvages, that came thether to see manner of our Revels. A goodly pine tree of 80 foot ge was reared up, with a peare of buckshorns nayled one newhat neare unto the top of it: where it stood, as a faire mark for directions how to finde out the way to mine Hoste Ma-re Mount."

Bradford's account was very different—"They also set up May-pole, drinking and dancing about it many days to-ner, inviting the Indian women, for their consorts, dancing l frisking together, (like so many fairies, or furies rather) l worse practices. As if they had anew revived and cele-ted the feasts of the Roman Goddes Flora, or the beastly ctieses of the madd Bacchinalians. Morton likewise (to w his poetrie) composed sundry rimes and verses, some lling to lasciviousnes, and others to the detraction and scan-of some persons, which he affixed to this idle or idoll May-e."

This gambol on the green brought matters to a head with engeance. Although, as Adams says, it would not have n sufficient in itself to have caused the Puritan Elders to e action had there not been the graver matter of the sale firearms behind it—yet it was the direct cause of Miles ndish going with eight men to arrest Morton. He was en, his plantation destroyed, after the good, round for-a: "to please the Indians"—and he himself put in the lks, where the Indians came to look at him very much in zement to know what it was all about.

Morton was scandalously maltreated while in the care of captors and, due to their failure to provide food, he nearly on the vessel which transported him back to England trial. But as Adams smilingly remarks, had it been later ur history and on a more westerly frontier, they would have shot him. In England, an acquaintance of Ben son and others at *The Mermaid,* Morton wrote his book.

It was no great literary feat. It is, in a great measu
trivial and obscure, but as a piece from American History
has its savor which Adams dulls rather than heightens
which is too bad.

It seems impossible for Adams to get clearly in mind wh
Morton means when he expostulates—"this harmless mirth
younge men (that lived in hope to have wifes brought over
them, that would save them a laboure to make a voyage
fetch any over) was much distasted by the precise Separatis
—those moles. . . But marriage and hanging, (they sa
comes by destiny and Scogan's choice, tis better (than) no
at all. He that played Proteus (with the help of Priapus) p
their noses out of joynt, as the Proverb is—"

Or: as Scogan, (famous court buffoon attached to t
household of Edward IV) ordered to be hanged, but allow
the privilege of choosing the tree, escaped hanging by bei
unable to find a tree to his liking—trying many; so Mort
and his men, awaiting wives from England, escaped marria
by varying (Proteus) among (Priapus) the Indian girls th
took to bed with them.

This in its simplicity the Puritans lacked spirit to explai
But spiritless, thus without grounds on which to rest the
judgments of this world, fearing to touch its bounties, a f
sure takes place for the natural mouth—and everything's pe
verse to them. Forced by Morton's peccadillo they counter
with fantastic violence—and some duplicity—having the tra
in beaver skins in view.

Then their own true perversions enter in; for "ignoran
of the law is no excuse." As Morton laid his hands, rough
perhaps but lovingly, upon the flesh of his Indian consorts,
the Puritans laid theirs with malice, with envy, insanely, n
only upon him, but also—one thing leading to another—up
the unoffending Quakers.

Trustless of humane experience, not knowing what
think, they went mad, lost all direction. Mather defends t
witchcraft persecutions.

ITTON MATHER'S WONDERS OF THE INVISIBLE WORLD

I

Enchantments Encountered

1

T was as long ago, as the year 1637, that a Faithful Minister of the Church of *England*, whose name was Mr. *Edward Symons*, did in a Sermon afterwards printed, express himself: At New England now the Sun of Com- begins to appear, and the glorious Day-Star to show f;—*Sed Venient Annis Sæculæ Seris*, there will come es in after Ages, when the *Clouds will overshadow and en the Sky there*. Many now promise to themselves ing but successive Happiness there, which for a time ugh God's Mercy they may enjoy; and I pray God, they a long time; but in this World there is no Happiness etual. An *Observation*, or I had almost said an *Inspira-* very dismally now verify'd upon us! It has been affirm'd me who best knew *New England*, That the World will do England a great piece of Injustice, if it acknowledge not asure of Religion, Loyalty, Honesty and Industry, in eople there, beyond what is to be found with any other le for the number of them. When I did a few years ago, sh a Book, which mentioned a few memorable Witch- s, committed in this Country; the excellent *Baxter*, d the second edition of that Book, with a kind Preface, ein he sees cause to say, *If any are scandalized, that New and, a place of as serious Piety, as any I can hear of, Heaven, should be troubled so much with Witches; I 'tis no wonder; Where will the Devil show most malice,*

but where he is hated, and hateth most; and I hope, the Cou try will still deserve and answer the Charity so expressed that Reverend man of God. Whosoever travels over this W derness, will see it richly bespangled with Evangeli Churches, whose Pastors are holy, able, and painful Overse of their Flocks, lively Preachers, and vertuous Livers; . We are still so happy, that I suppose there is no Land the Universe more free from the debauching, and the debas Vices of Ungodliness. The Body of the People are hithe so disposed, that *Swearing, Sabbath-breaking, Whori Drunkenness,* and the like, do not make a Gentleman, bu Monster, or a Goblin, in the vulgar Estimation. All t notwithstanding, we must humbly confess to our God, t we are miserably degenerated from the first Love of Predecessors; however we boast ourselves a little, w Men would go to trample upon us, and we venture to s *whereinsoever any is bold (we speak foolishly) we are b also.* The first Planters of these Colonies were a cho Generation of Men, who were first so pure, as to disre many things, which they thought wanted Reformation E where; and yet withal so peaceable, that they embra a voluntary Exile in a squallid, horrid American D art, rather than to live in Contentions with their Brethr Those good Men imagined that they should leave their P terity in a place, where they should never see the Inroads Profanity, or Superstition: And a famous Person return hence, could in a Sermon before the Parliament, profess *have now been seven Years in a Country, where I never one Man drunk, or heard one oath sworn, or beheld one Beg in the Streets all the while.* Such great Persons Budaeus, and others, who mistook Sir *Thomas Mo* Utopia, for a Country really existent, and stirr'd up sc Divines charitably to undertake a Voyage thither, might n have certainly found a Truth in their Mistake; *New Engl* was a true Utopia. But, alas, the Children and Servants those old Planters must needs afford many, degenerate Pla

d there is now risen up a Number of People, otherwise in-
med than our *Joshua's*, and the Elders that out-liv'd them.
ose two things our holy Progenitors, and our happy Ad-
ntages make Omissions of Duty, and such Spiritual Disor-
rs as the whole World abroad is overwhelmed with, to be as
ovoking in us, as the most flagitious Wickedness committed
other places; and the Ministers of God are accordingly
ere in their Testimonies: But in short, those Interests of
e Gospel, which were the Errand of our Fathers into these
ds of the Earth, have been too much neglected and post-
med, and the Attainments of an handsome Education, have
en too much undervalued, by Multitudes that have not fallen
o Exorbitances of wickedness; and some, especially of our
ung Ones, when they have got abroad from under the Re-
aints here laid upon them, have become extravagantly and
minably Vicious. Hence 'tis, that the Happiness of *New*
gland has been but for a time, as it was foretold, and not
a long time, as has been desir'd for us. A Variety of
lamity has long follow'd this Plantation; and we have all
Reason imaginable to ascribe it unto the Rebuke of Heaven
on us for our manifold *Apostasies;* we make no right use of
Disasters: If we do not, *Remember whence we are fallen,*
d repent, and do the first Works. But yet our Afflictions
y come under a further Consideration with us: There is
urther Cause of our Afflictions, whose due must be given him.

2

The *New Englanders* are a People of God settled in those,
ich were once the *Devil's* Territories; and it may easily be
posed that the *Devil* was exceedingly disturbed, when he
ceived such a People here accomplishing the Promise of
made unto our Blessed Jesus, *That He should have the*
most parts of the earth for his Possession. There was not
reater Uproar among the *Ephesians*, when the Gospel was
t brought among them, than there was among, *The Powers*

of the Air. (after whom those Ephesians walked) when firr
the *Silver Trumpets* of the Gospel here made the *Joyfi*
Sound. The Devil thus Irritated, immediately try'd all sor
of Methods to overturn this poor Plantation: and so much
the Church, as was *Fled into this Wilderness*, immediate
found, *The Serpent cast out of his Mouth a Flood for th*
carrying of it away. I believe, that never were more Satanic
Devices used for the Unsetling of any People under the Su
than what have been Employ'd for the Extirpation of the *Vi*
which God has here *Planted, Casting out the Heathen, an*
preparing a Room before it, and causing it to take deep roo
and fill the Land, so that it sent its Boughs unto the Atlantt
Sea Eastward, and its Branches unto the Connecticut *Riv*
Westward, and the Hills were covered with the shadow thereo
But, All those Attempts of Hell, have hitherto been Abortiv
many an *Ebenezer* has been Erected unto the Praise of Go
by his Poor People here; and, *Having obtained Help fro*
God, we continue to this Day. Wherefore the Devil is no
making one Attempt more upon us; an Attempt more Difficul
more Surprizing, more snarl'd with unintelligible Circum
stances than any that we have Encountered; an Attempt
Critical, that if we get well through, we shall soon Enjo
Halcyon Days with all the *Vultures* of Hell *Trodden undl*
our Feet. He has wanted his *Incarnate Legions* to Persecu
us, as the People of God have in the other Hemisphere bee
persecuted: he has therefore drawn forth his more *Spiritu*
ones to make an attacque upon us. We have been advised th
some Credible Christians yet alive, that a malefactor, accuse
of *Witchcraft* as well as *Murder*, and Executed in this pla
more than Forty Years ago, did then give Notice of, *An Ho*
rible PLOT *against the Country by* WITCHCRAFT, *and*
Foundation of WITCHCRAFT *then laid, which if it were n*
seasonably discovered, would probably Blow up, and pull dow
all the Churches in the Country. And we have now wit
Horror seen the *Discovery* of such a *Witchcraft!* An Arm
of *Devils* is horribly broke in upon the place which is the *Ce*

, and after a sort, the *First-born* of our *English* Settle-
nts: and the Houses of the Good People there are fill'd with
doleful Shrieks of their Children and Servants, Tormented
Invisible Hands, with Tortures altogether preternatural.
. . . . . .

II

[E Trial of Bridget Bishop, Alias Oliver, At The Court of Oyer and Terminer, Held at Salem, June 2, 1692.

1. She was Indicted for Bewitching of several Persons in
Neighbourhood, the Indictment being drawn up, according
:he *Form* in such Cases usual. And pleading, *Not Guilty*,
:e were brought in several persons, who had long under-
.e many kinds of Miseries, which were preternaturally in-
:ed, and generally ascribed unto an *horrible Witchcraft*.
ere was little occasion to prove the *Witchcraft*, it being
lent and notorious to all beholders. Now to fix the *Witch-*
t on the Prisoner at the Bar, the first thing used was the
timony of the *Bewitched;* whereof several testifi'd That the
pe of the Prisoner did oftentimes very grievously Pinch
n, Choak them, Bite them, and afflict them; urging them to
:e their Names in a *Book*, which the said Spectre called
s. One of them did further testifie, that it was the *Shape*
his Prisoner, with another, which one day took her from
wheel, and carrying her to the Riverside, threatened there
rown her, if she did not Sign to the *Book* mentioned; which
she refused. Others of them did also testifie, that the said
pe did in her Threats brag to them that she had been the
th of sundry Persons, then by her named; that she had
den a Man then likewise named. Another testifi'd, the
parition of *Ghosts* unto the Spectre of *Bishop*, crying out,
Murdered us! About the Truth whereof there was in
Matter of Fact but too much Suspicion.

2. It was testifi'd, That at the Examination of the Prison before the Magistrates, the Bewitched were extremely to tured. If she did but cast her Eyes on them, they were pre ently struck down; and this in such a manner as there cou be no collusion in the Business. But upon the Touch of H Hand upon them, when they lay in their Swoons, they wou immediately Revive; and not upon the Touch of any on Else. Moreover, upon some Special Actions of her Body, the shaking of her Head, or the turning of her Eyes, thi presently and painfully fell into the like postures. And ma of the like Accidents now fell out, while she was at the Ba One at the same time testifying, That she said, *She could n be troubled to see the afflicted thus tormented.*

3. There was Testimony likewise brought in, that a Mi Striking once at the place, where a bewitched person sa the *Shape* of this *Bishop* stood, the bewitched cried out, *Th he had tore her Coat*, in the place then particularly specifi and the Woman's Coat was found to be Torn in that ver place.

4. One *Deliverance Hobbs*, who had confessed her being Witch, was now tormented by the Spectres, for her Confe sion. And she now testifi'd, That this *Bishop* tempted her Sign the *Book* again, and to deny what she had confess'd. S affirm'd, That it was the Shape of this Prisoner, which whipp her with Iron Rods, to compel her thereunto. And she a firmed, that this *Bishop* was at a General Meeting of t Witches, in a Field at *Salem*-Village, and there partook of Diabolical Sacrament in Bread and Wine then administere

5. To render it further unquestionable, that the Prison at the Bar, was the Person truly charged in This *Witchcra* there were produced many Evidences of Other *Witchcraf* by her perpetrated. For Instance, *John Cook* testifi'd, Th about five or six Years ago, one Morning, about Sun-Rise, was in his Chamber assaulted by the *Shape* of this Prisone

ich look'd on him, grinn'd at him, and very much hurt him h a Blow on the Side of the Head; and that on the same day, out Noon, the same *Shape* walked in the Room where he s, and an Apple Strangely flew out of his Hand, into the p of his Mother, six or eight Foot from him.

6. *Samuel Gray* testifi'd, That about fourteen Years ago, wak'd on a Night, and saw the Room where he lay full of ght; and that he then saw plainly a Woman between the adle, and the Bed-side, which look'd upon him. He rose, l it vanished; tho' he found the Doors all fast. Looking at the Entry-door, he saw the same Woman in the same rb again; and said, *In God's Name, what do you come for?* went to Bed, and had the same Woman again assaulting . The Child in the Cradle gave a great Screech, and the man disappeared. It was long before the Child could be eted; and tho it pined away, and, after divers months, d in a sad condition. He knew not *Bishop*, nor her Name; when he saw her after this, he knew by her Countenance, Apparel, and all Circumstances, that it was the Appari- of this *Bishop*, which had thus troubled him.

7. *John Bly* and his Wife testifi'd, That he bought a sow *Edward Bishop*, the Husband of the Prisoner; and was to the Price agreed, unto another person. This Prisoner g angry that she was hindred from figuring the Mony rrell'd with *Bly*. Soon after which, the Sow was taken with nge Fits; Jumping, Leaping, and Knocking her Head inst the Fence; she seem'd Blind and Deaf, and would her Eat nor be Suck'd. Whereupon a Neighbor said, she ved the Creature was *Over-looked;* and sundry other Cir- stances concurred, which made the Deponents believe that *op* had bewitched it.

8. *Richard Corvan* testifi'd, That Eight Years ago, he lay ke in his Bed, with a Light burning in the Room, he was by'd with the Apparition of this *Bishop*, and of two more

that were Strangers to him, who came and oppressed him
that he could neither stir himself, nor wake anyone else, a
that he was the Night after, molested again in the like ma
ner; the said *Bishop*, taking him by the Throat, and pulli
him almost out of the Bed. His Kinsman offered for t
cause to lodge with him; and that Night, as they were awa
discoursing together, this *Corvan* was once more visited
the Guests which had formerly been so troublesome; his Ki
man being at the same time struck speechless, and unable
move Hand or Foot. He had laid his Sword by him, whi
these unhappy Spectres did strive much to wrest from hi
only he held too fast for them. He then grew able to c
the People of his House; but altho' they heard him, yet th
had not power to stir or speak; until at last, one of the Peo
crying out, *What's the matter?* The Spectres all vanished.

9. *Samuel Shattock* testifi'd, That in the Year 1680, t
Bridget Bishop, often came to his House upon such frivol
Errands, that they suspected she came indeed with a pu
pose of mischief. Presently, whereupon, his Eldest Chi
which was of as promising Health and Sense, as any Child
its Age, began to droop exceedingly; and the oftener t
Bishop came to the House, the worse grew the Child. As t
Child would be standing at the Door, he would be thro
and bruised against the Stones, by an invisible Hand, and
like sort knock his Face against the sides of the House, a
bruise it after a miserable manner. Afterwards this *Bish*
would bring him things to Dye, whereof he could not ima
any use; and when she paid him a piece of Mony, the Pu
and Mony were unaccountably conveyed out of a lock'd B
and never seen any more. The Child was immediately, he
upon, taken with terrible Fits, whereof his Friends thou
he would have dyed; Indeed he did almost nothing but C
and Sleep for several Months together; and at length h
understanding was utterly taken away. Among other Sym
toms of an Inchantment upon him, one was, That there w

Board in the Garden, whereon he would walk; and all the vitations in the World could never fetch him off. About or 18 years after, there came a Stranger to *Shattock's* ouse, who seeing the Child, said, *This poor Child is Be-itched; and you have a Neighbor living not far off, who is a itch.* He added, *Your Neighbor has had a falling out with ur Wife; and she said, in her Heart, your Wife is a proud oman, and she would bring down her Pride in this Child.* e then remembered, that *Bishop* had parted from his Wife muttering and menacing Terms, a little before the Child s taken Ill. The abovesaid Stranger would needs carry the witched Boy with him, to *Bishop's* House, on pretense of ying a pot of Cyder. The Woman entertained him in ious manner; and flew also upon the Boy, scratching his ce till the Blood came; and saying, *Thou Rogue, what dost u bring this Fellow here to plague me?* Now it seems the n said, before he went, That he would fetch Blood for *her.* er after the Boy was follow'd with grievous Fits, which the ctors themselves generally ascribed unto *Witchcraft;* and erein he would be thrown still into the *Fire* or the *Water,* ne were not constantly look'd after; and it was verily be-ed that *Bishop* was the cause of it.

10. *John Louder* testify'd, That upon some little Contro-sy with *Bishop* about her Fowls, going well to Bed, he did ke in the Night by Moonlight, and did see clearly the like-s of this Woman grievously oppressing him; in which miser-e condition she held him, unable to help himself, till near y. He told *Bishop* of this; but she deny'd it, and threatened very much. Quickly after this, being at home on a Lord's , with the doors shut about him, he saw a black Pig ap-ch him; at which, he going to kick, it vanished away. Im-iately after, sitting down, he saw a black Thing jump t the Window, and come to stand before him. The Body like that of a Monkey, the Feet like a cocks, but the Face h like a Mans. He being so extremely affrighted, that he

could not speak; this Monster spoke to him, and said, *I am a Messenger sent unto you, for I understand that you are in some Trouble of Mind, and if you will be ruled by me, you shall want for nothing in this World.* Whereupon he endeavoured to clap his Hands upon it; but he could feel no substance; and it jumped out of the Window again; but immediately came in by the Porch, tho' the Doors were shut, and said, *You had better take my Counsel!* He then struck at it with a Stick, but struck only the Ground-sel, and broke the Stick: The Arm with which he struck was presently Disenabled, and it vanished away. He presently went out at the Back-door, and spied this *Bishop* in her Orchard, going toward her House; but he had not power to set one foot forward unto her. Whereupon, returning into the House, he was immediately accosted by the Monster he had seen before, which Goblin was now going to fly at him; whereat he cryed out, *The Whole Armour of God be between me and you!* Then it sprang back, and flew over the Apple-tree; shaking many Apples off the Tree, in its flying over. At its leap, it flung Dirt with its Feet against the Stomach of the Man; whereupon he was then struck Dumb, and so continued for three Days together. Upon the producing of this Testimony *Bishop* deny'd that she knew this Deponent: Yet their two Orchards joined; and they had often had their little Quarrels for some years together.

11. *William Stacy* testify'd, That receiving Mony of the *Bishop*, for work done by him; he had gone but a matter of three Rods from her, and looking for his Mony, found it unaccountably gone from him. Sometime after, *Bishop* asked him, whether his Father would grind her Grist for her? He demanded why? She reply'd, *Because Folks count me a Witch.* He answered, *No question but he will grind it for you.* Being then gone about six Rods from her, with a small Load in his Cart, suddenly the Off wheel stump'd, and sunk down into an hole, upon plain Ground; so that the Deponent

was forced to get help for the recovering of the Wheel: But stepping back to look for the hole, which might give him this Disaster, there was none at all to be found. Some time after, she was waked in the Night; but it seem'd as light as day; and she perfectly saw the shape of the *Bishop* in the Room, trouling of him; but upon her going out, all was dark again. He charg'd *Bishop* afterwards with it, and she deny'd it not; but was very angry. Quickly after, this Deponent having been threatened by *Bishop*, as he was in a dark Night going to the Barn, he was suddenly taken or lifted from the Ground, and thrown against a Stonewall: After that, he was again hoisted up and thrown down a Bank, at the end of his House. After this again, passing by this *Bishop*, his Horse with a small Load, striving to draw, all his Gears flew to pieces, and the Cart fell down; and this Deponent going then to lift a Bag of Corn, of about two Bushels, could not budge it with all his Might.

Many other Pranks of this *Bishop's* this Deponent was ready to testify. He also testify'd, That he verily believ'd the said *Bishop* was the Instrument of his Daughter *Priscilla's* Death; of which suspicion, pregnant Reasons were assigned.

12. To crown all, *John Bly* and *William Bly* testify'd, That being employ'd by *Bridget Bishop*, to help to take down the Cellar-wall of the old House wherein she formerly lived, they did in holes of the said old Wall, find several *Poppets*, made up of Rags and Hogs-bristles, with headless Pins in them, the Points being outward; whereof she could give no Account unto the Court, that was reasonable or tolerable.

13. One thing that made against the Prisoner was, her being evidently convicted of *gross Lying in the Court*, several times, while she was making her Plea; but besides this, a Jury of Women found a preternatural Teat upon her Body: But upon a second search, within 3 or 4 hours, there was no such thing to be seen. There was also an Account of other People

whom this Woman had Afflicted; and there might have been many more, if they had been enquired for; but there was no need of them.

14. There was one very strange thing more, with which the Court was newly entertained. As this Woman was under a Guard, passing by the great and spacious Meeting-house of Salem, she gave a look towards the House: And immediately a *Daemon* invisibly entring the Meeting-house, tore down a part of it; so that tho' there was no Person to be seen there yet the People, at the noise, running in, found a Board, which was strongly fastned with several Nails, transported unto another quarter of the House.

* * *

THE TRIAL OF SUSANNA MARTIN, AT THE COURT OF OYER AND TERMINER HELD BY ADJOURNMENT AT SALEM, JUNE 29, 1692.

1. Susanna Martin, pleading *Not Guilty* to the Indictment of *Witchcraft*, brought in against her, there were produced the Evidences of many Persons very sensibly and grievously Bewitched; who all complained of the Prisoner at the Bar, as the Person whom they believed the cause of their Miseries. And now, as well as in the other Trials, there was an extraordinary Endeavour by Witchcrafts, with Cruel and frequent Fits, to hinder the poor Sufferers from giving in their Complaints, which the Court was forced with much Patience to obtain, by much waiting and watching for it.

2. There was now also an account given of what passed at her first Examination before the Magistrates. The Cast of her *Eye*, then striking the afflicted People to the Ground, whether they saw that Cast or no; there were these among other Passages between Magistrates and the Examinate.

Magistrate: Pray, what ails these People?

Martin: I don't know.

Magistrate: But what do you think ails them?

Martin: I don't desire to spend my Judgement upon it.

Magistrate: Don't you think they are bewitch'd?

Martin: No, I do not think they are.

Magistrate: Tell us your thought about them then.

Martin: No, my thoughts are my own, when they are in, at when they are out they are anothers. Their Master——

Magistrate: Their Master? Who do you think is their aster?

Martin: If they be dealing in the Black Art, you may ow as well as I.

Magistrate: Well, what have you done towards this?

Martin: Nothing at all.

Magistrate: Why, 'tis you or your Appearance.

Martin: I cannot help it.

Magistrate: Is it not *your* Master? How comes your ppearance to hurt these?

Martin: How do I know? He that appeared in the ape of Samuel, a glorified Saint, may appear in any ones ape.

It was then also noted in her, as in others like her, that if e Afflicted went to approach her, they were flung down to e Ground. And, when she was asked the reason of it, she d, *I cannot tell; it may be, the Devil bears me more Malice an another.*

3. The Court accounted themselves, alarum'd by these ings, to enquire further into the Conversation of the Pris- er; and see what there might occur, to render these Accusa- ns further credible. Whereupon, *John Allen* of Salisbury, tify'd, That he refusing, because of the weakness of his en, to Cart some Stones at the request of this Martin, she was pleased at it; and said, *It had been as good that he had; his Oxen should never do him much more service.* Where- on, this Deponent said, *Dost thou threaten me, thou old*

Witch? I'l throw thee in the Brook. Which to avoid, sh flew over the Bridge, and escaped. But as he was going home one of his Oxen tired, so that he was forced to Unyoke him that he might get him home. He then put his Oxen, with many more, upon *Salisbury* Beach, where Cattle did use to ge *Flesh.* In a few days, all the Oxen upon the Beach wer found by their Tracks, to have run unto the Mouth of *Merri mack-River,* and not returned; but the next day they wer found come ashore upon *Plum Island.* They that sought them used all imaginable gentleness, but they would still run awa with a violence, that seemed wholly Diabolical, till they cam near the Mouth of *Merrimack-River;* when they ran righ into the Sea, swimming as far as they could be seen. One o them swam back again, with a swiftness, amazing to the Be holders, who stood ready to receive him, and help up his tire Carcass: But the Beast ran furiously up into the Islanc and from thence, through the Marshes, up into *Newbur* Town, and so up into the Woods; and there after a whil found near *Amesbury.* So that, of fourteen good Oxen, ther was only this saved: The rest were all cast up, some in on place, and some in another, Drowned.

4. *John Atkinson* testifi'd, That he exchanged a Cow wit a Son of *Susanna Martin's,* whereat she muttered, and was un willing he should have it. Going to receive this Cow, tho' H Hamstring'd her, and Halter'd her, she, of a Tame Creatur grew so mad, that they could scarce get her along. She brok all the Ropes that were fastned unto her, and though sh were ty'd fast unto a Tree, yet she made her escape, and gav them such further trouble, as they could ascribe to no caus but Witchcraft.

5. *Bernard Peache* testifi'd, That being in Bed, on th Lord'sday Night, he heard a scrabbling at the Window, where at he then saw *Susanna Martin* come in, and jump down upo the Floor. She took hold of this Deponent's Feet, and drawin

is Body up into an Heap, she lay upon him near Two Hours, ı all which time he could neither speak nor stir. At length, hen he could begin to move, he laid hold on her Hand, and ulling it up to his Mouth, he bit three of her Fingers, as e judged, unto the Bone. Whereupon she went from the hamber, down the Stairs, out at the Door. This Deponent, ıereupon called unto the People of the House, to advise them : what passed; and he himself did follow her. The People w her not; but there being a Bucket at the Left-hand of the oor, there was a drop of Blood found upon it; and several ore drops of Blood upon the Snow newly fallen abroad: here was likewise the print of her 2 Feet just without the hreshold; but no more sign of any Footing further off.

At another time this Deponent was desired by the Prisıer, to come unto an Husking of Corn, at her House; and she iid, *If he did not come, it were better that he did!* He went t, but the Night following, *Susanna Martin,* as he judged, ıd another came towards him. One of them said, *Here he is!* ıt he having a Quarterstaff, made a Blow at them. The Roof the Barn, broke his Blow; but following them to the Winw, he made another Blow at them, and struck them down; t they got up, and got out, and he saw no more of them.

About this time, there was a Rumour about the Town, at *Martin* had a Broken Head; but the Deponent could say thing to that.

The said *Peache* also testifi'd, the Bewitching the Cattle to eath, upon Martin's Discontents.

6. *Robert Downer* testified, That this Prisoner being some ears ago prosecuted at Court for a Witch, he then said unto r, *He believed she was a Witch.* Whereat she being dissatied, said, *That some She Devil would shortly fetch him ay!* which words were heard by others as well as himself. ıe Night following, as he lay in his Bed, there came in at e Window, the likeness of a Cat, which flew upon him, and t hold of his Throat, lay on him a considerable while, and

almost killed him. At length he remembered what *Susanna Martin* had threatened the Day before; and with much striving he cried out, *Avoid, thou She-Devil! In the Name of God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, Avoid!* Whereupon it left him, leap't on the Floor, and flew out at the Window.

And there also came in several Testimonies, that before ever *Downer* spoke a word of this Accident, *Susanna Martin* and her family had related, *How this Downer had been handled!*

7. *John Kembal* testified, that *Susanna Martin*, upon a causeless Disgust, had threatned him, about a certain Cow of his, *That she would never do him any more Good:* and it came to pass accordingly. For soon after the Cow was found stark dead on the dry Ground, without any Distemper to be discerned upon her. Upon which he was followed with a strange Death upon more of his *Cattle*, whereof he lost in one Spring to, the value of Thirty Pounds. But the said *John Kembal* had a further Testimony to give in against the Prisoner which was truly abominable.

Being desirous to furnish himself with a Dog, he applied himself to buy one of this *Martin*, who had a Bitch with Whelps in her House. But she was not letting him have his choice, he said, he would supply himself then at one *Blezdels*. Having mark'd a Puppy, which he lik'd at Blezdel's, he met *George Martin*, the Husband of the Prisoner, going by, who asked him, *Whether he would not have one of his Wife's Puppies?* and he answered, *No.* The same Day, one *Edmond Eliot*, being at *Martin's* House, heard *George Martin* related where this Kembal had been, and what he had said, whereupon *Susanna Martin* replied, *If I live, I'll give him Puppies enough!* Within a few days after, this *Kembal*, coming out of the Woods, there arose a little Black Cloud in the North West and *Kembal* immediately felt a force upon him, which made him not able to avoid running upon the stumps of Trees that were before him, albeit he had a broad, plain Cart-way

oefore him; but tho' he had his *Ax* also on his Shoulder, to en-langer him in his Falls, he could not forbear going out of his way to stumble over them. When he came below the Meeting House, there appeared unto him, a little thing like a *Puppy*, of a Darkish Colour; and it shot backwards and forwards between his Legs. He had the Courage to use all possible Endeavours of Cutting it with his Ax; but he could not Hit it: the Puppy gave a jump from him, and went, as to him t seem'd into the Ground. Going a little further, there appeared unto him a Black Puppy, somewhat bigger than the rst, but as Black as a Cole. Its Motions were quicker than hose of his Ax; it flew at his Belly, and away; then at his Throat; so, over his Shoulder one way, and then over his shoulder another way. His Heart now began to fail him, nd he thought the Dog would have tore his Throat out. But e recovered himself, and called upon God in his Distress; nd naming the Name of JESUS CHRIST, it vanished away at nce. The Deponent spoke not one Word of these Accidents, or fear of affrighting his Wife. But the next Morning, *dmond Eliot*, going into *Martin's* House, this Woman sked him where *Kembal* was? He replied, *At home a Bed or ought he knew.* She returned, *They say, he was frighted st Night.* Eliot asked, *With what?* She answered, *With uppies. Eliot* asked, *Where she heard of it, for he had heard othing of it?* She rejoined, *About the Town.* Altho' *Kemul* had mentioned the Matter to no Creature living.

8. *William Brown* testifi'd, That Heaven having blessed m with a most Pious and Prudent Wife, this Wife of his, one y met with *Susanna Martin;* but when she approach'd just nto her, *Martin* vanished out of sight, and left her extremely frighted. After which time, the said *Martin* often appear'd nto her, giving her no little trouble; and when she did come, e was visited with Birds, that sorely peck'd and prick'd her; ad sometimes, a Bunch, like a Pullet's Egg, would rise in r Throat, ready to choak her, till she cry'd out, *Witch, you*

shan't choak me! While this good Woman was in this extremity, the Church appointed a Day of Prayer, on her behalf; whereupon her Trouble ceas'd; she saw not *Martin* as formerly; and the Church, instead of their Fast, gave Thanks for her Deliverance. But a considerable while after, she being Summoned to give in some Evidence at the Court, against this *Martin*, quickly thereupon, this *Martin* came behind her, while she was milking her Cow, and said unto her, *For thy defaming her at Court, I'll make thee the miserablest Creature in the World.* Soon after which, she fell into a strange kind of distemper, became horribly frantick and uncapable of any reasonable Action; the Physician declaring, that her Distemper was preternatural, and that some Devil had certainly bewitched her; and in that condition she now remained.

9. *Sarah Atkinson* testify'd, That *Susanna Martin* came from *Amesbury* to their House at *Newbury*, in an extraordinary Season, when it was not fit for any to Travel. She came (as she said, unto Atkinson) all that long way on Foot. She brag'd and shew'd how dry she was; nor could it be perceived that so much as the Soles of her Shoes were wet. *Atkinson* was amazed at it; and professed, that she should herself have been wet up to the knees, if she had then come so far; but Martin reply'd, She *scorn'd to be Drabbled!* It was noted that this Testimony upon her Trial, cast her in a very singular Confusion.

10. *John Pressy* testify'd, That being one Evening very unaccountably Bewildered, near a Field of *Martins*, and several times, as one under an Enchantment, returning to the place he had left, at length he saw a marvellous Light, about the bigness of an Half-bushel, near two Rod, out of the way. He went, and struck at it with a Stick, and laid it on with all his might. He gave it near forty blows; and felt it a palpable substance. But going from it, his Heels were struck up, and he was laid with his Back on the Ground, sliding, as he thought, into a Pit; from whence he recover'd by taking hold on the

sh; altho' afterwards he could find no such Pit in the place. ving, after his Recovery, gone five or six Rod, he saw *anna Martin* standing on his Left-hand, as the Light had ie before; but they changed no words with one another. He ld scarce find his House in his Return, but at length he got ne extremely affrighted. The next day, it was upon En- ry understood, that *Martin* was in a miserable condition by ns and hurts that were upon her.

It was further testify'd by this Deponent, That after he given in some Evidence against *Susanna Martin*, many rs ago, she gave him foul words about it; and said *He uld never prosper more;* particularly, *That he should never e more than two Cows; that tho' he was never so likely to e more, yet he should never have them.* And that from very day to this, namely twenty years together, he could er exceed that number; but some strange thing or other prevented his having any more.

11. *Jervis Ring* testify'd, That about seven years ago, he oftentimes and grievously oppressed in the Night, but saw who troubled him; until at last he Lying perfectly Awake, nly saw *Susanna Martin* approach him. She came to him, forceably bit him by the Finger; so that the Print of the is now, long after, to be seen upon him.

12. But besides all these Evidences, there was a most won- ul *Account* of one *Joseph Ring*, produced on this occasion. This Man has been strangely carried about by Daemons, n one *Witch-meeting* to another, for near two years to- ier; and for one quarter of this time, they have made him, keep him Dumb, tho' he is now again able to speak. There one T. H. who having, as 'tis judged, a design of engaging *Joseph Ring* in a snare of Devillism, contrived a while, ring this *Ring* two Shillings in Debt unto him.

Afterwards, this poor Man would be visited with unknown es, and this T. H. sometimes among them; which would e him away with them, unto unknown Places, where he

saw Meetings, Feastings, Dancings; and after his retu
wherein they hurried him along through the Air, he g
Demonstrations to the Neighbors, that he had indeed been
transported. When he was brought unto these hellish Me
ings, one of the first Things they still did unto him, wass
give him a knock on the Back, whereupon he was ever as
bound with Chains, uncapable of stirring out of the place,
they should release him. He related, that there often ca
to him a Man, who presented him a *Book*, whereto he wo
have him set his Hand; promising to him, that he should th
have even what he would; and presenting him with all
delectable Things, Persons, and Places, that he could imag
But he refusing to subscribe, the business would end w
dreadful Shapes, Noises and Screeches, which almost scar
him out of his Wits. Once with the Book, there was a H
offered him, and an Ink-horn with Liquor in it, that seem
like Blood: But he never toucht it.

This Man did now affirm, That he saw the Prisoner at s
eral of those hellish Rendezvouzes.

Note, this Woman was one of the most impudent, scu
rilous, wicked Creatures in the World; and she did n
throughout her whole Tryal, discover herself to be such
one. Yet when she was asked, what she had to say for her se
Her chief Plea was, *That she had lead a most virtuous and h
Life.*

III

Having thus far done the Service imposed upon me; I w
further pursue it, by relating a few of those Matchless Cu
osities, with which the *Witchcraft* now upon us, has ent
tained us. All I shall Report Nothing but with Good Auth
ity, and what I would invite all my Readers to examine, wh
'tis yet Fresh and New, that if there be found any mistal
it may be as willingly Retracted, as it was unwillingly *Co
mitted.*

1. The First Curiositie

'Tis very Remarkable to see what an Impious and Impu-
at *imitation* of Divine Things, is Apishly affected by the
vil, in several of those matters, whereof the Confessions of
Witches, and the Afflictions of our *Sufferers* have in-
med us.

That Reverend and Excellent Person, Mr. *John Higgin-*
, in my Conversation with him, Once invited me to this Re-
tion; that the Indians which came from far to settle about
xico, were in their Progress to that Settlement, under a
nduct of the *Devil*, very strangely Emulating what the
ssed God gave to Israel in the Wilderness.

Acosta, is our Author for it, that the Devil in their Idol
zlipultzli, governed that mighty Nation. He commanded
m to leave their Country, promising to make them *Lords*
all the Provinces possessed by *Six* other Nations of In-
ns, and give them a Land abounding with all precious
gs. They went forth, carrying their Idol with them, in
offer of *Reeds*, supported by Four of their Principal
sts; with whom he still Discoursed in secret, Revealing to
n the Successes, and Accidents of their way. He advised
n, when to *March*, and where to Stay, and without his
mandment they moved not. The first thing they did,
ever they came, was to Erect a *Tabernacle*, for their false
; which they set always in the midst of their Camp, and
placed the *Ark* upon an *Alter*. When they, Tired with
s, talked of, *proceeding no further* in their Journey, than
tain pleasant Stage, whereto they were arrived, this Devil
ne Night, horribly kill'd them that had started this Talk,
ulling out their Hearts. And so they passed on till they
to *Mexico*.

The Devil which *there* thus imitated what was in the
ch of the *Old Testament*, now among *Us* would Imitate
Affairs of the Church in the *New*. The *Witches* do say,
they form themselves much after the manner of *Congre-*

gational Churches; and that they have a *Baptism* and a *Su*
per, and *Officers* among them, abominably Resembling those
our Lord.

But there are many more of these Bloody *Imitations,*
the Confessions of the *Witches* are to be Received; which
confess, ought to be but with very much Caution.

What is their stricking down with a fierce *Look?* Wh
is their making of the Afflicted *Rise,* with a touch of th
Hand? What is their Transportation thro' the *Air?* Wh
is their Travelling *in Spirit,* while their Body is cast into
Trance? What is their Causing of *Cattle* to run mad a
perish? What is their Entring their Names in a *Book?* Wh
is their coming together from all parts, at the Sound of
Trumpet? What is their Appearing sometimes Cloathed wi
Light or *Fire* upon them? What is their Covering of the
selves and their Instruments with *Invisibility?* But a Bla
phemous Imitation of certain Things recorded about o
Saviour or His Prophets, or the Saints in the Kingdom
God.

2. A Second Curiositie

In all the *Witchcraft* which now Grievously Vexes us,
know not whether anything be more unaccountable, than t
Trick which the Witches have to render themselves, and the
Tools *Invisible. Witchcraft* seems to be the Skill of Applyi
the *Plastic Spirit* of the World, unto some unlawful pu
poses, by means of a Confederacy with *Evil Spirits.* Yet o
would wonder how the *Evil Spirits* themselves can do so
things; especially at *Invisibilizing* of the Grossest Bodies.
can tell the Name of an Ancient Author, who pretends to sh
the *way,* how a man may come to walk about *Invisible,* and
can tell the Name of another Ancient Author, who preten
to Explode that way. But I will not speak too plainly Lest
should unawares Poison some of my *Readers,* as the pio
Herningius did one of his Pupils, when he only by way of D
version recited a *Spell,* which, they had said, would cure Agu

is much I will say; The notion of procuring *Invisibility* by
y *Natural Expedient*, yet known, is, I Believe, a meer
INYISM; How far it may be obtained by a *Magical Sacra-*
nt, is best known to the Dangerous Knaves that have try'd
But our *Witches* do seem to have got the knack; and this
ne of the Things, that make me think, *Witchcraft* will not
fully understood, until the day when there shall not be one
tch in the World.

There are certain people very *Dogmatical* about these
cters; but I'll give them only three Bones to pick.

First, One of our bewitched people, was cruelly assaulted
a *Spectre*, that, she said, ran at her with a *spindle:* tho' no
y else in the Room, could see either the *Spectre* or the
ndle. At last, in her miseries, giving a snatch at the
ctre, she pull'd the spindle away, and it was no sooner got
her hand, but the other people then present, behold, that
as indeed a Real, Proper, Iron *spindle*, belonging they
w to whom; which when they lock'd up very safe, it was
rtheless by *Demons* unaccountably stole away, to do fur-
mischief.

Secondly, Another of our bewitched people, was haunted
a most abusive *spectre*, which came to her, she said, with
eet about her. After she had undergone a deal of Teaze,
n the Annoyance of the *Spectre*, she gave a violent snatch
he sheet, that was upon it; wherefrom she tore a corner,
h in her hand immediately became *Visible* to a Roomful of
tators; a palpable Corner of a Sheet. Her Father, who
now holding her, catch'd that he might keep what his
ghter had so strangely seized, but the unseen *Spectre*
like to have pull'd his hand off, by endeavoring to wrest
m him; however he still held it, and I suppose has it, still
ow; it being but a few hours ago, namely about the be-
ing of this *October*, that this Accident happened; in the
ly of one *Pitman*, at *Manchester*.

Thirdly, A young man, delaying to procure Testimonials
is Parents, who being under confinement on suspicion of

Witchcraft, required him to do that service for them, w
quickly pursued with odd Inconveniences. But once abo
the Rest, an officer going to put his *Brand* on the Horns
some *Cows*, belonging to these people, which tho' he had seiz
for some of their debts, yet he was willing to leave in the
possession, for the subsistance of the poor Family; this youn
man help'd in holding the Cows to be thus branded. T
three first *Cows* he held well enough: but when the *Bran*
entered the Cow's Horn, exactly the like burning *Brand* w
clap'd upon his own Thigh; where he has exposed the lastin
marks of it, unto such as asked to see them.

Unriddle these Things, . . . *Et Eris mihi Magnus Apoll*

PÈRE SEBASTIAN RASLES

ICASSO (turning to look back, with a smile), Braque (brown cotton), Gertrude Stein (opening the doors of a cabinet of MSS.), Tzara (grinning), André Ger- (blocking the door), Van der Pyl (speaking of St. id), Bob Chandler (prodding Marcel), Marcel (shout- , Salmon (in a corner) and my good friends Philip and lam Soupault; the Prince of Dahomi, Clive Bell (dressed), cy, Sylvia, Clotilde, Sally, Kitty, Mina and her two y daughters; James and Norah Joyce (in a taxi at the e de l'Étoile), McAlmon, Antheil, Bryher, H. D. and dear a who took me to talk with Léger; and finally Adrienne nier—these were my six weeks in Paris. Adrienne is last it was she who by her insistence brought me one of my moments among those days of rushing about and talking seeing, while my bronzed faculties strove to right them- s—among the scenes and fashions of this world where all world comes, from time to time, to shed its nerves—after brutalizing battle of twenty years to hear myself above oilermakers in and about New York, where I had em- ed so precariously upon my literary career.

was, during that time, with antennæ fully extended, but ing came of it save an awakened realization within myself at resistant core of nature upon which I had so long been n for support. I felt myself with ardors not released beaten back, in this center of old-world culture where one was tearing his own meat, *warily* conscious of a new- r, but wholly without inquisitiveness—No wish to know; were served. I saw exhibitions and sat at a few tables, and there. "Gaîte" told us of her sailor lover whom she

would marry *if* she found that he really came from a la
city, as he said. Brancusi sat us by his fire, the sheep sl
about us while by constant rubbing his fingers carved
neck of his staff. This was a relief but like a fairy tale.
was not easy for me to be drunk; I had only a few weeks d
ing which to see. I enjoyed the ballets, Dérain— But
was no more than a kind of quickened sullenness. Coul
have shouted out in the midst of it, could I have loosed my
to embrace this turning, shouting, rustling, colored thing,
mind would have been relieved. I could not do it. Coul
have been Nancy to imagine myself a kitten and fall fr
a tree. I could not. It infuriated my meanness. Was
not my vanity and impotence? We did this, we did that,
drank at the Ritz bar. What did I presume? These qu
tions made me shy. Marcel knows New York, I said, I sh
investigate his drunken leer.

Adrienne Monnier pointed to a box at the *Cigale*. Lo
she said, how enheartening. You will see *that* now in Pa
everywhere. Look! there is a member of the Chamber
Deputies, there is a lawyer, there is a man of science, there
Cocteau, a few beautiful women and two or three pederas
Is it not cheering? It makes me believe again that we
taking hold. H. D. listened. Adrienne Monnier seemed
be inviting my mood. It was she who, during the dark da
of the war, had written her invitation to us all to come b
row and buy books of her; to read. A delicious savor it ga
to the dinner she served us to have her lock the kitchen do
and remain alone with her secret task of preparing the chick
—*à la Adrienne Monnier*, in the purest tradition of
Parisian art. To eat, to drink; wines, the delicious flesh,
poets—all good things of the world—these we must learn ag
to enjoy. Had she not wished to do with books, she wou
have enjoyed most to be a butcher, to kill a pig, to hear
squeal, eeeeEEEE! Bryher's eyes snapped darkly.
looked at prints of Brughel; the great fish, cut open, d
charging from its slit belly other fish and each fish, slit

n, discharging other smaller fish, and so on to the smallest. e laughed with glee. Secretly my heart beat high. Here s invitation. When you come again, she said, I shall take ı to *le désert*. You must talk to Valéry Larbaud, she told He wants to see you. Why should I? I insist that ı go.

Already from the pot of my brain the odors of foods cook- had begun to rise. This encouraged me to move. One ernoon I mounted a bus and let it drag me through the n. Some laborers were taking their overcoats out of a sk to put them on; one of the younger of the men had a ror between his hands which he kept holding before an fellow who had to laugh, in spite of himself, but shyly, an embarrassed boy, at his own silly face which he saw e. Who is this man Larbaud who has so little pride that wishes to talk with me? The lump in my breast hardened became like the Aztec calendar of stone which the priests ied because they couldn't smash it easily, but it was dug intact later. At least, so I prided myself that I felt. But r a few moments, seeing the man himself, I was un- ected confused. He is a student, I am a block, I thought. uld see it at once: he knows far more of what is written of world than I. But he is a student while I am—the brutal g itself.

At the bottom of an alley which opened out into a court, f a decayed cloister, was the doorway which bore the num- upon the card in my hand. It was a small room, nearly l by a great table. He excused himself a moment to ac- pany a lady to the bus. We sat and looked at each other. t was a pleasure to be sitting in this small room, in this ded court, with this man whose totem is the hippopotamus umped down in his chair, smiling and looking. He knew t I had attempted. Almost at once he began to speak of my imagination. He presumed too much. I am not a ent; presently he will ask me questions I cannot answer! spoke of Bolivar (he was engaged with a treatise upon the

great Venezuelan patriot and liberator) bringing four volumes from the Spanish history upon the subject, out his bookcase for me to see, and piling them one upon the oth Frightened I began to heal nevertheless.—The English praised the New World too meanly. It was to them a carc from which to tear pieces for their belly's sake, a colony place to despise a little. They gave to it parsimoniously, a slender Puritan fashion. But the Spaniard gave magn cently, with a generous sweep, wherever he was able. (T tallies with the bounty of the New World, I said to mysel They sought to make it in truth a New Spain, to build f cathedrals, to found universities, to establish great estat For this I like them, he said. They came as from the Ki himself to transport nobility, learning, refinement thither one move.—Valéry Larbaud seemed cultivating my intim earth with his skillful hands, a gracious gesture (lost perha in its own shadows, I thought); here is one at least of t world, moving to meet that other which is straining for lease under my confining ribs—not wishing so much to und stand it as to taste, perhaps, its freshness—Its freshne

—if it exist! (John Barrymore's "Hamlet" wins first nig ovation in London.) A herd of proofs moved through mind like stumbling buffalo: ornaments of woven moosehai There *is* the Indian. We are none. Who are we? Degrad whites riding our fears to market where everything is accident and only one thing sure: the fatter we get the dul we grow; only a simpering disgust (like a chicken with broken neck, that aims where it cannot peck and pecks o where it cannot aim, which a hog-plenty everywhere preve from starving to death) reveals any contact with a possi freshness—and that only by inversion. Shall I never bring look to bear which is not tawdry? Recruits to Pavlov corps de ballet, from Montclair and Sacramento, fillers- There are—so many things, there's Edison, there's—Must make a choice between to scream like a locomotive or to spe not at all? If it be a day of delirious heat, leave your c

reat, rush about to find a sufferer and carry ice to him. In
din we die—and rot into the magazines and newspapers—
d books by the million—Books. We had mentioned books.
e have no books, I said.

There you are wrong. Two or three are enough, to have
wn a beginning. Have you not yourself proven that there
meat——

Yes (so he had read what I intended!), the early records—
try to find—something, a freshness; if it exist.

I said, It is an extraordinary phenomenon that Americans
ve lost the sense, being made up as we are, that what we
has its origin in what *the nation* in the past has been; that
re is a source IN AMERICA for everything we think or
; that morals affect the food and food the bone, and that,
fine, we have no conception at all of what is meant by moral,
ce we recognize no ground our own—and that this rude-
s rests all upon the unstudied character of our beginnings;
that if we will not pay heed to our own affairs, we are
hing but an unconscious porkyard and oilhole for those,
re able, who will fasten themselves upon us. And that we
re no defense, lacking intelligent investigation of the
nges worked upon the early comers here, to the New World,
books, the records, no defense save brute isolation, pro-
itions, walls, ships, fortresses—and all the asininities of
orant fear that forbids us to protect a doubtful freedom
employing it. That unless everything that is, proclaim a
und on which it stand, it has no worth; and that what has
n morally, æsthetically worth while in America has rested
n peculiar and discoverable ground. But they think they
it out of the air or the rivers, or from the Grand Banks
wherever it may be, instead of by word of mouth or from
ords contained for us in books—and that æsthetically,
ally we are deformed unless we read.

You mean such books as the *Magnalia* of Cotton Mather.
at! Startled but thrilling with pleasure, I found that
ad read the *Magnalia*. No. HE had read it. I had *seen*

the book and brushed through its pages hunting for som thing I wished to verify. *Un grand prédicateur.* THIS Paris. Tiresome, I said I had found him. Yes, he assente but very strong, very real. (My French became inspire it was like a fountain when it is first turned on in the sprin and all the moss and rust and loosened mud and sand are flu up with the water—I could see grotesque shapes of my desi escaping from me—and I laughed to myself in my inten pleasure.)

He saw my pleasure and he likewise smiled. *Quelle ri omnivore d'herbes sousmarins!* He had read the *India Chris ana* with its two silver trumpets crying, "a joyful sound "The American savages were men Satan had whished aw (via Asia) at the beginning sound of the two silver trumpe calling from the tabernacle, announcing the advent of t gospel."

It is the Puritan.—

By the strength of religion alone, they surmounted difficulties in which science has degraded us again today; things they explain, with clarity and distinction. It is fir it is solid, it holds the understanding in its true position, n beneath the surface of the facts, where it will drown, h up, fearlessly into a clear air, like science at its best, in a ce tain few minds. For our taste, it is perhaps a little grotesqu this explanation—but firm. There is vigor there—and that, a beauty.

True enough, I said, there is abundant vigor. But them it was, America, "the seat of them that shall think an e thought"; the savages were men lost in the devil's woods, mise able in their abandonment and more especially, damne Fiery particles, the Puritans, I said, acquainting him with n rigid tenet, seeds of Elizabethan vigor, few against the wilde ness. Their sureness which you praise is of their tight ti littleness which, firm as it was, infuriates me today. It their littleness that explains their admirable courage, cl to the miraculous. It was good when through that first D

nber they were going about in small boats in Cape Cod
y, through rain and cold, under attack, when save for the
ling of corn buried in the sand, they might not have had
d for the spring planting. Going about from place to
ce, seeking a lodgment, drowned, frozen, awaking to the
ls of savages, dawn and the attack, rushing to the boat
their arquebuses, arrows in their hanging coats, at the
cy of chance and the wind, they were themselves the corn
eak of. The things they did were of highest order, per-
ted only by lack of full knowledge, things which would
e been terrifying to them beyond endurance had they not
n *reduced* to bear them.

Their courage, had they been gifted with a full knowledge
he New World they had hit upon, could not have stood
inst the mass of the wilderness; it took the form, then,
the mysterious processes of their implantation here, of a
rinaire religion, a form, that is to say, fixed—but small.
the great task God had destined them to perform, they
e clipped in mind, stripped to the physical necessities.
y could not afford to allow their senses to wander any
e than they could allow a member of their company to
ler from the precinct of the church, even from Boston to
o Bay, FOR WORLDLY PROFIT. This their formula con-
ned. For that Hannah Swanton was *punished* by captivity
TEMPTATION among the Catholics in Quebec.—I mean, that
form, this FORM ITSELF, such a religion upon *our* lips,
gh it have an economic, biologic basis in truth, neverthe-
t is bred of brutality, inhumanity, cruel amputations and
THIS is the sum of its moral effect. You speak of
ner's books—? Yes, they were the flower of that religion,
unreasonable thing, on which they prided themselves for
URITY. That is, its rigid clarity, its *inhuman* clarity,
eel-like thrust from the heart of each isolate man straight
the tabernacle of Jehovah without embellishment or soft-
. Its firmness is its beauty, it seems austere but limpid.
irtue is to make each man stand alone, surrounded by

a density as of the Lord: a seed in its shell. The Kingdo of God; the Devil at fault fighting for souls; Christ the Divi sacrifice; the Bible the guide; the Church its apostle. The it is, concise, bare, PURE: blind to every contingency, mas ing Indian, child and matron into one *safe* mold.

They must have closed all the world out. It was the enc mity of their task that enforced it. Having in themselv nothing of curiosity, no wonder, for the New World—that nothing official—they knew only to keep their eyes blinde their tongues in orderly manner between their teeth, the ears stopped by the monotony of their hymns and their fle covered in straight habits. Is there another place than Ame ica (which inherits this tradition) where a husband, aft twenty years, knows of his wife's body not more than ne and ankles, and four children to attest to his fidelity; whe books are written and read counselling women that upon ma riage, should they allow themselves for one moment to *enj* their state, they lower themselves to the level of the whor Such is the persistence of this abortion of the mind, this purit These were the modes of a people, small in number, beset dangers and in terror. They dared not think. If frighten by Indians or the supernatural, they shook and committe horrid atrocities in the name of their creed, the cost of empt ness. All that they saw they lived by but denied. And *th* is overlooked.

There was a book written at that time attacking then *New England Judged by the Spirit of the Lord:* it contai a relation of the Quakers in New England, from the time their first arrival there, in 1656, to the year 1660. Where their merciless whippings, chainings, finings, imprisonment starvings, burnings in the hands, cuttings off of ears and pu ting to death, with other cruelties, inflicted upon the bodies innocent men and women only for conscience' sake, are d scribed. And a further relation of the Quakers' cruel an bloody suffering in New England, continued from 1660 1665, beginning with the sufferings of one William Leddr

hom they put to death. There is also an appendix attack-
g Cotton Mather.

Why does one not hear Americans speak more often of
ese important things?

Because the fools do not believe that they have sprung
om anything: bone, thought and action. They will not see
at what they are is growing on these roots. They will not
ok. They float without question. Their history is to them
enigma.

What superb beauty! As with all histories, it begins with
ants—cruel, but enormous, who eat flesh. They were giants.

No, no. True they had their magnificent logic but it
s microscopic in dimensions—against the flamboyant mass
savagery. This disproportion has no representation in the
temporary Puritan imagination. The Puritan, finding one
ng like another in a world destined for blossom only in
ternity," all soul, all "emptiness" then here, was precluded
m SEEING the Indian. They never realized the Indian
the least save as an unformed PURITAN. The *immorality*
such a concept, the inhumanity, the brutalizing effect upon
ir own minds, on their SPIRITS—they never suspected.

And Mather, a flower in mail, inhuman——

—a bee that stabs a bear. Blind seeds, I said,
d with the baleful beauty of their religion: an IMMORAL
rce——

A *source* at any rate, immoral or moral, religion, a blind-
fury for the most part. They were seeds, a fiery concen-
e of great virtues—dwarfed; the genus indistinguishable
ne egg. It is that hidden, unacknowledged bias (that they
Elizabethans) that IS their strength. It is that violent
that as with mocking, hellish whips would drive them
to change, to grow. But the direction, the objective has
lost in the mass of the NEW.

Never could they have comprehended that it would be,
it WAS, black deceit for them to condemn Indian sins,
they cut the ground from under the Indian's feet without

acknowledging so much as his existence. The immorality
say, of such an attitude never becomes apparent to them.
yes, up to a certain point it does: they brought their land
stead of frankly stealing it and set up palisades to mark the
parts from each other; they instituted courts—but in the
selves they were like pebbles. To them it was as nothing
desecrate the chief's mother's grave, in the name of sanct
pulling up the stakes, to shock the spirit of native reveren
Yet it cannot be said it was the time. For there was a Fren
man further north, a Jesuit, of different understandi
There was a maggot in them. It was their beliefs.

This THING and its effects you will detect in Mather;
him a curious blend of learning and intolerance that's ill
trated when he says, "there are, they say, two hundred th
sand books in the library which Ptolemy erected at Al
andria: but it was the addition of the scriptures which m
it a truly LEARNED library." The turn of the word "learn
is the image of their sophistry.

Puritans, we name them, but they were not so called
cause of moral qualities. They were not blessed with t
name by virtue of a stern but just conception of the wo
That is a misconception of the name. They were called P
tans from a stripped dogma of four noncorrosive links, t
thought, a saving bond in their desolation and abandonm
between themselves and God.

He smiled and begged me to distinguish in my mind
tween the rugged English pioneers and a theoretic dogma t
clung to them unevenly, doubtful how much any of it wa
part of any one of them. But that is it, I answered. T
is exactly what I pretend to do, to separate it out, to iso
it. It is an immorality that IS America. Here it beg
You see the cause. There was no ground to build on, v
a ground all blossoming about them—under their nc
Their thesis is a possession of the incomplete—like sense
winds or waves or the fire itself. I wish to drag this TH
out by itself to annihilate it. He answered, That one ca

». Yes, I insisted, it MUST be done, you do not know merica. There is a "puritanism"—of which you hear, of urse, but you have never felt it stinking all about you—at has survived to us from the past. It is an atrocious thing, kind of mermaid with a corpse for tail. Or it remains, a d breath in the room. This THING, strange, inhuman, werful, is like a relic of some died out tribe whose practices re revolting.——

But the relic will be beautiful, he answered, sometimes. I ve enjoyed the books.

Against his view I continually protested. I cannot separate yself, I said, from this ghostly miasm. It grips me. I nnot merely talk of books, just of Mather as if he were me pearl.—I began to be impatient of my friend's cultured erance, the beauties he saw. I grant you, I said, the stench their narrowing beliefs has been made to cling too closely the men of that time, but the more reason then to lift it t, to hold it apart, to sacrifice *them* if necessary, in order to entangle this "thing."

Very well, he assented, you are from that place. You are ught by a smell. It is good that you struggle to appreciate Proceed. Mather. *What* a force, still to interest you; s admirable. But I find your interest "très théorique."

What! I cried. Wait a bit. These men are not the only es of these times.

It is of books that we were speaking.

It is of books that I wish to tell you.

Then they live still, those books?

I could not assure him that they did, those books of ather's. As books, no, I said to him. But what is in them es and there hides, as in a lair from whence it sallies now d then to strike terror through the land.

And you would be the St. George? Are they then in such ad state in America, in such a swamp? I thought——

As always, I answered him. This fiery breath, as of a agon, is to us a living thing. Our resistance to the wilder-

ness has been too strong. It has turned us anti-America anti-literature. As a violent "puritanism" it breathes stt In these books is its seed. I cannot discuss Mather with y like that! I must grow angry. I must be disturbed. It l in wait there to defeat a beginning to morality. Cott Mather's books, to you an enchanting diversion, a curio study, to me they are a vessel that vomits up a thing th obsesses my quiet, that allows me no tranquillity, a broken maimed, a foul thing—that they tell me is sweet, PURE.

This interests me greatly because I see you brimming you, yourself—with those three things of which you speak: puritanical sense of order, a practical mysticism as of t Jesuits, and the sum all those qualities defeated in the sava men of your country by the first two. These three thin I see still battling in your heart. This interests me greatly and it pleases me still more that you show a taste for boo Does this indicate, I say to myself, a new force in your cou try? Are you today presenting me with a new spectac a man, no matter what his qualities may be, who has *begun* reach a height but who still retains his warmth; that mome when all greatness is conceived. It is no more than a mome it is the birth of a civilized interest in the world.

No, no, no, I cried. I speak only of sources. I wish o to disentangle the obscurities that oppress me, to track the to the root and to uproot them——

Continue, he said. Adding, with a smile, You wish to u root history, like those young men of the Sorbonne.

No, I seek the support of history but I wish to understa it aright, to make it SHOW itself.

Continue, continue.

There was, to the north, another force, equal to the Pu tans but of opposite character, the French Jesuits; two parti with the Indians between them, two sources opposite.

But first, can you enlighten me, he now broke in, wh was in the middle? Who were these Indians of whom y

eak? What sort of men were they? What were their alities?

Good, I said, take Brookfield, then, scene of the famous assacre, in 1680. The history (which we do not know) says st the whites and natives lived peaceably in this lovely, tile valley, side by side cultivating and breeding cattle. ly after repeated evidence to the Indian of perfidy on the rt of the white man—that he intended "by peaceful thods" to take and hold the land—to supplant the Indian, he *gradually* withdraw, *later* to strike, in fair battle, for country. But even so, even granted, as a consequence of this, that "King Philip" erred—if he did, it was war, open d above board on the Indians' part and according to their thods, fairly begun, fairly prosecuted—had it not been for ite savagery, a determination to exterminate man, woman d child of the disaffected natives—and ended by a proper aty. Terror killed more of King Philip's people than Puri- bullets. Shocking scenes took place. Indian women found ng naked on the ground, heads cut off and stuck on poles, relentless lust for extermination of the "bad" savages—ause they fought, believing the whites had, in time of peace, cked them. It was true.

And there is the story of the capture of a group of French dians under a Sachem Bommaseen who being brought to ston, prisoners, asked that they might see an English vine. Questioned as to what the French had taught them, Indian replied, that the French had taught them that the rd Jesus Christ was of the French nation; that his mother, Virgin Mary, was a French lady; that they were the Eng- who had murdered him; and that, whereas he rose from dead, and ascended into heaven, all who would recommend mselves to his favor, must avenge him on the English as as they could.

Told that this was not so, the Indians replied that if what French taught them was false, what then had the English offer them that was good in its place?

The minister knowing their custom to use much similii in their talk, looked about for some agreeable object. Hiss lit upon a tankard of drink which happened to be stan on the table. He said: Christ has given us a good reli which might be compared to the good drink in the cup on table. If we take that good drink into our hearts it wil us good and preserve us from death. That God's Book, Bible, is the cup. The French having the cup of good dr put poison in it and had made the Indians drink poison liq by which they run mad and begin to kill the English.

It was plain that the English had not put poison in it they had set the cup wide open and invited all men, for had translated the Bible into the Indian language. Butt French kept the cup shut fast, the Bible in an unkn tongue, the Latin, and so kept their hands on the eyes of Indians when they put it to their mouths to drink.

At this the Indian asked for him to show what wass good drink in the cup and what the poison the French into it.

He then stated to them distinctly the chief articles of Christian religion, "with all the simplicity and sincerity Protestant"; adding upon each, "This is the good drink in Lord's cup of life." He further demonstrated to them the Papists had, "in their idolatrous papery," in some wa other depraved every one of these articles, with base ingr ents of their own invention, adding upon each, This is poison which the French have put into the cup.

You need confess your sins to none but God and none God can forgive them, said the minister. To confess your to a priest and submit to penance enjoined by a priest—t is no need of all this ceremony. It is nothing but Fre poison, all of it.——

The Indians, in a rapture of admiration and surpriss find one who had put them in the way of obtaining "par for their sins" without paying beaver skins for it, fell their knees, and, taking the minister's hand in theirs, be

kiss it in an extreme show of affection. But he shook them with marked dislike of their posture.

He would not suffer the contrite Indians to lay their hands on him, as the Catholic fathers in the north had done, but ew back and told them to address themselves to God alone. , very fine, you say. But it is very ugly—and it is *that* ich has persisted: afraid to touch! But being forced to it ry day by passion, by necessity—a devil of duplicity has en possession of us.

You know, I asked him, do you not, how other means being ied them, the Puritans ran madly to OFFICIAL sexual ess—during the long winters? It was a common thing for n to have had as many as seven wives. Few had less than ee. The women died under the stress of bearing children, y died like flies under the strains and accidents of child- h PLUS the rigors of primitive labors: carrying water, od, etc., lugging brats up and down.

Add to this the fury against unofficial sexual indulgence l the plight of the women, at least, is heavily shadowed. s pleasant to think of the beginning decadence of the cruel ime when some years later at Groton, I think it was—the y who unearthed the record lives in Chicago—the women begun to put ribbons in their hitherto plain bonnets. The rs met in solemn conclave and forbade the practice but women met in another church and as solemnly told the men, a word, to hush! They continued to wear their ribbons. young lady, of this time, went to her wedding upon a white se and in a dress of scarlet satin with a purple velvet ilder cloak over it, bless her unknown pride.

What a beautiful country where all these simple forces e so much weight and vitality—but you were speaking of Indians.

Yes, but I shall tell you more of that along with the story "those terrible priests" to the north of whom the English e so afraid and whom they accused of all evil while they nselves practiced hypocrisy, bigotry, encroachment, fraud,

violence and bloodshed. "When we fought we were drii
back and when peace returned we multiplied."

There was Père Rasles, a spirit, rich, blossoming, generc
able to give and to receive, full of taste, a nose, a tongue
laugh, enduring, self-forgetful in beneficence—a new spirit
the New World.

All that will be new in America will be anti-Puritan.
will be of another root. It will be more from the heart
Rasles, in the north. There the French priests, good and b
had penetrated a border ground, Maine, disputed between
English to the south and the French in Canada. The Indi
were caught between the two factions, Catholic and Protesta
The English were at the mouths of the rivers, as in the case
Hannah Swanton at Casco bay. Père Rasles was in the
terior, living with his "cher troupeau." It is from the *Lett*
Édifiantes that I am speaking.

Contrary to the English, Rasles recognized the New Wo
It stands out in all he says. It is a living flame compared
their dead ash.

But the Puritans were infuriated at the progress
Priests were making and cried out against "the true charac
of Catholic bigotry" about them and "the danger experien
by the first settlers of Maine from this spirit."

Rasles lived thirty-four years, October 13, 1689 to Octo
12, 1723, with his beloved savages, drawing their sweet l
honey, TOUCHING them every day.

A Catholic, a Jesuit, he was of those by whom the he
of logic is beautifully relegated to its place—in heaven.
mystery, rightly reasoned, logic is consigned. Thus we
that all aside. The Church remains. Relieved of dogma
bitterness, the priest with a fresh mind could open eyes a
heart to the New World.

Nothing shall be ignored. All shall be included. T
world is parcel of the Church so that every leaf, every vein
every leaf, the throbbing of the temples is of that mysteri
flower. Here is richness, here is color, here is form. Consi

g his creed to a worldly flower in Rome whose perfume should aw all bees, Rasles labored to have them know that garden. ontrasted with the Protestant *acts*, dry and splitting, those Père Rasles were striking in their tenderness, devotion, in- ght and detail of apprehension. This was luscious fruit. ne deed was for humanity,—his passion held him a slave to e New World, he strove to sound its mettle.

He was a great MAN. Reading his letters, it is a river that ings sweet water to us. THIS is a moral source not reck- ed with, peculiarly sensitive and daring in its close embrace native things. His sensitive mind. For everything his e sense, blossoming, thriving, opening, reviving—not shut- g out—was tuned. He speaks of his struggles with eir language, its peculiar beauties, "*je ne sais quoi d'éner- gue*," he cited its tempo, the form of its genius with gusto, h admiration, with generosity. Already the flower is turn- g up its petals. It is *this* to be *moral:* to be *positive*, to be uliar, to be sure, generous, brave—TO MARRY, to *touch* o *give* because one HAS, not because one has nothing. And give to him who HAS, who will join, who will make, who will tilize, who will be like you yourself: to create, to hybridize, crosspollenize,—not to sterilize, to draw back, to fear, to g up, to rot. It is the sun. In Rasles one feels THE INDIAN erging from within the pod of his isolation from eastern derstanding, he is released AN INDIAN. He exists, he is— s an AFFIRMATION, it is alive. Père Rasles, often suffering tortures of the damned as the result of an early accident— cture of both thighs, badly mended—lived with his village lone, absorbed in them, LOST in them, swallowed, a hard st——

For his presentation of the Indian point of view toward raids on the English settlements alone, his letters are in- uable. If the Puritans feared the savage—his admirable husiasm for their high merit as warriors is very beautiful. ne way they make war, these people, renders a handful of r warriors more redoubtable than would be a corps of two

or three thousand European soldiers." *During the war* th carried desolation to all the country inhabited by the Engli It is an enthusiasm that possesses him. I care not for t injury.

And you want to make Americans see that, you want make them comprehend this generous spirit, as you call Well, come to France and make us understand it.—He laugh

(It is the quality of this impact upon the native ph that *is* the moral source I speak of, one of the sources that l shaped America and must be recognized.)

The Indians in Maine at that time were no more thar few thousand, the Abnaki tribe. Their life was hard. Sor times they had little to eat, often, in certain seasons, nothi The hardships that Hannah Swanton endured following captivity, were little more than those of any Indian woman the march. Speed, speed, or disaster. She must walk or c So it was with them too. Walk, carry, fight or die. The w world touched them, always, under their cloaks. She tells of agony, under a heavy load; she crossed swamps on logs, st ping for an hour always from one to two feet from the grou On this trip they had little to eat for days at a time. O she had part of a turtle they had killed. Once an Indian g her a piece of moose liver. Once, on an island in the ri with her Indian mistress, she had hailed a passing canoe fil with squaws, who, seeing her condition, gave her a roast eel feed upon. Whortleberries, roots, and acorns were her fa "or fish if they could catch any." But this was the life of savage. It was also his habit, his school. By it he g round, he grew tough. The wounded were killed. To acc torture with equanimity was a proof of virtue. Skill courage were revered.

These things Père Rasles accepted and shared, with d culty in some respects at first but in the end with admirat and enthusiasm. "*Ce qui me revolta le plus*," etc.

A price sterling was offered by the English for his he his village—two days march from Portland—was burned

ıe church along with it. He stuck staunchly to his tribe and ıey to him. Twice he was rescued from assassination by his llowers, once there was a false alarm and already the braves ere on their way to attack the English fort when the mistake ıd his safety were discovered. It is a new picture. *Vous ıgerez sans doute, que c'est de la part de Messieurs les ıglais de notre voisinage, que j'ai le plus à craindre. Il est rai que depuis longtemps ils ont conjuré ma porte; mais ni ur mauvaise volonté pour moi, ni la mort dont ils me énacent ne pourront jamais me séparer de mon cher Trou-au. Je le récommande à vos saintes Prières.*

Once when the English would have captured him two of his oung men came to the chapel-tent in the night and whisked m away. It was winter, they had not had time to provide emselves with sufficient provisions. It was several days to ıe village. The three suffered side by side. They ate the og that was with them. Then they ate their sacks of *loup arins*, boiled at a fire, though Rasles had great trouble to vallow his share, *tripes des rocher, excréscences de bois.* They e a certain sort of wood that was cooked and so made partly ft in the center,—as Hannah had found and eaten wild usley at another season. Crossing a lake that had begun to aw, their snowshoes became waterlogged. He himself sank p to the knees in the mushy ice. His companion on the right ent in to his hips. Going to help each other all managed to ounder through. He was at their side——

These were his children. He tells of how they laughed at s early attempts at the language. Failing to catch certain utturals at first, he pronounced but half the words. He oeaks of the comparative beauty of the Huron tongue.

In the spring the fish come up the river solidly packed, vo feet deep—with flesh of a most delicious taste. They ather the fish, eat all they can and dry the rest—that serves iem until the corn is ready to harvest. In the spring also, elebrating the Eucharist, Rasles saw the corn planted. In

August this was ready to be plucked. When that was finished there must be other food.

For this it was the habit of the Indians to go to the sea shore. It was always, says Rasles, the same formula. He knew what was about to happen. They would gather about their spiritual counselor and offer him a speech, saying that the corn was low, that the tribe must have food and that they begged him to come with them to the shore that they might not be deprived of his spiritual comfort while they were gone. Always he answered with the one word,—

Kekiberba (I am listening, my children).

When all cried together, *8ri8rie!* (We thank you). (Note the figure 8 is used by Rasles in his alphabet of the Abnaki language to signify the unique guttural sound characteristic of the Indian dialects.) Then they would break camp. Leaving the church he had built, he would take up his altar of a pine board with him and all would set out upon the trail.

He complains to his Jesuit brothers that the reason he is not a more constant correspondent is that he never has a moment to himself among his duties to the tribe; not only must he carry on his religious duties but they demand that he comfort them when they are ill, he must bleed them, advise them, settle their disputes, and he must hear their confessions.

In the hallowed, tender light of Rasles' love for him, the Indian stands out strangely revealed as a child, a passionate friend, a resourceful man and—a genius in attack, another music than the single horror of his war-whoop terrifying the invader.

But we are used only to the English attitude bred of the Indian raid. This is FIXED in us without realization of the EFFECT that such a story, such a tradition, entirely the product of the state of mind that it records, has had upon us and our feeling toward the country. We scarcely know that there can be EFFECTS—that anything has a *cause*. It is of *this* our moral fiber has been made up in the past—we do not know even that moral fiber HAS a quality that is caused by

mething, something almost pure tradition. It is of this our nception of the New World has been fabricated.

The English, with an eye upon Maine, did everything to tach Rasles from his children, knowing that he, by keeping em in the Catholic faith, kept them united to France. They fered them everything to kill him or to send him back to uebec and to take one of their own ministers in his stead. o success.

About this time war between France and England was reatening. The English and the Indians being at peace the w Governor of Massachusetts, envoy of the King, sought an terview with the men of Rasles' tribe. The place appointed as an island a short distance off the coast. The English ere there in a barque of war when the Indians, in canoes, rived and drew their craft up on the beach. Rasles was with em, at *their* request, to advise them—though not once roughout the following proceedings did he take part.

All this occurred, I wish you to observe, *before* an act of ar on either side. But the English came *armed with one of eir Ministers*, for what purpose Rasles well knew, though on sight of the Jesuit, the English preacher was kept strictly the background.

As the Indians stepped from their canoes, Rasles was ught in the press and forced up the beach before them, in ite of himself, he says. The English, seeing him, were taken ack; but the Governor, advancing, greeted him and then epared to address the savages.

He told them that before long it was expected that Eng- nd and France would be at war. He pleaded with the dians to remain neutral should this war arrive. The Indians tened. Having heard his words, they drew off to talk nong themselves before giving a reply—inadvertently aving Rasles alone, facing the English at the head of the ach.

At this the English Governor, speaking to Rasles in pri- te, asked him, should there be war, if he would send his

savages against them.—*Je lui repondis,* says the Jesuit, *q mon réligion et mon caractère de Prètre, ne m'engageoint a leur donner que des conseils de paix.*—But suddenly wh speaking, he saw himself surrounded by twenty young brav who feared the English might attempt to do him an injury.

And now the tribe returned with their reply: Know th the Frenchman is my brother, we have the same prayer, he a I, and we live in the same cabin of two fires. If I see y come into the cabin near the fire of my brother, I watch y from my mat. If I see that you carry a hatchet, I would thi what does this Englishman want to do with that hatchet? get up from my mat to consider what you will do. If raise the hatchet to strike my brother, I will run to help hi

A short time after this, a French man-of-war came up t river to Quebec announcing that France and England h commenced hostilities. At once the two hundred and fifty Rasles' men "killed the dogs" and prepared to take the w path. Kindling the traditional fire, they performed their w dance and then, next morning, came to him for his blessi and advice. He says: I told them to remember their praye and to do no cruelty, to kill no one save in the heat of batt and to treat humanely all those taken prisoners.—After th he thinks of them as soldiers.

Were England and France at it, what then exceptio that the savages should wish also to indulge themselves battle? Rasles' measured pride of them, his unexpected ca dor, is most refreshing. Frontier villages will suffer from enemy. If the English waste their time blaming the pries for setting the savages upon them, Rasles does not even thi of such excuses. Instead he thinks of QUALITIES.

He speaks with enthusiasm of the Indian as a fighter. outlines their mode of approach upon a doomed village.—Wh they have drawn near to the point of attack they say, twen here, thirty there. To this party that village is given to *eaten!* It is their term. (He speaks with appreciation their term.) What relief here from the reverent duplicity

e English, with their surprise and horror that ever THEY uld suffer. And still the Puritans would poke the heads of ad Indian women on poles outside their villages. "When we ht we are beaten, at peace we multiply." At whose expense? d one expect the Indians *not* to be fighters? Not Rasles any rate.

The war finished with the peace of Ryswick; the Indians, soon as they heard of it, ceased to battle. The English ught a new parley and that peace also was concluded. But e English, to appease the savages, sought to rebuild the urch at Norridgewock, which they had burned during hos- ities, in the hope of getting Indians to work in Boston as borers. Yet in secret, they tried without ceasing to kill the ending Jesuit.

He was killed by them at last—at the foot of his rude cross hich he had erected in the center of his village—seeking to aw the fire of the enemy upon himself in order that the men and the children might escape—and they mangled him sides, leaving him disfigured and with his bones all crushed thin him.

What a curious thing it is, this American religion which have inherited so largely from the Puritans. I find, I said, many sources traceable today. But Père Rasles was, of urse, a good man. Let it be said that all he did was due to at, as Eliot was a good man on the other side. Let it be knowledged that much the Puritans complained of in the suits was justified. And let us say that much that Père sles might have said against the Puritan-English was also ue.

So one thing cancels the other. A good man is a good man. This leaves two things, two flaming doctrines. As con- sting influences, I said, in shaping the æsthetic and the ral fiber of the growing race they must be weighed (not for emselves) the Catholic and Protestant, the qualities each one s lent in forming our morale.—I think these early battles ve a great importance for the student of today.

They are remote, he answered.

One should read the *Lettres Édifiantes*, I think one woul understand better how much we are like the Indians and hc nicely Catholicism fits us. What would Mather think tode of Catholic Boston? It is inevitable, I said. THIS is Americ If the Puritans have damned us with their abstinence, r moval from the world, denial, slowly we are forced with ourselves upon an emptiness which cannot be supplied,—th IS the soul, according to their tenets. Lost, in this (and i environments) as in a forest, I do believe the average Americ to be an Indian, but an Indian robbed of his world——unle we call machines a forest in themselves. It would be divertin to believe, if it were so, as I think it's proving, that despite i obvious benefits, such Protestantism, in America, would ha Catholicism, as its consequence. This and the accumulatic of great staying wealth.

From lack of touch, lack of belief. Steadily the individu loses caste, then the local government loses its authority; t head is more and more removed. Finally the center is reache —totally dehumanized, like a Protestant heaven. Everythin is Federalized and all laws become prohibitive in essence.

Such, the trail of Puritanism, is the direct cause of t great growth of the Catholic Church with us today, this d humanization. It offers to a headless mob a government, an THAT is its appeal (to take immediately the place of that lo local one that used to touch), a government in opposition t the general evil of our civil one; that is at least humane again the other (morally) that's merely stupid.

Only the negro, with a keen necessity to find an equivalen for the voodooism, the mystery of his African jungles, whe one cannot see far, has been able to make a vital thing of ou religion. For the rest of us the influence is degenerative. is largely a persistence of the stasis of the early beliefs, t gether with their vigor.

If enamored of the gospel, the Puritans in a wild Ne World by that pure stare into the center of their souls e

luded terrors each for himself, and so, in effect, blocked all ngress and all egress (in theory) to the tenderer humanities, ne frailties in which beauty lives entangled, rendering their ves hard, unproductive of that openness which would have een to them as a flower to the stalk; so the Catholics to the orth, equally lost, would achieve the same end of escape by ne equivalent of a blow on the head at the start, that relieved nem of responsibility. Thus stunned and benumbed to terror, ne Church comes at least with gentleness to aid. So that they ould approach the Indians who, if they were *lost*, still had neir apt sensual touch which the Puritan occluded.

And so America is become the greatest proselytizing round for the Catholic in the world today—in spite of everyning. The difficulty, from lack of sensual application, removed from without by an authority that represents the mystery itself—leaves hands freed for embraces, a field where enderness may move, love may awaken and (save by the one locked door) a way is offered.

Certain it is that the New World suffered greatly from oth Puritans and Catholics; but as Père Rasles touched it earer than his southern neighbors, and as the ghost of Purianism still binds us by its horrid walls, so, as a corollary, Catholicism gains in that it offers us ALLEVIATION from ne dullness, the lack of touch incident upon the steady withrawal of our liberty.

THE DISCOVERY OF KENTUCKY

THERE was, thank God, a great voluptuary born to th American settlements against the niggardliness of th damming puritanical tradition; one who by the sing logic of his passion, which he rested on the savage life abo him, destroyed at its spring that spiritually withering plagu For this he has remained since buried in a miscolored leger and left for rotten. Far from dead, however, but full of rich regenerative violence he remains, when his history w be carefully reported, for us who have come after to call up him.

Kentucky, the great wilderness beyond the western ed of the world, "the dark and bloody ground" of coming yea seemed to the colonists along the eastern North-American se board as far away, nearly, and as difficult of approach as ha that problematical world itself beyond the western ocean the times prior to Columbus. "A country there was, of th none could doubt who thought at all; but whether land water, mountain or plain, fertility or barrenness, preponde ated; whether it was inhabited by men or beasts, or both neither, they knew not." But if inhabited by men then it w the savage with whom the settlers had had long since exper ence sufficient to make them loth to pry further, for the m ment, beyond the securing mountain barrier.

Clinging narrowly to their new foothold, dependent st on sailing vessels for a contact none too swift or certain wi "home," the colonists looked with fear to the west. The worked hard and for the most part throve, suffering the m terial lacks of their exposed condition with intention. B they suffered also privations not even to be estimated, cram ing and demeaning for a people used to a world less prim

ively rigorous. A spirit of insecurity calling upon thrift nd self-denial remained their basic mood. Opposed to this ay the forbidden wealth of the Unknown.

Into such an atmosphere, more or less varied, more or less hanged for better or worse in minds of different understand-ng, was born Daniel Boone, the foremost pioneer and fron-ersman of his day. A man like none other about him Boone ad for the life of his fellow settlers, high or low, no sympa-ny whatever. Was it his ancestry, full of a rural quietness rom placid Dorset or the sober Quaker training of his early ssociations that bred the instinct in him, made him ready to ake desperate chances with his mind for pleasure, certainly e was not, as commonly believed, of that riff-raff of hunters nd Indian killers among which destiny had thrown him—the an of border foray—a link between the savage and the ttler.

His character was not this. Mild and simple hearted, eady, not impulsive in courage—bold and determined, but ways rather inclined to defend than attack—he stood im-ensely above that wretched class of men who are so often e preliminaries of civilization. Boone deliberately chose e peace of solitude, rather than to mingle in the wild wrang-ngs and disputings of the society around him—from whom was ever his first thought to be escaping—or he would never ve penetrated to those secret places where later his name came a talisman.

Three years the junior of George Washington, Boone was ken while still a child from his birthplace on the upper ters of the Schuylkill River near Philadelphia to the then mparatively wild country of western Pennsylvania. Here he ew up. Soon a hunter, even as a boy men stepped back to ntemplate with more than ordinary wonder the fearlessness th which he faced the fiercer wild beasts that prowled around. was the early evidence of his genius. At eighteen, with his e of the woods marked for good, and his disposition for itude, taciturnity and a hunter's life determined, the family

moved again this time from the rapidly settling country (Pennsylvania to the wild Yadkin, a river that takes its ris among the mountains that form the western boundary (North Carolina.

With his arrival on the Yadkin, Daniel Boone married neighbor's daughter, Rebecca Bryan, and together the youn couple left the world behind them. Boone at once traverse the Yadkin Valley at a point still more remote from the sea board and nearer the mountain; here he placed his cabi It was a true home to him. Its firelight shone in welcome the rare stranger who found that riverside. But he was n to remain thus solitary! The lands along the Yadkin a tracted the notice of other settlers, and Boone, at thirty, four the smoke of his cabin no longer the only one that floated that air. These accessions of companionship, however co genial to the greatest part of mankind, did not suit Boon He soon became conscious that his time on the Yadkin w limited.

The fields for adventure lay within his reach. The mou tains were to be crossed and a new and unexplored countr invested with every beauty, every danger, every incident th could amuse the imagination or quicken action, lay before hi the indefinite world of the future. Along the Clinch Riv and the Holston River hunting parties pursued their way. A they went, the mysteries of forest life grew more familia Boone learned even better than before that neither roof, n house, nor bed was necessary to existence. There were, course, many things to urge him on in his natural choice. was the time just preceding the Revolution. The coloni system of taxation was iniquitous to the last degree; this t pioneer could not fathom and would not endure. Such thin Boone solved most according to his nature by leaving the behind.

At this point Boone's life may be said really to beg Facing his first great adventure Boone was now in his b years. His age was thirty-six. He is described by vario

riters as being five feet ten inches high, robust, clean limbed nd athletic, fitted by his habit and temperament, and by his hysique, for endurance—a bright eye, and a calm determiation in his manner. In 1769, John Finley returned from a unting trip beyond the mountain. He talked loud and long f the beauty and fertility of the country and Daniel Boone as soon eagerly a listener. It touched the great keynote of is character, and the hour and the man had come.

"It was on the first of May, in the year 1769, that I reigned my domestic happiness for a time and left my family nd peaceful habitation on the Yadkin River in North Carona, to wander through the wilderness of America, in quest the country of Kentucky, in company with John Finley, ohn Stewart, Joseph Holden, James Monay, and William ool. We proceeded successfully and after a long and fatigug journey through a mountain wilderness, in a westward dicction on the seventh day of June following, we found ourlves on Red River, where John Finley had formerly been ading with the Indians, and from the top of an eminence, saw th pleasure the beautiful level of Kentucky."

Thus opens the so-called autobiography, said to have been ritten down from Boone's dictation, late in his life by one ohn Filson. But the silly phrases and total disregard for iat must have been the rude words of the old hunter serve lly, for the most part, to make it a keen disappointment to e interested reader. But now, from everything that is said, that Boone is known to have put through and willingly sufred during the next two years, there ensued a time of the ost enchanting adventure for the still young explorer. For ime the party hunted and enjoyed the country, seeing buffo "more frequent than I have seen cattle in the settlements, owsing on the leaves of the cane, or cropping the grass on ose extensive prairies, . . . abundance of wild beasts of all ts through this vast forest; and the numbers about the salt rings were amazing." Here the party practised hunting the twenty-second day of December following.

"On this day John Stewart and I had a pleasant ramble but fortune changed the scene in the close of it. We had passed through a great forest, Nature was here a series of wonders and a fund of delight, and we were diverted with innumerable animals presenting themselves perpetually to our view. In the decline of the day, near the Kentucky River, as we ascended the brow of a small hill, a number of Indians rushed out of a thick canebrake upon us and made us prisoners." Escaping later the two returned to their camp to find it plundered and the others of their party gone.

But now, by one of those determining chances which occur in all great careers Squire Boone, Daniel's brother, who with another adventurer had set out to get news of the original party if possible, came accidentally upon his brother's camp in the forest. It was a meeting of greatest importance and unbounded joy to Daniel Boone. For a short time there were now four together, but within a month, the man Stewart was killed by Indians while Squire Boone's companion, who had accompanied him upon his quest, either wandered off and was lost or returned by himself to the Colonies. Daniel and Squire were left alone.

"We were then in a dangerous and helpless situation, exposed daily to perils and death amongst the savages and wild beasts—not a white man in the country but ourselves. Thus situated many hundred miles from our families, in the howling wilderness, I believe few would have equally enjoyed the happiness we experienced. We continued not in a state of indolence but hunted every day, and prepared to defend ourselves against the winter's storms. We remained there undisturbed during the winter. . . . On the first day of May, following my brother returned home to the settlement by himself, for a new recruit of horses and ammunition, leaving me by myself without bread, salt or sugar, without company of my fellow creatures, or even a horse or a dog.

"I confess I never was under greater necessity of exercising philosophy and fortitude. A few days I passed uncon-

fortably: The idea of a beloved wife and family, and their anxiety upon the account of my absence, and exposed situation, made sensible impressions on my heart. A thousand dreadful apprehensions presented themselves to my view and had undoubtedly disposed me to melancholy if indulged. One day I undertook a tour through the country, and the diversity and beauty of nature I met with in this charming season expelled every gloom and vexatious thought. Not a breeze shook the most tremulous leaf. I had gained the summit of a commanding ridge, and looking around with astonishing delight, beheld the ample plain, the beauteous tracts below. All things were still; I kindled a fire near a fountain of sweet water and feasted on a loin of a buck which a few hours before I had killed. Night came and the earth seemed to gasp after the refreshing moisture.——" But only impatience is kindled by the silly language of the asinine chronicler.

But when Filson goes on to declare Boone's loneliness "an uninterrupted scene of sylvan pleasures" it is a little too much to bear. Constant exposure to danger and death, a habitation which he states had been discovered by the savages, the necessity of such stratagems as the resort to the canebrake rather than to take the risk of being found in his cabin, have nothing of sylvan pleasures in them. Boone had too much strong sense to feel anything but patience amidst the scenes of his solitude. And yet, having sounded the depth of forest life, and having considered and weighed all it had to offer, he felt secure enough to brave the perils of an exploring tour. He saw the Ohio, and unquestionably, from the results of this excursion, strengthened his determination to establish himself in such a land of delight.

For three months he was alone. It was an ordeal through which few men could have passed. Certain it is that nothing but a passionate attachment of the most extraordinary intensity could have induced even him to undergo it. If there were perils there was a pleasure keener, which bade him stay on, even in solitude, while his day was lasting. Surely he

must have known that it was the great ecstatic moment of hi life's affirmation.

By instinct and from the first Boone had run past th difficulties encountered by his fellows in making the Ne World their own. As ecstasy cannot live without devotion an he who is not given to some earth of basic logic cannot enjo so Boone lived to enjoy ecstasy through his single devotic to the wilderness with which he was surrounded. The beaut of a lavish, primitive embrace in savage, wild beast and fore rising above the cramped life about him possessed him wholl Passionate and thoroughly given he avoided the half log of stealing from the immense profusion.

Some one must have taken the step. He took it. Not tha he settled Kentucky or made a path to the west, not that h defended, suffered, hated and fled, but because of a descent the ground of his desire was Boone's life important and do it remain still loaded with power,—power to strengthen eve form of energy that would be voluptuous, passionate, possessi in that place which he opened. For the problem of the N World was, as every new comer soon found out, an awkwa one, on all sides the same: how to replace from the wild lan that which, at home, they had scarcely known the Old Wor meant to them; through difficulty and even brutal hardship find a ground to take the place of England. They could n do it. They clung, one way or another, to the old, strivi the while to pull off pieces to themselves from the fat of t new bounty.

Boone's genius was to recognize the difficulty as neither m terial nor political but one purely moral and æsthetic. Fill with the wild beauty of the New World to overbrimming long as he had what he desired, to bathe in, to explore alwa more deeply, to see, to feel, to touch—his instincts were co tented. Sensing a limitless fortune which daring could ma his own, he sought only with primal lust to grow close to to understand it and to be part of its mysterious movements like an Indian. And among all the colonists, like an Indi

e ecstasy of complete possession of the new country was his
ne. In Kentucky he would stand, a lineal descendant of
lumbus on the beach at Santo Domingo, walking up and
wn with eager eyes while his men were gathering water.

With the sense of an Indian, Boone felt the wild beasts
out him as a natural offering. Like a savage he knew that
r such as he their destined lives were intended. As an In-
an to the wild, without stint or tremor, he offered himself
his world, hunting, killing with a great appetitie, taking
e lives of the beasts into his quiet, murderous hands as they
their masters, the savages, might take his own, if they were
le, without kindling his resentment; as naturally as his own
ntle son, his beloved brother, his nearest companions were
:en—without his rancor being lifted. Possessing a body at
:e powerful, compact and capable of tremendous activity
d resistance when roused, a clear eye and a deadly aim,
iturn in his demeanor, symmetrical and instinctive in un-
standing, Boone stood for his race, the affirmation of that
d logic, which in times past had mastered another wilder-
s and now, renascent, would master this, to prove it potent.
There must be a new wedding. But he saw and only he
the prototype of it all, the native savage. To Boone the
ian was his greatest master. Not for himself surely to be
Indian, though they eagerly sought to adopt him into their
es, but the reverse: to be *himself* in a new world, Indian-
. If the land were to be possessed it must be as the Indian
sessed it. Boone saw the truth of the Red Man, not an
rant type, treacherous and anti-white to be feared and ex-
inated, but as a natural expression of the place, the In-
himself as "right," the flower of his world.

Keen then was the defeat he tasted when, having returned
to the Colonies after his first ecstatic sojourn, and when
r long delay having undertaken to lead a party of forty
ers to the new country, his eldest son, among five others
is own age, was brutally murdered by the savages at the
outset. It was a crushing blow. Although Boone and

others argued against it, the expedition turned back and wit
his sorrowing wife Boone once more took up his homestead c
the Yadkin. And this is the mark of his personality, that eve
for this cruel stroke he held no illwill against the Red Men.

Disappointed in his early hopes and when through subs
quent years of battle against the wild tribes, when throug
losses and trials of the severest order, he led at last in th
establishment of the settlers about the fort and center
Boonesborough, he never wavered for a moment in his cle
conception of the Indian as a natural part of a beloved co
dition, the New World, in which all lived together. Captur
or escaping, outwitted by or outwitting the savages, he a
mired and defended them always, as, implacable and remors
less enemy to the Red Man that he proved, they admired a
respected him to the end of his days.

You have bought the land, said an old Indian who act
for his tribe in the transaction which now made Kentuc
over to the white man, but you will have trouble to settle
It proved true. An old lady who had been in the forts w
describing the scenes she had witnessed in those times of pe
and adventure, and, among other things, remarked that duri
the first two years of her residence in Kentucky, the m
comely sight she beheld, was seeing a young man die in his H
a natural death. She had been familiar with blood, and c
nage, and death, but in all those cases the sufferers were
victims of the Indian tomahawk and scalping knife; and th
on an occasion when a young man was taken sick and di
after the usual manner of nature, she and the rest of
women sat up all night, gazing upon him as an object
beauty.

It was against his own kind that Boone's lasting rese
ment was fixed, "those damned Yankees," who took from h
by the chicanery of the law and in his old age, every last a
of the then prosperous homestead he had at last won
himself after years of battle in the new country.

Confirmed in his distrust for his "own kind," in old

omeless and quite ruined, he must turn once more to his arly loves, the savage and the wild. Once more a wanderer e struck out through Tennessee for "more elbowroom," de- rmined to leave the young nation which he had helped to tablish, definitely behind him. He headed for Spanish ter- tory beyond the Mississippi where the Provincial Governor, aving gotten wind of the old hunter's state of mind, was glad offer him a large tract of land on which to settle. There e lived and died, past ninety, serving his traps as usual.

In the woods he would have an Indian for companion en out of preference to his own sons, and from these men, the dians, he had the greatest reverence, enjoying always when ield with them the signal honor of disposing them in the order the hunt.

Too late the American Congress did follow him with some ght recognition. But that was by then to him really a nall matter. He had already that which he wanted: the oods and native companions whom, in a written statement of reat interest, he defends against all detractors and in that fense establishes himself in clear words: the antagonist of ose of his own blood whose alien strength he felt and de- sted, while his whole soul, with greatest devotion, was given the New World which he adored and found, in its every pression, the land of heart's desire.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

WASHINGTON was, I think, the typically good ma take it as you please. But, of course, a remarkal one. No doubt at all he, personally, was ninety pe cent of the force which made of the American Revolution successful issue. Know of what that force consisted, that the intimate character of its makeup, that is, Washingt himself, and you will know practically all there is to und stand about the beginnings of the American Republic. Y will know, also, why a crown was offered this great hero the conclusion of hostilities with Great Britain, and wi what a hidden gesture he rejected the idea. Therein you ha it: it was unthinkable—or he might have taken it.

Here was a man of tremendous vitality buried in a ma sive frame and under a rather stolid and untractable exteri which the ladies somewhat feared, I fancy. He must ha looked well to them, from a distance, or say on horseback but later it proved a little too powerful for comfort. And wanted them too; violently. One can imagine him curious alive to the need of dainty waistcoats, lace and kid gloves, which to cover that dangerous rudeness which he must ha felt about himself. His interest in dress at a certain period his career is notorious.

The surveying contract which took him to Duquesne a the wilderness thereabouts was, however, the other side of t question. In this he must have breathed a more serious which cannot but have penetrated to the deepest parts of nature. The thing is, however, that in his case it did not, it might have done, win him permanently to that kind of existence. There was in his nature a profound spirit of res nation before life's rich proposals which disarmed him. As

xpressed it, to him it was always his "vine and figtree," home
nd quiet, for which he longed. Stress he could endure but
eace and regularity pleased him better. There must have
een within him a great country whose wild paths he alone
new and explored in secret and at his leisure.

Patience, horses or a fine carriage, a widow to wive, a
oping lawn with a river at the bottom, a thriving field, an
dopted daughter—that was as far as his desire wandered.
ll the rest he accepted as put upon him by chance.

Resistance was, I believe, his code. Encitadeled. A pro-
ctor of the peace, or at least, keeper of the stillness within
mself. He was too strong to want to evade anything. That's
s reputation for truthtelling. It was a good scratching to
m to take it on and see himself through. He knew he would
me through.

There was his club life in Alexandria, as a Mason; the
n-mile ride to Church: it warmed him up a little.

As for rebellion, I don't think it entered his mind. I don't
e how it could, except from the rear, subconsciously—that
e was too subdued in him. As commander of the troops he
isted, struck and drew back, struck and doubled on his
cks and struck and struck again, then rested.

He couldn't give in. He couldn't give in without such a
ffling within himself that he had no choice but to continue.
at's the secret of Valley Forge and the valor and patience
his battle, as great as the other, against an aimless, waver-
g Congress at Philadelphia. He couldn't give in. I be-
ve he would have gone out and battled it alone if he had
t his army wasted from under him or even left the country.
else—

Well, there is the night he wandered off alone near Morris-
vn, I think, off toward the British lines on horseback, impa-
nt of warning—to air himself, so to speak, under the stars.
nething angry was stirred there.

But seven days in the week it was for him: resist, be pru-
nt, be calm—with a mad hell inside that might rise, might

one day do something perhaps brilliant, perhaps joyousl abandoned—but not to be thought of.

Such men suffering thus a political conversion of thes emotions are, I suppose, always the noteworthy among u Battle to them must be the expression of that something i themselves which they fear. Washington's calmness of dd meanor and characteristics as a military leader were of tha cloth.

Some girl at Princeton, was it? had some joke with hii about a slipper at a dance. He was full of it. And there wa the obscene anecdote he told that night in the boat crossing th Delaware.

But apparently the one man who got it full, who saw hii really roused was General Lee—the one who wanted to repla him in command. That was all right. Washington coul understand that and forgive it in another. He forgave La and restored him to his division with full trust after his re turn from capture by the British. But when, subsequentl Lee, in direct disobedience of orders, forgetting his positio and risking his own whim on an important decision befo Monmouth, lost the chance for an important victory—tha was different. Immediately after, Washington met him h chance at a country cross road and Lee got it.

It is said no man, before or after, saw Washington in suc a rage. This sort of thing Lee had done, he, Washingto knew from top to bottom. It was the firmly held part of hin self which had broken loose—in another. Should he, Wash ington, stop that resistance in himself. What would happen

No use to ask that now. Here it was: disaster. To La then in a fury, he opened the gates of his soul and Lee sa such hell fire that it was the end of him—retired muttering an half silly to his farm in Virginia where he stayed.

The presidency could not have meant anything to Wash ington. I think he spoke the candid truth about it when h said he neither desired it nor sought it. He merely did h duty. He did it with wisdom since he couldn't do it an

ther way. He wasn't enough interested to be scheming. Re-
st and protect: that was the gist of most that he said. Don't
o looking for trouble. Stay home. In his very face, even,
was said in Congress he had turned monster under the name
prudence: "a sort of a non-describable chameleon-colored
ing called prudence." Alexander Hamilton, a type that
eeded power, found all this quite to his liking. Washington
t him do. He wanted to get back to Mt. Vernon.

America has a special destiny for such men, I suppose,
eat wench lovers—there is the letter from Jefferson attesting
in the case of Washington, if that were needed—terrible
aders they might make if one could release them. It seems a
ss not compensated for by the tawdry stuff bred after
em—in place of a splendor, too rare. They are a kind of
merican swan song, each one.

The whole crawling mass gnaws on them—hates them. He
as hated, don't imagine he was not. The minute he had se-
red their dung heap for them—he had to take their dirt in
e face.

From deep within, you may count upon it, came those final
ords when, his head in his friend's lap, he said with difficulty:
Doctor, I am dying, and have been dying for a long time,
" adding to reassure them, "but I am not afraid to die."
He is the typical sacrifice to the mob—in a great many
ys thoroughly disappointing.

POOR RICHARD

Information to Those Who Would Remove to America:

MANY persons in Europe having by letters expressed the writer of this, who is well acquainted with North America, their desire of transporting and establishing themselves in that country, but who appear to have formed through ignorance, mistaken ideas and expectations of what is to be obtained there, he thinks it may be useful, and prevent inconvenient, expensive, and fruitless removals and voyages of improper persons, if he gives some clearer and truer notion of that part of the world than appear to have hitherto prevailed.

He finds it is imagined by numbers that the inhabitants of North America are rich, capable of rewarding, and disposed to reward, all sorts of ingenuity; that they are at the same time ignorant of all the sciences, and, consequently, that strangers possessing talents in the belles-lettres, fine arts, etc. must be highly esteemed, and so well paid as to become easily rich themselves, that there are also abundance of profitable offices to be disposed of, which the natives are not qualified to fill; and that, having few persons of family among them, strangers of birth must be greatly respected, and of course easily obtain the best of those offices, which will make all their fortunes; that the governments too, to encourage emigration from Europe, not only pay the expense of personal transportation, but give lands gratis to strangers, with negroes to work for them, utensils of husbandry, and stocks of cattle. These are all wild imaginations; and those who go to America with expectations founded upon them will surely find themselves disappointed.

The truth is, that though there are in that country few ople so miserable as the poor of Europe, there are also very w that in Europe would be called rich; it is rather a general ppy mediocrity that prevails. There are few great proprie- rs of the soil, and few tenants; most people cultivate their n lands, or follow some handicraft or merchandise; very few h enough to live idly upon their rents or incomes, or to pay e highest prices given in Europe for painting, statues, archi- ture, and the other works of art that are more curious than eful. Hence the natural geniuses that have arisen in Amer- with such talents have uniformly quitted that country for rope, where they can be more suitably rewarded. It is true at letters and mathematical knowledge are in esteem there; t they are at the same time more common than is appre- ted; there being already existing nine colleges or univer- es, viz., four in New England, and one in each of the ovinces of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Mary- d, and Virginia, all furnished with learned professors; be- es a number of smaller academies. These educate many heir youth in the languages, and those sciences that qualify n for the professions of divinity, law or physic. Strangers eed are by no means excluded from exercising those pro- sions; and the quick increase of inhabitants everywhere es them a chance of employ, which they have in common h the natives. Of civil offices, or employments, there are ; no superfluous ones, as in Europe; and it is a rule estab- ed in some states, that no office shall be so profitable as to ke it desirable. The thirty-sixth article of the Constitution Pennsylvania runs expressly in these words: "As every free- n, to preserve his independence (if he has not a sufficient te) ought to have some profession, calling, trade or farm, reby he may honestly subsist, there can be no necessity for, use in, establishing offices of profit, the usual effects of ch are dependence and servility unbecoming freemen, in possessors and expectants; faction, contention, corruption, disorder among the people; Wherefore, whenever an of-

fice, through increase of fees or otherwise, becomes so pro
able as to occasion many to apply for it, the profits ought
be lessened by the Legislature."

These ideas prevailing more or less in all the United Stat
it cannot be worth any man's while, who has a means of livi
at home, to expatriate himself, in hopes of obtaining a pro
able civil office in America; and as to military offices, they
at an end with the war, the armies being disbanded. Mu
less is it advisable for a person to go thither who has
other quality to recommend him but his birth. In Europe
has indeed its value; but it is a commodity that cannot
carried to a worse market than that of America; where peo
do not inquire of a stranger, *What is he?* but, *What can*
do? If he has any useful art he is welcome; and if he ex
cises it, and behaves well, he will be respected by all that kn
him; but a mere man of quality, who, on that account, wa
to live upon the public, by some office or salary, will be
spised and disregarded. The husbandman is in honor the
and even the mechanic; because their employments are use
The people have a saying, that God Almighty is himself
mechanic, the greatest in the universe; and he is respected a
more admired for the variety, ingenuity, and utility of
handiworks, than for the antiquity of his family. They
pleased with the observation of a negro, and frequently m
tion it, that *Boccarora* (meaning the white man) *make*
black man workee, make de horse workee, make de ox work
make ebery ting workee, only the hog. He, de hog, no work
he eat, he drink, he walk about, he go to sleep when he plee
he live like a gempleman. According to these opinions of
Americans one would think himself more obliged to a gen
ogist, who could prove for him that his ancestors and relati
for ten generations had been ploughmen, smiths, carpent
turners, weavers, tanners, or even shoemakers, and consequen
that they were useful members of society, than if he could c
prove that they were gentlemen, doing nothing of value,

ing idly on the labor of others, mere *fruges consumere nati,** d otherwise good for nothing, till by their death their es-tes, like the carcass of the negro's gentleman-hog, come to cut up.

With regard to encouragements for strangers from gov-nment, they are really only what are derived from good laws d liberty. Strangers are welcome, because there is room ough for them all, and therefore the old inhabitants are not alous of them; the laws protect them sufficiently, so that ey have no need of the patronage of great men; and every e will enjoy securely the profits of his industry. But, if he es not bring a fortune with him, he must work and be indus-ous to live. One or two years' residence gives him all the hts of a citizen; but the government does not, at present, atever it may have done in former times, hire people to be-me settlers, by paying their passages, giving land, negroes, ensils, stock, or any other kind of emolument whatsoever. short, America is the land of labor, and by no means at the English call *Lubberland*, and the French *Pays de cagne*, where the streets are said to be paved with half-ck loaves, the houses tiled with pancakes, and where the ıls fly about ready to be roasted, crying, *Come eat me!*

Who then are the kind of persons to whom an emigration America may be advantageous? And what are the advan-es they may reasonably expect?

Land being cheap in that country, from the vast forests l void of inhabitants, and not likely to be occupied in an age come, insomuch that the propriety of a hundred acres of tile soil full of wood may be obtained near the frontiers, many places, for eight or ten guineas, hearty young labor-men, who understand the husbandry of corn and cattle, ich is nearly the same in that country as in Europe, may ily establish themselves there. A little money saved of

* ". . . born
Merely to eat up the corn."
—Watts.

the good wages they receive there, while they work for othe enables them to buy the land and begin their plantation, which they are assisted by the good will of their neighbors, s some credit. Multitudes of poor people from England, I land, Scotland and Germany, have, by this means, in a years become wealthy farmers, who, in their own countr where all the lands are fully occupied, and the wages of la low, could never have emerged from the poor condition wher they were born.

From the salubrity of the air, the healthiness of the mate, and plenty of good provisions, and the encouragem to early marriages by the certainty of subsistence in cultiv ing the earth, the increase of inhabitants by natural gene tion is very rapid in America, and becomes still more so by accession of strangers; hence there is a continual demand more artisans of all the necessary and useful kinds, to sup those cultivators of the earth with houses, and with furnitt and utensils of the grosser sorts, which cannot so well brought from Europe. Tolerably good workmen in any those mechanic arts are sure to find employ, and to be v paid for their work, there being no restraints prevent strangers from exercising any art they understand, nor permission necessary. If they are poor, they begin firstt servants or journeymen; and if they are sober, industrious, frugal, they soon become masters, establish themselves business, marry, raise families, and become respectable c zens.

Also, persons of moderate fortunes and capitals, who, h ing a number of children to provide for, are desirous of bri ing them up to industry, and to secure estates for t posterity, have opportunities of doing it in America, which rope does not afford. There they may be taught and prac profitable mechanic arts, without incurring disgrace on t account, but, on the contrary, acquiring respect by such a ties. There small capitals laid out in lands, which daily come more valuable by the increase of people, afford a s

ospect of ample fortunes thereafter for those children. The
iter of this has known several instances of large tracts of
ıd, bought, on what was then the frontier of Pennsylvania,
- ten pounds per hundred acres, which when the settlements
d been extended far beyond them, sold readily, without any
provement made upon them, for three pounds per acre.
ıe acre in America is the same with the English acre, or the
-e of Normandy.

Those who desire to understand the state of government in
nerica, would do well to read the Constitutions of the sev-
l States, and the Articles of Confederation that bind the
ole together for general purposes, under the direction of
e assembly, called the Congress. These Constitutions have
en printed, by order of Congress, in America; two editions
them have also been printed in London; and a good trans-
ion of them into French has lately been published in Paris.

Several of the princes of Europe, of late, from an opinion
ndvantage to arise by producing all commodities and manu-
tures within their own dominions, so as to diminish or
der useless their importations, have endeavored to entice
rkmen from other countries by high salaries, privileges,
. Many persons, pretending to be skilled in various great
nufactures, imagining that America must be in want of
m, and that the Congress would probably be disposed to
tate the princes above mentioned, have proposed to go over,
condition of having their passage paid, lands given, sala-
s appointed, exclusive privileges for terms of years, etc.
ch persons, on reading the Articles of Confederation, will
l that the Congress have no power committed to them, nor
ney put into their hands, for such purposes; and that, if
y such encouragement is given, it must be by the govern-
nt of some separate State. This, however, has rarely been
ıe in America; and when it has been done, it has rarely
ceeded, so as to establish a manufacture, which the country
s not yet so ripe for as to encourage private persons to set
ıp; labor being generally too dear there, and hands difficult

to be kept together, every one desiring to be a master, a
the cheapness of lands inclining many to leave trades
agriculture. Some, indeed, have met with success, and are co
ried on to advantage; but they are generally such as requ
only a few hands, or wherein great part of the work is p
formed by machines. Goods that are bulky, and of so sm
value as not well to bear the expense of freight, may often
made cheaper in the country than they can be imported; a
the manufacture of such goods will be profitable where
there is a sufficient demand. The farmers in America produ
indeed, a good deal of wool and flax; and none is exported
is all worked up; but it is in the way of domestic manuf
ture, for the use of the family. The buying up quantit
of wool and flax, with the design to employ spinners, weave
etc., and form great establishments, producing quantities
linen and woolen goods for sale, has been several times
tempted in different provinces; but those projects have g
erally failed, goods of equal value being imported cheap
And when the governments have been solicited to support s
schemes by encouragements in money, or by imposing du
on importation of such goods, it has been generally refus
on this principle, that, if the country is ripe for the ma
facture, it may be carried on by private persons to adv
tage; and if not, it is a folly to think of forcing natu
Great establishments of manufacture require great numb
of poor to do the work for small wages; those poor are to
found in Europe, but will not be found in America till
lands are all taken up and cultivated, and the excess of peo
who cannot get land, want employment. The manufacture
silk, they say, is natural in France, as that of cloth in E
land, because each country produces in plenty the first m
terial; but if England will have a manufacture of silk as well
that of cloth, and France of cloth as well as that of silk, th
unnatural operations must be supported by mutual proh
tions, or high duties on the importation of each other's goo
by which means the workmen are enabled to tax the home c

ner by greater prices, while the higher wages they receive kes them neither happier nor richer, since they only drink re and work less. Therefore, the governments in America nothing to encourage such projects. The people, by this ans, are not imposed on, either by the merchant or by the chanic. If the merchant demands too much profit on im- rted shoes, they buy of the shoemaker; and if he asks too h a price, they take them of the merchant; thus the two ofessions are checks on each other. The shoemaker, how- r, has, on the whole, a considerable profit upon his labor in erica, beyond what he had in Europe, as he can add to his ce a sum nearly equal to all the expenses of freight and mission, risk or insurance, etc., necessarily charged by the rchant. And the case is the same with the workmen in every er mechanic art. Hence it is that artisans generally live ter and more easily in America than in Europe; and such are good economists make a comfortable provision for age, l for their children. Such may, therefore, remove with ad- tage to America.

In the long-settled countries of Europe, all arts, trades, fessions, farms, etc., are so full, that it is difficult for a r man, who has children, to place them where they may n, or learn to gain a decent livelihood. The artisans, who r creating future rivals in business, refuse to take appren- s, but upon conditions of money, maintenance, or the like, ch the parents are unable to comply with. Hence the youth dragged up in ignorance of every gainful art, and obliged become soldiers, or servants, or thieves, for subsistence. In erica, the rapid increase of inhabitants takes away that of rivalship, and artisans willingly receive apprentices n the hope of profit by their labor, during the remainder he time stipulated, after they shall be instructed. Hence easy for poor families to get their children instructed; the artisans are so desirous of apprentices, that many of n will even give money to the parents, to have boys from to fifteen years of age bound apprentices to them till the

age of twenty-one; and many poor parents have, by th
means, on their arrival in the country, raised money enou
to buy land sufficient to establish themselves, and to subsist
rest of their family by agriculture. These contracts for a
prentices are made before a magistrate, who regulates
agreement according to reason and justice, and, having
view the formation of a future and useful citizen, obliges
master to engage by a written indenture, not only that, d
ing the time of service stipulated, the apprentice shall be d
provided with meat, drink, apparel, washing, and lodgi
and, at its expiration, with a complete new suit of clothes,
also that he shall be taught to read and write and cast
counts; and that he shall be well instructed in the art or p
fession of his master, or some other, by which he may gai
livelihood, and be able in his turn to raise a family. A c
of this indenture is given to the apprentice or his friends, a
the magistrate keeps a record of it, to which recourse may
had, in case of failure by the master in any point of perfo
ance. This desire among the masters, to have more ha
employed in working for them, induces them to pay the p
sages of young persons, of both sexes, who, on their arri
agree to serve them one, two, three, or four years; those w
have already learned a trade agreeing for a shorter te
in proportion to their skill and the consequent immed
value of their service; and those who have none agreeing fo
longer term, in consideration of being taught an art th
poverty would not permit them to acquire in their c
country.

The almost general mediocrity of fortune that prev
in America obliging its people to follow some business for s
sistence, those vices that arise usually from idleness are i
great measure prevented. Industry and constant employm
are great preservatives of the morals and virtue of a nat
Hence bad examples to youth are more rare in America, wh
must be a comfortable consideration to parents. To this m
be truly added, that serious religion, under its various

ominations, is not only tolerated, but respected and prac-ed. Atheism is unknown there; infidelity rare and secret; that persons may live to a great age in that country, with-t having their piety shocked by meeting with either an heist or an infidel. And the Divine Being seems to have anifested his approbation of the mutual forbearance and ndness with which the different sects treat each other, by the markable prosperity with which He has been pleased to vor the whole country.

(B. Franklin)

Notes for a Commentary on Franklin

"He's sort of proud of his commonness, isn't he?"

He was the balancer full of motion without direction, the roscope which by its large spinning kept us, at that early riod of our fate, upon an even keel.

The greatest winner of his day, he represents a voluptu-sness of omnivorous energy brought to a dead stop by the k of New World inopportunity. His energy never at-ned to a penetrant gist; rather it was stopped by and ashed upon the barrier, like a melon. His "good" was ttered about him. This is what is called being "practical." such "success" we smile to see Franklin often so puffed up.

In the sheer mass of his voluptuous energy lies his chief use—a trait he borrowed without recognition from the mitive profusion of his surroundings.

Relaxed in a mass of impedimenta he found opportunity thought.

Franklin, along with all the responsible aristocrats of his iod, shows the two major characteristics of a bulky, crude rgy, something in proportion to the continent, and a colos-restraint equalizing it. The result must have been a com-e cancellation, frustration or descent to a low plane for ase, which latter alternative he chose shiningly.

He played with lightning and the French court.

The great force (which was in him the expression of t
New World) must have had not only volume but a quality, t
determination of which will identify him. It was in Frankl
as shown characteristically in this letter, a scattering to recc
noitre.

Poor Richard's Almanac was as important in founding t
nation as Paine's *Age of Reason*—he adaged them into a ki
of pride in possession.

By casting scorn at men merely of birth while stressing t
foundation of estates which should be family strongholds
did the service of discouraging aristocracy and creating it
the qualifying condition being that he repelled that wh
was foreign and supported that which was native—on a lo
level FOR THE TIME BEING. He sparred for time: he w
a diplomat of distinction with positive New World ch
acteristics.

His mind was ALL out of the New World. Feeling
strength, a backing which was the New itself, he could aff
to be sly with France, England or any nation; since, to li
he had to be sly with the massive strength of that primit
wilderness with whose conditions he had been bred to batt
thus, used to a mass EQUAL to them, he could swing them t
So again he asserted his nativity.

Strong and New World in innate strength, he is with
beauty. The force of the New World is never in these n
open; it is sly, covert, almost cringing. It is the mass t
forces them into praise of mediocrity to escape its comp
sions: so there is a kind of nastiness in his TOUCHING
hand of the Marchioness, in his meddling with the lightni
a resentment against his upstart bumptiousness in advis
London how to light its stupidly ill-lit streets.

There has not yet appeared in the New World any
with sufficient strength for the open assertion. So with Fra
lin, the tone is frightened and horribly smug—at his wo
it flames a little in de Soto; it is necessary to Boone to l
himself in the wilds; there are no women—Houston's brid

rightened off; the New Englanders are the clever bone-men. Nowhere the open, free assertion save in the Indian: this is he quality. Jones has to leave the American navy, we feel, to o to Russia, for release.

It is necessary in appraising our history to realize that the ation was the offspring of the desire to huddle, to protect— f terror—superadded to a new world of great beauty and ipest blossom that well-nigh no man of distinction saw save Boone.

Franklin is the full development of the timidity, the trength that denies itself.

Such is his itch to serve science.

"Education" represented to these pioneers an *obscure* nowledge of the great beauty that was denied them, but of he great beauty under their feet no man seems to have been onscious, to appreciable degree; the foundation they must *irst* appraise.

Nowhere does the full assertion come through save as a oke, jokingly, that masks the rest.

The terrible beauty of the New World attracts men to heir ruin. Franklin did not care to be ruined—he only vanted to touch.

"I wish he hadn't gone fooling with lightning; I wish he'd eft it alone—the old fool." Sure enough, he didn't dare let t go in at the top of his head and out at his toes, that's it; e *had* to fool with it. He sensed the power and knew only nough to want to run an engine with it. His fingers itched to e meddling, to do the little concrete thing—the barrier gainst a flood of lightning that would inundate him. Of ourse he was the most useful, "the most industrious citizen hat Philadelphia or America had ever known." He was the like keeper, keeping out the wilderness with his wits. Fear drove his curiosity.

Do something, anything, to keep the fingers busy—not o realize—the lightning. Be industrious, let money and com- fort increase; money is like a bell that keeps the dance

from terrifying, as it would if it were silent and we could hea the grunt,—thud—swish. It is small, hard; it keeps the a tention fixed so that the eyes shall not see. And such is humo pennies—that see gold come of copper by adding togethe shrewd guesses hidden under the armament of an humble jes

Poor Richard.

Don't offend.

His mighty answer to the New World's offer of a gre embrace was THRIFT. Work night and day, build up, penn by penny, a wall against that which is threatening, the terr of life, poverty. Make a fort to be secure in.

The terrific energy of the new breed is its first characte the second is its terror before the NEW.

As a boy, he had tentatively loosed himself once to love, t curiosity perhaps, which was the birth of his first son. Bu the terror of that dare must have frightened the soul out c him. Having dared that once, his heart recoiled; his teachin must have smitten him. But Franklin, shrewd fellow, did n succumb to the benumbing judgment and go branded, repen tant or rebellious. He trotted off gaily to Philly and notice Bettsy in the shop on Arch Street, the first day.

He is our wise prophet of chicanery, the great buffoo the face on the penny stamp.

The shock his youth got went into the fibre of the Const tution: he joked himself into a rich life—so he joked the cou try into a good alliance: to fortify, to buckle up—and reser a will to be gay, to BE—(on the side).

Poor Richard: Save, be rich—and do as you please— might have been his motto, with an addendum: provided you house has strong walls and thick shutters.

Prince Richard in the lamb's skin: with a tongue in th cheek for aristocracy, humbly, arrogantly (that you may wis to imitate me) touching everything.

To want to touch, not to wish anything to remain clea aloof—comes always of a kind of timidity, from fear.

The character they had (our pioneer statesmen, etc.) was nat of giving their fine energy, as they must have done, to ne smaller, narrower, protective thing and not to the great, ew World. Yet they cannot quite leave hands off it but must ouch it, in a "practical" way, that is a joking, shy, nasty ay, using "science" etc., not with the generosity of the savge or scientist but in a shameful manner. The sweep of the orce was too horrible to them; it would have swept them into naos. They HAD to do as they *could* but it can be no offense nat their quality should be *named.* They could have been spired by the new QUALITY about them to yield to loveliness a fresh spirit.

It is the placing of his enthusiasm that characterizes the an.

It is not to mark Franklin, but to attempt to appraise the ature of the difficulties that molded him, the characteristic *eight of the mass;* how nearly all our national heroes have een driven back—and praised by reason of their shrewdness making walls: not in bursting into flower.

To discover the NEW WORLD: that there is something ere: what it has done to us, its quality, its weight, its rophets, its—horrible temper.

The niggardliness of our history, our stupidity, sluggishess of spirit, the falseness of our historical notes, the comlete missing of the point. Addressed to the wrong head, the enacity with which the fear still inspires laws, customs,—the uppression of the superb corn dance of the Chippewas, nce it symbolizes the generative processes,—as if morals have ut one character, and that,—SEX: while morals are deformed the name of PURITY; till, in the confusion, almost nothing emains of the great American New World but a memory f the Indian.

BATTLE BETWEEN THE BON HOMME RICHARD AND THE SERAPIS

ON board the ship "Serapis," at anchor without the Texel, in Holland, October 3d, 1779.

HIS EXCELLENCY BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

Honored and Dear Sir:—When I had the honor of writing to you on the 11th of August, previous to my departure from the Road of Groaix, I had before me the most flattering prospect of rendering essential service to the common cause of France and America. I had a full confidence in the voluntary inclination and ability of every captain under my command to assist and support me in my duty with cheerful emulation, and I was persuaded that every one of them would pursue glory in preference to interest.

Whether I was or was not deceived will best appear by the relation of circumstances.

The little squadron under my orders, consisting of the *Bon homme Richard* of 40 guns, the *Alliance* of 36 guns, the *Pallas* of 32 guns, the *Cerf* of 18 guns, and the *Vengence* of 12 guns, joined by two privateers, the *Monsieur* and the *Granville*, sailed from the Road of Groaix at daybreak on the 14th of August. The same day we spoke with a large convoy bound from the southward to Brest.

On the 23d we saw Cape Clear and the S.W. part of Ireland. That afternoon, it being calm, I sent some armed boats to take a brigantine that appeared in the N.W. quarter. Soon after in the evening it became necessary to have a boat ahead of the ship to tow, as the helm could not prevent her from laying across the tide of flood, which would have driven us into a deep and dangerous bay, situated between the rock

m the south called the Skallocks and on the north called the Blaskets. The ship's boats being absent, I sent my own barge head to tow the ship. The boats took the brigantine. She vas called the *Fortuned*, and bound with a cargo of oil, blub- er, and staves from Newfoundland for Bristol. This vessel I ordered to proceed immediately for Nantes or St. Malo. Soon after sunset the villains who towed the ship cut the tow rope, and decamped with my barge. Sundry shots were fired to bring them to without effect. In the mean time the master of the *Bon homme Richard*, without orders, manned one of the ship's boats, and with four soldiers pursued the barge in order to stop the deserters. The evening was clear and serene, but the zeal of that officer, Mr. Cutting Lunt, induced him to pur- ue too far; and a fog, which came on soon afterward, pre- vented the boats from rejoining the ship, although I caused signal guns to be frequently fired. The fog and calm con- inued the next day till toward evening. In the afternoon Captain Landais came on board the *Bon homme Richard*, and behaved towards me with great disrespect, affirming in the most indelicate manner and language that I had lost my boats and people through my imprudence in sending boats to take a prize! He persisted in his reproaches, though he was as- sured by Messrs. de Weibert and de Chamillard that the barge vas towing the ship at the time of elopement, and that she had not been in pursuit of the prize. He was affronted be- cause I would not the day before suffer him to chase without my orders and to approach the dangerous shore I have already mentioned, where he was an entire stranger and when there vas not sufficient wind to govern a ship. He told me he was the only American in the squadron, and was determined to follow his own opinion in chasing when and where he thought proper, and in every other matter that concerned the service, and that, if I continued in that situation three days longer, the squadron would be taken, &c. By the advice of Captain de Cottineau, and with the free consent and approbation of M. le Verage, I sent the *Cerf* in to reconnoitre the coast, and en-

deavor to take the boats and people the next day, while th squadron stood off and on in the S.W. quarter, in the be possible situation to intercept the enemy's merchant ship whether outward or homeward bound. The *Cerf* had on boa a pilot well acquainted with the coast, and was ordered join me again before night. I approached the shore in th afternoon but the *Cerf* did not appear. This induced m to stand off again in the night in order to return and rejoined by the *Cerf* the next day; but to my great co cern and disappointment, though I ranged the coast along ar hoisted our private signals, neither the boats nor the *Ce* joined me. The evening of that day, the 26th, brought with stormy weather, with an appearance of a severe gale from th S.W., yet I must declare I did not follow my own judgmen but was led by the assertion that had fallen from Captai Landais, when I in the evening made a signal to steer to th northward and leave that station, which I wished to have occu pied a week longer. The gale increased in the night with thic weather. To prevent separation, I carried a top light, an fired a gun every quarter of an hour. I carried, also, a ver moderate sail, and the course had been clearly pointed out by signal before night; yet, with all this precaution, I found my self accompanied only by the brigantine *Vengence* in the morn ing, the *Granville* having remained astern with a prize. As have since understood the tiller of the *Pallas* broke after mid night, which disabled her from keeping up, but no apolog has yet been made in behalf of the *Alliance*.

On the 31st we saw the Flamie Islands situated near th Lewis, on the N.W. coast of Scotland; and the next morning off Cape Wrath, we gave chase to a ship to windward, at th same time two ships appearing in the N.W. quarter, whic proved to be the *Alliance* and a prize ship which she had take bound, as I understood, from Liverpool to Jamaica. The shi which I chased brought to at noon. She proved to be th Union letter of marque, bound from London to Quebec, wit a cargo of naval stores on account of government, adapte

or the service of the British armed vessels on the lakes. The ublic despatches were lost, as the *Alliance* very imprudently oisted American colors, though English colors were then ying on board the *Bon homme Richard.* Captain Landais ent a small boat to ask whether I would man the ship or he hould, as in the latter case he would suffer no boat nor per- on from the *Bon homme Richard* to go near the prize. Ridic- ilous as this appeared to me, I yielded to it for the sake of eace, and received the prisoners on board the *Bon homme Richard,* while the prize was manned from the *Alliance.* In he afternoon another sail appeared, and I immediately made he signal for the *Alliance* to chase; but, instead of obeying, ie wore and laid the ship's head the other way. The next norning I made signal to speak with the *Alliance,* to which no ttention was shown. I then made sail with the ships in ompany for the second rendezvous, which was not far distant, nd where I fully expected to be joined by the *Pallas* and the *Cerf.*

The second of September we saw a sail at daybreak, and ave chase. That ship proved to be the *Pallas,* and had met vith no success while separated from the *Bon homme Richard.*

On the 3d the *Vengence* brought to a small Irish brigantine, ound homeward from Norway. The same evening I sent he *Vengence* in the N.E. quarter to bring up the two prize hips that appeared to me to be too near the islands of Shet- and. While with the *Alliance* and *Pallas,* I endeavored to eather Fair Isle, and to get into my second rendezvous, where directed the *Vengence* to join me with the three prizes. The ext morning, having weathered Fair Isle, and not seeing the *Vengence* nor the prizes, I spoke the *Alliance,* and ordered her o steer to the northward, and bring them up to the rendez- ous.

On the morning of the 4th the *Alliance* appeared again, and ad brought to two very small coasting sloops in ballast, but ithout having attended properly to my orders of yesterday. The *Vengence* joined me soon after, and informed me that in

consequence of Captain Landais' orders to the commanders
the two prize ships they had refused to follow him to the rende
vous. I am to this moment ignorant of what orders the
men received from Captain Landais, nor know I by virtue
what authority he ventured to give his orders to prizes in m
presence and without either my knowledge or approbatio
Captain Ricot further informed me that he had burnt th
prize brigantine because that vessel proved leaky; and I w
sorry to understand afterward that, though the vessel w
Irish property, the cargo was property of the subjects
Norway.

In the evening I sent for all the captains to come on boar
the *Bon homme Richard* to consult on future plans of oper
tion. Captains Cottineau and Ricot obeyed me, but Captai
Landais obstinately refused, and, after sending me variou
uncivil messages, wrote me a very extraordinary letter in an
swer to a written order which I had sent him on finding that H
had trifled with my verbal orders. The next day a pilot boa
came on board from Shetland, by which means I received suc
advices as induced me to change a plan which I otherwise mean
to have pursued; and, as the *Cerf* did not appear at my sec
ond rendezvous, I determined to steer towards the third i
hopes of meeting her there.

In the afternoon a gale of wind came on, which continue
four days without intermission. In the second night of tha
gale the *Alliance*, with her two little prizes, again separate
from the *Bon homme Richard*. I had now with me only th
Pallas and the *Vengence*, yet I did not abandon the hopes o
performing some essential service. The winds continued con
trary, so that we did not see the land till the evening of th
13th, when the hills of Cheviot in the S.E. of Scotland ap
peared. The next day we chased sundry vessels, and took
ship and a brigantine, both from the Firth of Edinburgh
laden with coal. Knowing that there lay at anchor in Leit
road an armed ship of 20 guns, with two or three fine cutters
I formed an expedition against Leith, which I purposed to la

nder a large contribution, or otherwise to reduce it to ashes. ad I been alone, the wind being favorable, I would have roceeded directly up the Firth, and must have succeeded, as ey lay there in a state of perfect indolence and security, nich would have proved their ruin. Unfortunately for me, e *Pallas* and *Vengence* were both at a considerable distance the offing, they having chased to the southward. This liged us to steer out of the Firth again to meet them. The ptains of the *Pallas* and *Vengence* being come on board the *on homme Richard*, I communicated to them my project, to nich many difficulties and objections were made by them. At st, however, they appeared to think better of the design ter I had assured them that I hoped to raise a contribution of 0,000 pounds sterling on Leith, and that there was no bat-ry of cannon there to oppose our landing. So much time, wever, was unavoidably spent in pointed remarks and sage liberations that night that the wind became contrary in the rning.

We continued working to windward up the Firth without ng able to reach the road of Leith, till on the morning the 17th, when being almost within cannon-shot of the wn, having everything in readiness for a descent, a very ere gale of wind came on, and being directly contrary, iged us to bear away, after having in vain endeavored for ne time to withstand its violence. The gale was so severe t one of the prizes that had been taken on the 14th sunk the bottom, the crew being with difficulty saved. As the rm by this time had reached Leith by means of a cutter that watched our motions that morning, and as the wind con-ued contrary (though more moderate in the evening), I ught it impossible to pursue the enterprise with a good pros-t of success, especially as Edinburgh, where there is al-ys a number of troops, is only a mile distant from Leith, refore I gave up the project.

On the 21st we saw and chased two sail off Flamborough ad, the *Pallas* in the N.E. quarter, while the *Bon homme*

Richard followed by the *Vengence* in the S.W. The one
chased, a brigantine collier in ballast belonging to Scarb
ough was soon taken, and sunk immediately afterward, as
fleet then appeared to the southward. It was so late in
day that I could not come up with the fleet before night.
length, however, I got so near one of them as to force her
run ashore between Flamborough Head and the Spurn. Sc
after I took another, a brigantine from Holland, belonging
Sunderland; and at daylight the next morning, seeing a fl
steering toward me from the Spurn, I imagined them to be
convoy, bound from London for Leith, which had been
some time expected. One of them had a pendant hoisted, a
appeared to be a ship of force. They had not, however, co
age to come on, but kept back, all except the one which seem
to be armed, and that one also kept to windward very near
land and on the edge of dangerous shoals, where I could n
with safety approach. This induced me to make a signal
a pilot, and soon afterward two pilot boats came off. Th
informed me that the ship that wore a pendant was an arm
merchant ship, and that a king's frigate lay there in sig
at anchor within the Humber, waiting to take under convoy
number of merchant ships bound to the northward. T
pilots imagined the *Bon homme Richard* to be an English sh
of war, and consequently communicated to me the priv
signal which they had been required to make. I endeavo
by this means to decoy the ships out of the port, but the wi
then changing, and with the tide becoming unfavorable
them, the deception had not the desired effect, and they wis
put back. The entrance of the Humber is exceedingly di
cult and dangerous; and, as the *Pallas* was not in sight
thought it not prudent to remain off the entrance. I therefo
steered out again to join the *Pallas* off Flamborough Head.
the night we saw and chased two ships until 3 o'clock in
morning, when, being at a very small distance from them
made the private signal of recognizance which I had given
each captain before I sailed from Groaix; one-half of

swer only was returned. In this position both sides lay to
l daylight, when the ships proved to be the *Alliance* and the
llas.

On the morning of that day, the 23d, the brig from Hol-
nd not being in sight, we chased a brigantine that appeared
ying to to windward. About noon we saw and chased a large
ip that appeared coming around Flamborough Head from
e northward, and at the same time I manned and armed one
the pilot boats to sail in pursuit of the brigantine, which
w appeared to be the vessel that I had forced ashore. Soon
ter this a fleet of 41 sail appeared off Flamborough Head,
aring N.N.E. This induced me to abandon the single
p which had then been anchored in Burlington Bay. I
o called back the pilot boat, and hoisted a signal for a
neral chase. When the fleet discovered us bearing down, all
merchant ships crowded sail toward the shore. The two
ps of war that protected the fleet at the same time steered
m the land, and made the disposition for the battle. In
proaching the enemy, I crowded every possible sail, and
de the signal for the line of battle, to which the *Alliance*
wed no attention. Earnest as I was for the action, I could
. reach the commodore's ship until seven in the evening.
ng then within pistol shot, when he hailed the *Bon homme*
hard, we answered him by firing a whole broadside.

The battle, being thus begun, was continued with unre-
ting fury. Every method was practised on both sides to
n an advantage and rake each other; and I must confess
t the enemy's ship, being much more manageable than the
homme Richard, gained thereby several times an advan-
eous situation, in spite of my best efforts to prevent it. As
ad to deal with an enemy of greatly superior force, I was
ler the necessity of closing with him, to prevent the advan-
e which he had over me in point of manœuvre. It was my
ntion to lay the *Bon homme Richard* athwart the enemy's
, but, as that operation required great dexterity in man-
ment of both sail and helm, and some of our braces being

shot away, it did not exactly succeed to my wishes. Th
enemy's bowsprit, however, came over the *Bon homme Richar*
poop by the mizzen mast, and I made both ships fast togeth
in that situation which by the action of the wind on t
enemy's sails forced her stern close to the *Bon homme Richar*
bow, so that the ships lay square alongside of each other, t
yards being all entangled, and the cannon of each ship tou
ing the opponent's side. When this position took place, it w
8 o'clock, previous to which the *Bon homme Richard* had
ceived sundry eighteen-pound shots below the water, and leak
very much. My battery of 12-pounders, on which I had pla
my chief dependence, being commanded by Lieut. Dale a
Col. Weibert, and manned principally with American seam
and French volunteers, were entirely silenced and abandon
As to the six old eighteen-pounders that formed the battery
the lower gun-deck, they did no service whatever. Two outt
three of them burst at the first fire, and killed almost all
men who were stationed to manage them. Before this ti
too, Col. de Chamillard who commanded a party of 20 soldi
on the poop, had abandoned that station after having l
some of his men. These men deserted their quarters. I h
now only two pieces of cannon, nine-pounders, on the quar
deck, that were not silenced; and not one of the heavier can
was fired during the rest of the action. The purser, M
Mease, who commanded the guns on the quarter deck, be
dangerously wounded in the head, I was obliged to fill
place, and with great difficulty rallied a few men, and shift
over one of the quarterdeck guns, so that we afterward pla
three pieces of 9-pounders upon the enemy. The tops al
seconded the fire of this little battery, and held out brav
during the whole of the action, especially the main top, wh
Lieut. Stack commanded. I directed the fire of one of
three cannon against the main-mast, with double-headed sh
while the other two were exceedingly well served with gr
and canister shot to silence the enemy's musketry, and clear
decks, which was at last effected. The enemy were, as I h

ıce understood, on the instant of calling for quarters when e cowardice or treachery of three of my under officers in- ıced them to call to the enemy. The English commodore ked me if I demanded quarters; and, I having answered him the most determined negative, they renewed the battle with ıble fury. They were unable to stand the deck; but the e of their cannon especially the lower battery, which was tirely formed of 18-pounders, was incessant. Both ships re set on fire in various places, and the scene was dreadful yond the reach of language. To account for the timidity of y three under officers,—I mean the gunner, the carpenter, d the master-at-arms,—I must observe that the two first re slightly wounded; and, as the ship had received various ots under water and one of the pumps being shot away, the rpenter expressed his fear that she would sink, and the other o concluded that she was sinking, which occasioned the nner to run aft on the poop without my knowledge to strike e colors. Fortunately for me, a cannon ball had done that fore by carrying away the ensign staff. He was therefore luced to the necessity of sinking as he supposed, or of call- for quarter; and he preferred the latter.

All this time the *Bon homme Richard* had sustained the ion alone, and the enemy, though much superior in force, uld have been very glad to have got clear, as appears by ir own acknowledgments, and by their having let go an chor the instant that I laid them on board, by which means y would have escaped, had I not made them well fast to the *n homme Richard.*

At last, at half-past nine o'clock, the *Alliance* appeared, I now thought the battle at an end; but, to my utter onishment, he discharged a broadside full into the stern the *Bon homme Richard.* We called to him for God's sake forbear firing into the *Bon homme Richard;* yet he passed ng the off side of the ship and continued firing. There s no possibility of his mistaking the enemy's ship for the *n homme Richard,* there being the most essential difference

in their appearance and construction; besides, it was th
full moonlight, and the sides of the *Bon homme Richard* we
all black, while the sides of the prizes were yellow; yet, for t
greater security, I showed the signal of our reconnoissan
by putting out three lanthorns, one at the head (bow), anotl
at the stern (quarter), and the third in the middle in a horizo
tal line. Every tongue cried that he was firing into the wro
ship, but nothing availed. He passed round, firing into t
Bon homme Richard's head, stern, and broadside; and by c
of his volleys killed several of my best men, and morta
wounded a good officer on the forecastle. My situation w
really deplorable. The *Bon homme Richard* received vari
shot under the water from the *Alliance*, the leak gained on
pumps, and the fire increased much on both ships. Some
ficers persuaded me to strike, of whose courage and good se
I have high opinion. My treacherous master-at-arms let lo
all my prisoners without my knowledge and my prospect
came gloomy indeed. I would not, however, give up the po
The enemy's main-mast began to shake, their firing decreas
ours rather increased, and the British colors were struck
half an hour past 10 o'clock.

This prize proved to be the British ship of war the *Sera*
a new ship of 44 guns, built on their most approved constr
tion, with two complete batteries, one of them of 18-pound
and commanded by the brave Commodore Richard Pearson.
had yet two enemies to encounter far more formidable than
Britons,—I mean fire and water. The *Serapis* was attac
only by the first, but the *Bon homme Richard* was assailed
both. There were five feet of water in the hold, and thoug
was moderated from the explosion of so much gunpowder,
the three pumps that remained could with difficulty only k
the water from gaining. The fire broke out in various p
of the ship, in spite of all the water that could be throwr
quench it, and at length broke out as low as the powder ma
zine, and within a few inches of the powder. In that dilem
I took out the powder upon deck, ready to be thrown o

ard at the last extremity; and it was ten o'clock the next y, the 24th, before the fire was entirely extinguished. With spect to the situation of the *Bon homme Richard*, the rudder s cut entirely off the stern frame, and the transoms were nost entirely cut away; the timbers, by the lower deck pecially, from the main-mast to the stern, being greatly de- yed with age, were mangled beyond my power of description; d a person must have been an eye-witness to form a just idea the tremendous scene of carnage, wreck, and ruin that erywhere appeared. Humanity cannot but recoil from the ospect of such finished horror, and lament that war should oduce such fatal consequences.

After the carpenters, as well as Capt. de Cottineau, and ner men of sense, had well examined and surveyed the ship hich was not finished before five in the evening), I found ery person to be convinced that it was impossible to keep the *n homme Richard* afloat so as to reach a port if the wind ould increase; it being then only a moderate breeze. I had t little time to remove my wounded, which now became un- oidable, and which was effected in the course of the night d the next morning. I was determined to keep the *Bon nme Richard* afloat, and, if possible, to bring her into port. r that purpose the first lieutenant of the *Pallas* continued board with a party of men to attend the pumps, with boats waiting ready to take them on board in case the water ould gain on them too fast. The wind augmented in the ht and the next day, on the 25th, so that it was impossible prevent the good old ship from sinking. They did not ndon her till after 9 o'clock. The water was then up to lower deck, and a little after ten I saw with inexpressible ef the last glimpse of the *Bon homme Richard*. No lives e lost with the ship, but it was impossible to save the stores ny sort whatsoever. I lost even the best part of my clothes, ks, and papers; and several of my officers lost all their hes and effects.

Having thus endeavored to give a clear and simple re
tion of the circumstances and the events that have attended
little armament under my command, I shall freely submit
conduct therein to the censure of my superiors and the
partial public. I beg leave however, to observe that the fo
that was put under my command was far from being v
composed; and, as the great majority of the actors in it h
appeared bent on the pursuit of interest only, I am exce
inly sorry that they and I have been at all concerned. I
in the highest degree sensible of the singular attentions wh
I have experienced from the Court of France, which I sh
remember with perfect gratitude until the end of my life, a
will always endeavor to merit while I can, consistent with
honor, continue in the public service. I must speak plain
As I have been always honored with the full confidence of C
gress, and as I also flattered myself with enjoying in sc
measure the confidence of the Court of France, I could not
be astonished at the conduct of M. de Chaumont, when, in
moment of my departure from Groaix, he produced a pape
concordat, for me to sign in common with the officers who
had commissioned but a few days before. Had that paper
even a less dishonorable one, been proposed to me at the
ginning, I would have rejected it with just contempt,
the word deplacement among others should have been nec
sary. I cannot, however, even now suppose that he
authorized by the court to make such a bargain with me,
can I suppose that the minister of the marine meant that
de Chaumont should consider me merely as a colleague w
the commanders of the other ships, and communicate to th
not only all he knew, but all he thought, respecting our desti
tion and operations. M. de Chaumont has made me vari
reproaches on account of the expense of the *Bon hom*
Richard, wherewith I cannot think I have been justly cha
able. M. de Chamillard can attest that the *Bon hom*
Richard was at last far from being well fitted or armed
war. If any person or persons who have been charged w

e expense of that armament have acted wrong, the fault must t be laid to my charge.

I had no authority to superintend that armament, and the rsons who had authority were so far from giving me what I ought necessary that M. de Chaumont even refused among her things, to allow me irons for securing the prisoners of ar.

In short, while my life remains, if I have any capacity to nder good and acceptable services to the common cause, no an will step forth with greater cheerfulness and alacrity than yself; but I am not to be dishonored, nor can I accept of the lf confidence of any man living. Of course, I cannot, con- tent with my honor and a prospect of success, undertake ture expeditions, unless when the object and destination is mmunicated to me alone, and to no other person in the arine line. In cases where troops are embarked, a like con- ence is due alone to their commander-in-chief. On no other ndition will I ever undertake the chief command of a private pedition; and, when I do not command in chief, I have no sire to be in the secret.

Captain Cottineau engaged the *Countess of Scarborough*, d took her after an hour's action, while the *Bon homme chard* engaged the *Serapis*. The *Countess of Scarborough* an armed ship of 20 six-pounders, and was commanded by king's officer. In the action the *Countess of Scarborough* d the *Serapis* were at a considerable distance asunder; and e *Alliance*, as I am informed, fired into the *Pallas*, and killed ne men. If it should be asked why the convoy was suffered escape, I must answer that I was myself in no condition to rsue, and that none of the rest showed any inclination, not en M. Ricot, who had held off at a distance to windward ring the whole action, and withheld by force the pilotboat th my lieutenant and 15 men. The *Alliance*, too, was in a te to pursue the fleet, not having had a single man wounded a single shot fired at her from the *Serapis*, and only three at did execution from the *Countess of Scarborough*, at such

a distance that one stuck in the side, and the other two ji touched and then dropped into the water. The *Alliance* kil one man only on board the *Serapis*. As Captain de Cottin charged himself with manning and securing the prisoners the *Countess of Scarborough*, I think the escape of the Ba fleet cannot so well be charged to his account.

I should have mentioned that the main-mast and the mizz top-mast of the *Serapis* fell overboard soon after the capt had come on board the *Bon homme Richard*.

Upon the whole, the captain of the *Alliance* has beha so very ill in every respect that I must complain loudly of conduct. He pretends that he is authorized to act indepe ent of my command. I have been taught to the contra but, supposing it to be so, his conduct has been base and pardonable. M. de Chamillard will explain the particula Either Captain Landais or myself is highly criminal and or the other must be punished. I forbear to take any ste with him until I have the advice and approbation of your cellency. I have been advised by all the officers of the squa ron to put M. Landais under arrest; but, as I have postpon it so long, I will bear with him a little longer until the retu of my express.

We this day anchored here, having since the action be tossed to and fro by contrary winds. I wished to have gain the road of Dunkirk on account of our prisoners, but w overruled by the majority of my colleagues. I shall hast up to Amsterdam; and there, if I meet with no orders for n government, I will take the advice of the French ambassad It is my present intention to have the *Countess of Scarboro* ready to transport the prisoners from hence to Dunkirk, u less it should be found more expedient to deliver them to t English ambassador, taking his obligation to send to Dunki &c., immediately an equal number of American prisoners. am under strong apprehensions that our object here will fa and that through the imprudence of M. de Chaumont, who h communicated everything he knew or thought on the matt

persons who cannot help talking of it at a full table. This the way he keeps state secrets, though he never mentioned e affair to me.

I am ever, &c.,

John P. Jones.

JACATAQUA

TERROR enlarges the object, as does joy. "The wh forest seemed to open," says the hunter of his first tig "I don't know what its exact size may have been; but, me, it seemed thirty feet high." So, by emotional grande were the heroes of antiquity conceived; and so, to the joy eye of the lover seems the object of his delight, bringing su wonder and awe, that each motion—each look—is exagg ated, filled with power and significance, intensified to a deg that puts colder measurements aside. From this, the lore romance has grown. In America, the legend of a horr before the war-whoops of the Indians gives some inkling a great dread the colonists experienced—but there is rar a countering legend of joy.

We believe that life in America is compact of violence a the shock of immediacy. This is not so. Were it so, the would be a corresponding beauty of the spirit—to bear witness; a great flowering, simple and ungovernable as t configuration of a rose—that should stand with the gifts the spirit of other times and other nations as a standard humanity. There is none.

"The United States, without self-seeking, has given mo of material help to Europe and to the world in the last t years in time of need, than have all other nations of the wor put together in the entire history of mankind. It has stamp out yellow fever from the coasts of South America, etc."

It is our need that is crying out, that and our immen wealth, the product of fear,—a torment to the spirit; we sell- but carefully—to seek blessings abroad. And this wealth, that is not pure accident—is the growth of fear.

It is this which makes us the flaming terror of the worl

Titan, stupid (as were all the giants), great, to be tricked tripped (from terror of us) with hatred barking at us by ery sea—and by those most to whom we give the most. In e midst of wealth, riches, we have the inevitable Coolidge atform: "poorstateish"—meek. THIS is his cure before the rld: our goodness and industry. THIS will convince the rld that we are RIGHT. It will not. Make a small mouth. is the acme of shrewdness, of policy. It will work. We all have more to give. Logical reasoning it is: generous to ve and give. It is bred of fear. It is as impossible for a lh nation to convince any one of its generosity as for a camel pass through the eye of a needle. Puritanical; pioneer; ut of the small white farm-house"—the product of delay. ie characteristic of American life is that it holds off from lbraces, from impacts, gaining, by fear, safety and time in iich to fortify its prolific carcass—while the spirit, with ague hanging out, bites at its bars—its object just out of ich. Wilson grazed heaven by his lewdness; the door stood en till it was slammed close. I relish the back door gossip it made him impossible.

Delay, all through youth, halt and cessation, not of effort, t of touch, all through life as it is learned: no end save cumulation, always upon the way to BIGGER opportunity; keep realization from the mind with a purpose till men are ined never to possess fully but just to SEE. This makes entists and it makes the masochist. Keep it cold and small d under the cold lens. It is bastardization as of astronomy t has no counterpart with us in the aspirations or the con- ts of the flesh; a passion equal to the straining of a tele- pe. Digressions—The American character is acquisitive, mediate, like the Morgan interests, Mr. Franklin at the m, the International Mercantile Marine that owns, as mort- ger, the White Star, the Red Star, the Atlantic Transport es, etc. American lines but English ships. We own them. t who HAS them? A more practical race used to holding lia. Crude as iron.

What would be better to-night than a long hour of mu
at ease and away from disturbance, a friend or two of
same humor with a little talk now and again when the m
cian, since it should be a woman, rested,—the pause bef
the sexual act, that interruption from desire that piles u
weight of energy behind it like stones do a river. The
possibility to attain is the source of all good in the world,
real reason for the Puritan. No, not *all good*, though s
seems to Americans. There is a kind of piling of experie
upon experience that is not bound to satiety, but to wisd
the highest knowledge of all, to Buddha, if one like, to rele
to relief, to the dangerous ground of pleasure: *Jenseits des l
princip*, Freud sees it, beyond the charmed circle. It is
matter, since it is unknown in the province I am discussi
Here, through terror, there is no direct touch; all is cold, li
and discreet:—save just under the hide.

There are no American servitors. An American will
serve another man. This is a fear. Nothing is so delight
as to serve another. Instead of that, we have "service,"
thing that Rabindranath Tagore so admired, telling us we
not know we had it: Sending supplies to relieve the cycl
sufferers in Indiana. It is a passion. But to serve anot
with a harder personal devotion is foreign to us: a trick
foreigners, a servant's trick. We are afraid that we could
do it and retain our self-esteem. We couldn't. Thus we
of what our self-esteem is made.

"Don't let's have any poor," is our slogan. And we
not notice that the chief reason for this is that it offends us
believe that there are the essentially poor who are far ric
than are we who give. The poor are ostracized. Cults
built to abolish them, as if they were cockroaches, and
human beings who may not want what we have in such ab
dance. THAT would be an offense an American could
stomach. So down with them. Let everybody be rich and
EQUAL. What a farce! But what a tragedy! It rests u
false values and fear to discover them. Do not serve anot

you might have to TOUCH him and he might be a JEW or NIGGER.

Do you realize the fascination the story of the white man who had twin nigger babies has for us? They accused woman of having had intercourse with the apartment's ored elevator boy. Her husband abandoned her at once, course,—charming man. But you know Mendel's law; they covered there had been a darky in *his* family six generations ore! There's the dénouement for every good American. careful whom you marry! Be careful for you can NEVER w. Watch, wait, study.

Deanimated, that's the word; something the sound of "met- ome," a mechanical means; Yankee inventions. Machines e not so much to save time as to save dignity that fears the mate touch. It is miraculous the energy that goes into entions here. Do you know that it now takes just ten min- s to put a bushel of wheat on the market from planting selling, whereas it took three hours in our colonial days? at's striking. It must have been a tremendous force that ld do that. That force is fear that robs the emotions; a hanism to increase the gap between touch and thing, *not* ave a contact.

America adores violence, yes. It thrills at big fires and losions. This approaches magnificence! The finest fire- ters in the world. We live not by having less fires but e, by the excitement of seeing torturing things done well, light ease even. But we have violence *for service*, mark Battleships *for peace*. The force of enterprise *for bring- bananas* to the breakfast table. Massive mining opera- s to transport us—whither? Bathrooms, kitchens, hos- ls with a maximum of physical convenience and a minimum vaste to spare us—for what? We never ask. It is all a to more intimate shocks. Everything is for "generosity" "honor." *It has to be* for us to get away with it. There- , we cannot acknowledge, really, downright thievery in our

friends. We can't get to it. Did we do so, we should kn many things most disturbing to our peace of mind.

Atlanta, Georgia, is far worse than Paris for girls on streets soliciting, but there is no good in it,—I don't supp there has ever been an American woman like Kiki or th delightful Baroness who paraded Fifth Avenue one day w a coal-scuttle for a chapeau. Naturally they arrested h Naturally. She would have been arrested in any city, not, I imagine, with quite such a sense of duty as in Amer To permit such a thing would cast a very awkward light us all.

The impact of the bare soul upon the very twist of fact which is our world about us, is un-American. *That* shun and rush off to the laboratory, the wheatfield (hidl our indecent passion in meddling, playing) in a spirit of se ice—our chemistry is all that—salt away the profits, and bo of our saving, stabilizing *Constitution* in dread, as of a gl heart, fiercely aligning ourselves in its defense as if it w something else than a mechanical shift.

Men weaving women, women spouting men—colleges a streets torturing and annealing the machinery to cure can and kill mosquitoes, to carry fish in proper cars and fruit others, to kill the *Ædes Egyptus* in the domestic water sup of Quito by the use of minnows in the house tanks—Our is tortuous and grotesque, huge fetishes by which we ruled in utter darkness—or we fly abroad for sensation: An thing to escape—we fear simplicity as the plague. Nev to allow touch. What are we but poor doomed carcasses, a one of us? Why then all this fury, this multiplicity we p between ourselves and our desires? Twisting and bendin that nervous habit of wanting to be thought pleasant—t tuous and grotesque.

It is the women above all—there never have been wom save pioneer Katies; not one in flower save some moonflo Poe may have seen, or an unripe child. Poets? Whe They are the test. But a true woman in flower, never. Em

ckinson, starving of passion in her father's garden, is the ry nearest we have ever been—starving.

Never a woman: never a poet. That's an axiom. Never poet saw sun here.

Oh, men have had women, millions of them, of course: od, firm Janes. But one that spouted any comprehensive y? Never. Dolly Madison was a bright doll. At best ey want to be men, sit and be a pal. It's all right. How uld they do anything else with the men brutally beaten by e life—

Do you know that the old town-records in Massachusetts ow few men without two and many with as many as seven ves? Not at all uncommon to have had five. How? The first es died shooting children against the wilderness like cannon lls. There's a reason for traditional cleverness! And we k about the wilderness with affection. We are blind asses, h our whole history unread before us and helpless if we d it. Nothing noticed. Nothing taught in the academies. u'd think that THAT would force us into some immediacy. ver. We write books deploring the post-war hilarity of our esent-day girls. Mr. Hungerford assures me the girls are different now than they were before the Rebellion. But ! Ben Franklin, who started black with an illegitimate ., was forced to turn white, poor Richard, to save himself er. He saw the hell and warned us, warned us to save our nies. So, too, spendthrift Cleveland who became economist.

Our life drives us apart and forces us upon science and ention—away from touch. Or if we do touch, our breed ows no better than the coarse fiber of football. Though l Bird says that American men are the greatest business n in the world: the only ones who understand the passion making money: absorbed, enthralled in it. It's a game. me, it is because we fear to wake up that we play so well. agine stopping money making. Our whole conception of lity would have to be altered. But to keep a just balance ween business and another object, is to spoil the intoxica-

tion, the illusion, the unity even. It's very hard on the
who must be something or other in order to live. To
against that stream, Emily Dickinson, about the only wo
one can respect for her clarity, lived in her father's back y

Our breed knows no better than the coarse fibre of footh
the despair we have for touching, the cheek, the breast—dr
us to scream in beaten frenzy at the great spectacle of viol
—or to applaud coldness and skill.

Who is open to injuries? Not Americans. Get h
you're a fool. The only hero is he who is not hurt. We h
no feeling for the tragic. Let the sucker who fails get
What's tragic in that? That's funny! To hell with h
He didn't make good, that's all.

It's a kind of celluloid of gayety (I am speaking of
theaters), a numbing coat that cuts us off from touch.
you see the expression on Coolidge's face when Al Jolson
his stuff before him on the White House lawn? embarrassm
shame, fear to seem not to be amused, desire to get awa
very bad taste on everybody's part. But it was really fu
to see. That jazz dose and the Puritan: something akin: l
removed from simplicity, really, and touch: each his own v
that shaky shimmy and the—shame.

What is the result? The result is the thing that resu
of course.

Anyhow, it's curious to pick up results, you'll find
ends of New England families—all burnt out; charm
people: an old man marries a girl: male sons aplenty
sew and wash and make pies; embroider, select their motH
hats and dress fabrics—and paint pictures: long skinny
with emotional wits who have smelt losses. A bastard a
tocracy. Men who, when their friends disappoint them, g
nervous and cry all night. It is because there are no wo
These men are more out of place in pushing young Ame
than a Chinaman—or a Tibetan.

Women—givers (but they have been, as reservoirs, emp
perhaps they are being filled now. Hard to deal with in b

us, more conservative, closer to earth—the only earth. They e our cattle, cattle of the spirit—not yet come in. None c has raised benevolence to distinction. Not one to "wield · beauty as a scepter." It is a brilliant opportunity.—But : æsthetic shown by American artists (the test of the men) is discouraging: the New England eunuchs,—"no re sex than a tapeworm"—faint echoes of England, per-ps of France, of Rousseau, as Valéry Larbaud insists,—der: no detail in his foregrounds just remote lusts, fiery t "gone,"—Poe: moonlight. It is the annunciation of the ritual barrenness of the American woman.

Violence—the newspapers are full of murder, but it is for papers: that's not immediacy but FEAR. It is the hysteria cheated folk, similar to the outbreaks of murder and suicide the Germanic countries after the war—The old man that rdered the woman with a Polish name in Perth Amboy. is so clear: A man without a woman finds one. She imme-tely starts to torture him. It's all they can do. "Take out of the son of a bitch"—he's put himself in a compro-sing position and deserves to be castrated. Every force is ed against him. So he murders her. But is THAT a deed passion? Surely not. Or the motion picture murders. It's shriek of starvation. As Charlot said after his first abor-e attempt to get a wife: "Such is life in the Great West," t land of wealth and promise. As Roosevelt said of Roose-t after this last gubernatorial campaign in New York: e's a *promising* young man." Yes, it's a promising coun-. It's what the French say of our women in Paris: *prom-g* young women.

Dr. Gaskins sensed it cynically: The ideal woman should l at the eyebrows and have the rest filled in with hair. It he practical answer to the immediate American need. Prag-tism. It's inevitable that men shall go down the scale until y strike what they want—or can get. There was the young dical fellow, a New Englander, in the State Asylum at rcester, a periodic maniac; his history fascinated me. He

is a clever physician, and a man of excellent antecede
Shortly after college (and a medical education takes so l
that a man is in his late twenties before he can afford
marry) he married a woman far below his class,—he had
to get her. Shortly realizing his fatal error, he promp
being a sensitive man, went insane,—and was as promptly
vorced and committed to the asylum by his wife, proving
soundness of his mind—fundamentally. He has married th
times since and has always gone mad: a little like Strindbe
But the reasoning here is truly American. Trained a Puritt
he was bursting for lack of sexual satisfaction. Unwillf
to commit the sin of fornication and being unable to ge
wife of his own class, due to poverty, or what not—he m
ried someone below his scale of æsthetic or emotional rel
Thus the greater was sacrificed to the lesser. Now he
overcome with anguish. His life was ruined. He bitte
assailed himself for his folly and lost all control. In the h
pital, he worked well in the laboratory—but he was tr
insane. There is no class to absorb this stress.

There is a story told of George Moore the last time
was in New York. Meeting at a tea some well shaped Am
can woman, who was apparently intent upon showing hers
to the world (though the poor thing probably didn't m
it), Moore asked her to go upstairs and undress for him t
he might see her naked. She indignantly refused of cou
But I like his gesture. Naturally she didn't HAVE to do as
wanted her to; yet he nailed her. And he nailed us. I thi
he was sufficiently distinguished for her to have satisfied hi

Or, if a girl is—(not generous, bah!) but discerning w
her whole body—that's it, a woman must see with her wh
body to be benevolent.—If in the eighth grade she begins
discern the depth of her necessity—she is made to feel t
there is something *wrong* about her, not reckless but fun
mentally *wrong*. In contradistinction, a woman from Ad
anople might be taught not that it is *wrong* to give herself b
that murder will follow it, or that it is a dangerous gift to

en *rarely*, but a GIFT. So she is shut up, like a French girl better family, say; as we do wheat or a case of fine fruit. t the American girl who can run free must be protected some other way so she is *frightened*—if possible. She is a thing (they tell her), she is made to feel that she is vi-us, evil—It really doesn't do anything save alter the *color* her deed, make it unprofitable, it scrapes off the *bloom* of gift—it is puritanical envy. When she gives, it will be bably to the butcher boy—since she has been an apt pupil l *believes* that she is *evil*, believes even that her pleasure is

It's the central lie! but she is sure of it and gives her vir-ity to the butcher boy instead of having at least a decent nance. As Ken. says: we get (that is, presuming we are ts) the daughters of the butcher. In the boarding school Burlington, my friend, a teacher, was on the alert. The sion was horrible in this fashionable school. Several of the nen were watching at points of vantage—with what feel-s in their own hearts it would be easy to say. Soon a soft stle, then the window opened and the conventional knotted et ladder dropped out. There was a buggy down the road. t as the second of the two girls reached the ground, they e both seized. In a wild scramble the young fellows es-ed. Yes, the butcher boy and his pal. Of course, these igs cannot be permitted.

Our girls have excellent physiques, really superb. I have n watched, as who has not—for they are coming out—e bather in the little stuff they wear to-day with acid sion. And there you are. They are fit only to be seen in ws, or, in the train of a launch, on aquaplanes, six at a , the swift motion only serving to give the authentic sense flipperiness, pseudo-naiads without the necessary wildness the chill—fit only to be seen by the box, like Oregon lles, bright and round but tasteless—wineless, wholesale.

Why one of the hottest women that I know, lascivious in t might have been the sense in which I speak of it, but too

timid, unable to stem the great American tide inimical women, spent almost the whole war period in Washing She was a yeomanette but employed her spare time spying middle-aged men, Majors with wives in Omaha, who were ing the nights to their stenographers—as it was done dur the war. This girl's passion was horrible to behold. turned slightly later, though she didn't perhaps perceive to other women. She wrote to me from time to time of experiences. I liked her and enjoyed her letters. In one ter, among other things, she said that no one could *imag* what it meant to a girl to lose her virginity. But yes, I co imagine it, better than she. It means *everything* in Amer Well, of course, it has meant more than it does today b am tracing the tendency. It means that she gets such a lent jolt from her past teaching and such a sense of the ha of the world (as she conceives it must be) against her she is ready to commit suicide. Or "go to the dogs." T it might be the opening of wonders, of freedom to "save nation," that it might at least be an opportunity for pract use to the half of humanity that needs just that, never occ to her. She is crushed. Or one imagines she is. As a ma of fact, Wally Gould tells of the two Lewiston girls who v coming home by moonlight from a rendezvous in the wo with two boy friends; one was crying, but the other sig and said, "Well, *that's* over with"—and next day when old fool of a neighbor was sending a box of candy to the wic she dumped the sweets out and filled the box with h manure.

Intelligent, our girls are, their minds are whip-like they don't rot, as did Martha's, she who beat the record of years at Cornell; was secretary to Altman; was graduated trained nurse and, what a volcano of energy!—taught Gr in a school till she went mad at the slowness of the pupil and married that marvelous little lame Irishman, Darby— has the moods of a rose. What a woman! spending her life as servitor to women in the Insane Hospital on Ward's Isl

fter being an inmate for years there herself—and recover-

What an energy wasted there! No place for it in the d save among the insane. Especially no place for it in the ted States.

Whip-like intelligences, lost after a few years. Perverse, "*deraille*," as Brancusi says, too easily. To them, Paris zarre, a "place to spill the nerves," a bewildering surprise. y cannot carry a weight, as French women do their men; er the release of Paris, they are just useless, often coarse, , drunk. What's that but unsatisfying. I salute them, use only for American women, have I any deep fellow ng, or at least they are the only ones that seem to me fying. Great experimenters with the emotions, "Paris" ears in so many literatures and there are so many appear- s that are "Paris," heaven knows whom they are influenc-

I wish they could live at home. Imagine fleeing from world to a woman—and leaving her—strengthened, forti- above all *free* to GO! That costs money here! Of course should spend money upon women, especially American

Of course, our history has been short and comparatively ure, for the most part. There must be character in out- ie-way places, naturally, but none has raised the point hich I speak, to distinction. They existed, we know, de- ed and demeaned in the pioneer camps, as in Maine— redited save in a few bad narrative verses and short stories .. any number of stories: drunk and waking up in a whore's etc. Many men tell of that primitive kindness and *savoir* in the frontier camps, the purse returned with money t. To that understanding one must bow. But there has no genius in a woman, to see a man's talent and coax it is did Miss Li, let us say, in the Chinese legend. Never a acter to raise into story.

The incidents of our lives are too completely surrounded elays—the violence of our athletic games is mostly a de-

Of course, it is fortunate that we are so active and fear-

less. The youth must be "taken up" somehow. It is ta up *completely* in a great many cases, though. A good ma college athletes are "burnt out" in their three years of co petition; it is too much. They frequently find it impossi to breed, if that were all.

Poets, through their energy, receive such a stamp of age upon their work, that they are marked, in fact, even the necessities of their defeat, as having lived well in th time. Poets are defeated but in an essential and total defi at any time, that time is stamped in character upon their wo they give shape to the formless age as by a curious die,—a so other times recognize them, the positives that created forms which give character and dignity to the damp mass the overpowering but characterless resistance. So Jacataq gave to womanhood in her time, the form which bitterness pioneer character had denied it.

At the left, with the company but not of it, silent in midst of noise and laughter, one group accorded well with wooded hill and quiet river, twenty or more Abenaki bra from Swan Island, picturesque in hunting garb. Perha none of all the company felt more interest and curiosity th did those dusky warriors, but their stolid faces and occasio guttural ejaculations gave no sign of the fire within.

Three paces in front of these silent braves stood th Sachem, Jacataqua, a girl scarce eighteen, in whom show the best traits of her mixed French and Indian blood.

"These Anglese for whom we watch, who are they?" s asked Squire Holworth, near her.

"Soldiers who go to fight the English at Quebec unc Arnold."

As the transports began to arrive and the eleven hundr disembarked, Captain Howard, commandant of Fort We ward, came up from the landing with the most notable of t guests. It was upon the reckless, dashing Arnold that eyes were turned. Jacataqua's Abenakis stood in the sa stolid silence, still a group apart, but the maiden herself, t

ce yielding to the wild pulses of her heart, stepped between e sturdy squires to a point of vantage whence she might ze upon the warrior whom all men seemed to honor.

One swift glance she gave the hero, then her black eyes et a pair as dark and flashing as her own, met and were held. ie turned to the man at her side.

"That, that Anglese! Who?"

"Thet? Thet's young Burr, the one Cushing said got off sick bed to come."

Startled, she stepped back among her people.

Young Burr but waited to gain his genial host's attention ask, excitedly:

"Who is that beauty?"

"Jacataqua, Sachem of the Indians of Swan Island; you ssed the wigwams of her people on the way up the river."

In a moment, Burr was standing before the Indian prin- ss, for the first and last time at a loss before a woman. imitive and direct, it was she who opened the conversation d opened it with a challenge:

"These," with a wave of her brown hand toward Howard d the group of officers, "these want meat. You hunt with e? I win."

THE VIRTUE OF HISTORY

AS in writing of some men it should be a pageant of w beasts, so in writing, or better, speaking of Aa Burr, one could not begin better than by saying, "th is nothing on earth divine beside humanity."

And more especially the female part of it.

He was admired by women; yet, even his most violent tractors acknowledge him a great soldier; he had men's miration also.

If distrust, jealousy and hatred can be called so, yes.

A secret admiration appears often under those nam But you speak there of other things than military reputati I say, in matters of war, he was widely acknowledged a lead

A pity, then, he did not stick to soldiering instead entering politics.

That's the question.

I think not. On that his critics are to a man agre

Then just there one should look closest.

Not so.

Indeed it is so, for if there is agreement on one point history, be sure there's interest there to have it so and tha not truth.

In governments, at least, I shall agree with you—nothi is divine.

But history follows governments and never men. It p trays us in generic patterns, like effigies or the carvings sarcophagi, which say nothing save, of such and such a m that he is dead. That's history. It is concerned only w the one thing: to say everything is dead. Then it fixes up t effigy: there that's finished. Not at all. History must st open, it is all humanity. Are lives to be twisted forcibly abo events, the mere accidents of geography and climate?

It is an obscenity which few escape—save at the hands of
e stylist, literature, in which alone humanity is protected
;ainst tyrannous designs.

But how small is the sum of good writing against the mass
poisonous stuff that finds its way into the history books;
r the dead can be stifled like the living.

That's metaphysical.

Never. That of the dead which exists in our imaginations
ıs as much fact as have we ourselves. The premise that
rves to fix us fixes also that part of them which we remember.

If history could be that which annihilated all memory of
ıst things from our minds it would be a useful tyranny.

But since it lives in us practically day by day we should
ar it. But if it is, as it may be, a tyranny over the souls
the dead—and so the imaginations of the living—where
:s our greatest well of inspiration, our greatest hope of free-
m (since the future is totally blank, if not black) we should
ıard it doubly from the interlopers.

You mean, tradition. Yes, nothing there is metaphysical.
is the better part of all of us.

It is the fountain! But men, never content in the malice
th which they surround each living moment, must extend
eir illwill backward, jealous even of a freedom in the past,
maim and to destroy there too. Better to be a Mexican
ıd take food to the graves on feast days.

When a man dies what can remain to us, even from the
st records, save a few facts—and a mass of prejudice since
, though he were the greatest man in the world, was only
e among the others of his time?

History that should be a left hand to us, as of a violinist,
bind up with prejudice, warping it to suit our fears as
inese women do their feet.

What can we do? Facts remain but what is the truth?

We can begin by saying: No opinion can be trusted; even
e facts may be nothing but a printer's error; but if a verdict
unanimous, it is sure to be a wrong one, a crude rush of the

herd which has carried its object before it like a helpless con doning image. If we cannot make a man live again when H is gone, it is boorish to imprison him dead within some narro definition, when, were he in his shoes before us, we could n do it. It's lies, such history, and dangerous. Just the may lie our one hope for the future, beneath that stone c prejudice. Perhaps Burr——

A prophet?

Perhaps Burr carried into politics an element of demo cratic government, even a major element, those times wer slighting—no matter what, an element so powerful and so rar that he was hated for it, feared—and loved.

"A dangerous man, one who ought not to be trusted wit the reins of government," said Hamilton.

How dangerous, and to whom? To usurpers? Why di the Senate weep so uncontrolledly at his farewell address Perhaps he had somebody's number. The hateful deed h spoke of had been done already, and, in their subtler appre hensions, they wept a vital loss.

"As to Burr," it says, "these things are admitted and in deed cannot be denied, that he is a man of extreme and irregu lar ambition,—"

He wanted to be President, an ambition both extreme and —to his enemies—irregular.

"—that he is selfish to a degree which excludes all socia affection and that he is decidedly profligate."

Hamilton again. But the man is a balloon of malice What has this slatternly talk to do with Burr's ability in mat ters of public trust? It is an attempt to maim the man by loose talk of his traits and private life where his reputation cannot be attacked by pat facts marshaled in the open.

Not his ability but his reliability is questioned.

But where are the facts?

His enterprise in Mexico.

Not yet. That one thorn on which they did impale him was a later growth. It did not come until the end of years

f vicious enmity by Hamilton and might well be called a deed f desperation.

It proved the soundness of their logic.

They hounded him to it to prove their logic. So for the est of the denunciation: Burr, seldom talkative in public a rare point in a politician and one dangerous to an oppo- ent) but a marvelous listener (most disquieting) becomes, ut of malice, "selfish to a degree that excludes all social ffection,"—but the accusation falls apart itself in the last : it, that Burr was profligate—which hardly goes with one evoid of all social affection. In fact the last is a pure lie, roven fifty times over by the man's life. Incurably generous e was dearly loved by his friends. No. It is all loose talk. r rather talk well aimed to do a damage. They feared him. r he was out of their control; out of their understanding ost likely.

"A brilliant lawyer, ranked by nearly all men of his time," says, "only second to their favorite, his friends placed him : the head. Calm, a persuasive speaker with an unusual ower of condensation, he never spoke long but swiftly to the oint. He knew no fatigue. As long as an enterprise ap- eared not impossible he was never discouraged but his insu- erable fortitude accomplished what others conceived utterly npracticable."

Is this a man to be thrown lightly into the discard? It oks mightily as if there were something there a government ight conserve.

"A great man in little things while he is really small in reat ones."

That's Jeffersonian rhetoric: a well turned phrase, but nat does it mean? It means that in the things Burr set his and to they found him great—he had no chance for more, ey would not give him way. Would he be Governor of New ork? No. Would he be Ambassador in Paris? No, though e committee three times unanimously recommended his ap- ointment. Would he be Brigadier General when in 1798 the

war with France threatened? Again, no. No, no; they w
envious of this courteous, well-bred, able silent man whom
enemy could down and so they sought to do away with h
by any means. We should suspect the motives of those w
malign him.

Did they, or did they speak the truth of a relentless ene
to law and order?

They malign him, I assert, because of something stran
in his composition, a weighty element—that in democracies
often called an enemy to law and order.

They suspected him.

Of what? They never can quite say. They say, this m
must not be trusted. That is all. And that is ALL.
"history" has recorded him a blackguard.

And that women loved him.

Royally, yes; especially his daughter, his Theodosia. B
that's a sop, a trick of history—

Wait. Here's splendid reading. "I contemplate you
she says, "with such a mixture of humility, admiration, reve
ence, love and pride that very little superstition would
necessary to make me worship you as a superior being."

By all that is divine on earth, by children, women, soldie
he was loved.

An infatuated woman.

And by half the population to boot, since so they vote
There was something there, an element—hated and love
suppressed; resurgent. What will history reveal? Litt
count upon it, save through violent means: an egg, you mu
smash it to have it.

The shell only you will break.

The rigid part.

Come, then, let's look inside; to most of us, I think, Burr
life presents a travesty on greatness.

We'll take the whole period to begin with. But if we e
amine it, not as history, that lie! but as a living thing, som
thing moving, undecided, swaying—Which way will it go?—

nething on the brink of the Unknown, as we are today,—
all we not see it (not as history has pictured it)—in no sense
period of revolution—such uprisings are for old states where
ility has become ingrained—but as a half-wild colony,
ung, shooting out green wood? England? A dry skin to be
t off, an itch, that's all. There was a deeper matter, a
ast in the sap, an untracked force that might lead anywhere;
was springtime in a new world when all things were pos-
le.

Freedom of conscience, a new start, and to be quit of
rope.

The Revolution came with Washington, the pin about
ich all hearts revolved. Most were satisfied with the obvi-
s: England the oppressor, from whom freedom must be
n. So when the war is over, why—there you are! But
ere were they? Sooner or later it must have been the same
akening without the Revolution. The war was nothing.

It was a war to the death that absorbed all loyal hearts.
And nearly all wits.

They were at their wits' ends.

But there were some saving minds. I say, compared to
great burst of a reawakened sense of life in the spirit of
New World, the war was nothing. But in those agonies
t spirit nearly died! It had been a sense of rebirth, not
much a declaration of independence against little England
an announcement to heaven itself, full of pride and of deep
ling. England must be beaten; but, under that, there was
leeper and a stronger force passing through the moment.
There would be few to realize that undersong.

England, by chance, stood in the way. But the defeat of
gland was the obvious false end. And now, a race in the
king, America must remember what in its hour of excite-
nt it had promised, its declarations, its pronouncements, its
trick Henry speeches. Were these just expedients of war
spur to battle or was it serious? There will be two opinions;
l, if the small attempt to absorb the great—

Much will be left over.

The most perhaps,—two parts, a greater and a less, tt lesser biting on the larger. The war won, all fatigued, wou not the way be smoothed for the easy deception that—the o vious thing—liberty had triumphed?

And so it had.

And would there not be a shrewd party, one way or a other, to step in and profit by the moment to say it had; a still another, opposite, to see a danger: liberty not won b lost anew in the mêlée?

Shea's rebellion.

Shea was an inspired ass. Our fate is in the air waverin which way it will go, a Junto on one side, Burr (maybe) c the other.

This is a philosophical division to be admitted if it preser the facts.

I speak of fiercely contested things, practical in the e treme, that tortured the souls of the founders: "the origin principle of state vitality, the most important element in ou Constitution, and one steadily undermined by Federal er croachment." The sense of the individual, the basis on whic the war was fought, instantly the war was over began to b debauched. Randolph sensed it. Burr sensed it. Hamilto was the Federalist champion. Washington, as President, " monster of prudence," was the helpless mother.

All very well,, yet let us recognize that there are thos in the world who will throw themselves into any subversive ac for sheer love of violence.

We are admonished to seek nothing but the good.

Seek, yes, but how if you do not find it?

I say, unless a land conserve this yeast, it will not rais much bread.

Burr was a subversive force.

Granted, granted.

Then?

He was a subversive force where liberty was waning.

They nearly hanged him for it.

Hang him? They tried to torture him to death with their all slanders on his private life and would have done so had he t known how to make them fail. So now they laugh and v his genius was to keep himself amused. They could not l it in him.

His vanity they could not.

His profound refinement, his sense of the deeper forces rking in his world that demanded freedom; things the others re beginning to stamp out, to whittle away, down to the nmon level. Gutted by their own phrases.

Is this the nation that made Washington?

It made him a cripple.

Protector of liberty.

Whose, Hamilton's?—to harness the whole, young, aspir- ; genius to a treadmill? Paterson he wished to make capital the country because there was waterpower there which to time and mind seemed colossal. And so he organized a npany to hold the land thereabouts, with dams and sluices, origin today of the vilest swillhole in christendom, the ssaic River; impossible to remove the nuisance so tight had Hamilton, sewed up his privileges unto kingdomcome, ough his holding company, in the State legislature. *His* npany. *His* United States: Hamiltonia—the land of the npany.

You violate your own concept of what history should be en you speak so violently.

The pendulum must swing. Is it not time that it swung *k?*

But was Burr really better who founded Tammany?

Child's play.

So you have raised the point that once the Revolution r the New World instead of being freed slipped into a tyr- ny as bad as or worse than the one it left behind; that, of s tyranny, Hamilton was the agent; and that—perhaps— Burr reposed the true element, liberty, which a party in

power tried to smother. What basis, other than the o adopted under the Constitution, could the new Governme have taken firmer? Burr proposed none. This is the char against him: that he proposed nothing yet refused to abi loyally by the established order.

In that man there burned a springtime of the soul, mounting desire that makes him seem, beside the harne animals of that dawning period like a bird in flight. B they, the others, wanting to escape their load, each puts h harness on a lesser nag,—the government on top, after t text, perhaps—

> *Set thy servant to work, and thou shalt find rest:*
> *Leave his hands idle, and he will seek liberty.*
> *And for an evil servant* (that's Burr) *there are racks and tortures.*

The Colonial Government was not perfect, but can t oyster live without his shell? They did what they were abl What did Burr propose?

I say that what Burr stood for—and that this is typical us—is lost sight of in the calumny that surrounds his nam through which the truth is not so easily to be discovere Let us dig and we shall see what is turned up—and name if we can.

Go on.

A new world, that's what we were. It was a springtime th the colonists, at their most impassioned were attempting But as it is a winter we are now in, and the more ordered t more wintry—dulled values, stereotyped effects of bygo adventures—so it began to be after the Revolution; a sen of life killed, systematically, as with school children—

Under a cruel eye outworn.

But some one must rule, even children know that and a cept it with pleasure and relief.

What matter who rule? to rule is without sense. The

m be no rule. Burr saw America in his imagination, free. iis spirit leaped to it—and his body followed out of a sick d. But his spark was not preserved. He saw America, or he d seen America, as a promise of delight and it struck fine rth, that fancy. Now he saw a sombre Washington—with rewd dog Hamilton at his side—locking the doors, closing e windows, building fences and providing walls. He dreaded is. He saw that they would only lock up themselves, and rebelled.

Inspired by devil or angel, Burr was a frightful danger the young state and needed to be curbed.

So much the worse for the young state then. But it's the alice I decry. Burr's account in history is a distortion. ne good which history should have preserved, it tortures. A untry is not free, is not what it pretends to be, unless it ive a vantage open (in tradition) for that which Burr posised in such remarkable degree. This is my theme.

But has he not that place? He's there in history just as u design him.

He's in myself and so I dig through lies to resurrect him. e are deceived by history. America had a great spirit given freedom but it was a mean, narrow, provincial place; it was OT the great liberty-loving country, not at all. Its choice irits died.

Ah, my friend, you are an enthusiast, rash guesses and e same loose talk of which you complain.

The Federal Government was slipping in its fangs. The nks were being organized.

A central power is strength.

"Morals and happiness will always be nearest to perction in small communities." In big ones men are theorists d outlaws. Make it big enough and it becomes a wood where eves protect each other from the more general evil—

Oh balderdash, anarchy, exploded theory—

One thing was sure, he used to say, no one would steal his t, it would fit no one else he had so big a head.

All very well, but let me hear you tell the story now, H his life, in its detail, supports your roseate view of him. doubt if you can do it.

He had a good beginning. He was a brilliant stud while at Princeton—howbeit there were stories of a wild there. Jonathan Edwards was his grandfather on the mo er's side and his father was President of the University. was wealthy and of a pleasing personal appearance,—thou short. After the university an interest in theology took H to Connecticut for private study—

Now the mill begins.

To the consternation of his friends he did a rightaboutfa threw the whole mass of religious dogma from him and decla himself a disbeliever.

He was twenty at that time, if I remember.

If his world believed in freedom he came out with it. T fits in with my design. Unlike a schemer, he stood from first in the open. Then, rising from a sickbed, he rushed with Arnold to Quebec. The thing that offers to the eye his enthusiasm; headlong he goes. On that campaign, throu direst hardships he returned a brilliant record; he led, he su ported, he adventured by himself. When there was diffic work he did it. He carried his commander from the fi through snow kneedeep before the British guns. Fearless, offered himself without stint. He was frail; it weakened hi He paid no heed. When he returned, still nothing but a b Washington claimed him for his staff.

It was a startling opportunity for him.

Burr stayed six weeks.

They say that to the personal dislike between the boy a Washington that followed, much of Burr's later unsuccess to be traced.

In fairness to them both, if there was ever an antithe between two men, both good in essence, it was here, both f but one the earth itself, the other—air. Somehow they sho have joined.

It is a fascinating moment, many chapters could be written
t upon this meeting.

No need of that. There was a plain reason for what took
ce. Burr could not stomach the restraint and the perfunc-
y nature of his work. Hamilton, himself, had not been
to do it. The General's aides were merely clerks to him;
imself did all the planning. This was no place for a high-
ited young man demanding action. Washington fell from
hopes into disappointment, and, reading Burr's impa-
ce in his looks, distrusted him. A fixed dislike sprang up
veen them.

I do believe you sometimes when you speak of a natural
ce of events; here truly there was no need for such an
ome.

At least the break was clean; there was no flattery, no
ing.

Burr no doubt found the General slow-witted. He could
see the power in Washington or else resented it. He
fed at his superior's dignity and deliberation. It made
restless.

But, transferred to Putnam's staff, he had brilliant service
through ill health he had to quit.

A humbler devotion, such as the time required, he could
stomach. He was self-willed, rash in judgment and un-
ed in both speech and deed.

Yet how clearly in everything he does his virtues and his
s stand out. Admit that he was rash: Mrs. Washington,
aid, knit well; Mrs. Putnam was a wondrous spinner!
enough; he looked at that, rejected it as passing and
d for more. The simpler manners of the time did not
cle him. He wanted other things of women. But, right or
g, he must have known such preferences could not bring
popularity. It is evidence of the man's sincerity and open
gard for the opinion of the world. He was no schemer.
hington, he said, should have retired after the war,—he

would have made a picturesque figure as a country gentlema
As President, Burr did not fancy him.

A very shallow judgment.

At least it followed his logic candidly. What cause H
he to praise the everlasting prudence of the President th
negated so much of value in order to conserve that which
Burr, thought nothing? Three times the committee unan
mously recommended him for the post in Paris and each ti
Washington vetoed the choice.

Three times right then.

Well, maybe; but—here's still a young man, dashing, r
—a proven soldier. The Clintons, the Livingstons, the V
Rensselaers all had eligible daughters. Let young Burr mar
one of them. Did he? It would have been a shrewd m
if one were the man avid for political ascendency.
married whom? A nobody, a widow of Paramus, New Jers
older than himself and with two sons; unbeautiful, a scar
her face—but the most refined, courteous, gracious creatu
he had ever laid his eyes upon. He loved these things, as
all he does, openly—in the teeth of the world. He found
an inspiration, one who opened his eyes to the blessed pa
of literature, to the deeper values that he sought—and
gave him his Theodosia. This constant evidence of the ma
clarity and disrespect for the applause of the world is in eve
thing he does.

Immoral virtues—

He loved and straight he went to the mark. It was
impossible plane in that world. That sort of independen
was bound to bring him into disrepute with the rulers of
colonies. Never though with the people, whom he knew, lov
of the senses, as was he. Men believed in him. He tied
the presidency in spite of nearly all the upper ten agai
him. Jefferson succeeded. He hated Burr. Overbear
toward the Vice President he told him—to look in the pap
for the news. The Vice Presidency was never better serv
however. And when he ran for Governor of New York, w

very daily paper hounding him, is that like a clever schemer, ot to have support?—the lowest gossip was not too low for ne New York Post. They poured their venom on him from very side. He was defeated, thanks to this, not a single paper acked him, a very awkward schemer that, and yet he nearly ot it. That's why they hated him: they feared his power. : was the dread and the love of his free spirit.

And then the duel—

Hamilton had hounded him for years. At length he openly lled Burr "politically dangerous." What did he mean? urr wrote demanding an explanation. To the party in ower, yes, dangerous he may have been, but to the country—ow? Hamilton refused to answer. Then let it be pinned wn. Either it must be one or the other. Burr was not gry. If any one feared it was not he. His head was clear, slept well, he was refreshed and went to the place of the el.

Hamilton was fifty-seven. Burr somewhat younger.

Hamilton fired first, the bullet clipping a twig above rr's head. His hand was trembling. Did he fire wild, as seconds say he did, on purpose? Burr's seconds said no, d stuck to it; the bullet came too close to their man's head have been anything but a plain miss due to a shaking hand. en Burr fired. He shot coolly, seriously and with convic-n. He killed his man, logically and as he meant to do and w he must. For a moment, as he saw his adversary fall, was overcome with compassion, then he turned away. Ham-n, before he died, dictated his astonishing testament, in ich he says—imagine the flimsy nature of his lifelong enmity ard the man—that, regarding Burr, he "might have been informed of his intentions." Good God, what an answer! rk till you are fifty-seven to ruin a man, insult him, malign and then say, dying: I may have been misinformed.

May it not have been so?

It may, but that's a poor excuse for Hamilton. No, Burr not tractable; but, the villain they imagine him, he was

not either. It was his hatred of the Virginia Junto and th success against him that undid him.

Did he intend an empire in the west?

Sam Houston was later to be called a hero for that, iff did. Perhaps he did dream: a man whose schemes, if they w so, were so poor they never once succeeded. He was a l scholar of his betters—whose schemes succeeded. His expe tion into the west was, in effect, his hatred of the Junto. It his protest against the major fault of tyranny with which accused the Federalist Party. If his wild scheme, whate it may have been, was traitorous, it was no more so than the was subtly sinister. He hated them. They knew it. sought new worlds.

The trial—

A farce. No one believed in it. It's most noteworthy in dent was John Marshall's graciousness in permitting the fense to subpœna Jefferson, the real accuser, though he President. Tea was served in the afternoons. Nothing proved. But now, yes, all hope of power was ended. I twenty-five years he fought that party; in the end, he br them backing Andrew Jackson whom he ardently admir But he, himself, was ended.

How then did he deport himself?

They exiled him to Europe where his journal shows h never much depressed—a lover of his brilliant daughter. A four years he returned to meet the bitterest tragedy experie could deal him, the death of his small grandson whom he lo tenderly; then, on top of that, the death at sea of Theoda herself. He felt at last "cut off from humanity."

His Theodosia—

He had taught her everything he knew, hoping in his years to enjoy with her a rare companionship. Now even t hope was lost.

Did he intend his gross journal for her eyes as it is s

Every word of it. He had told her everything; he created her into his free world where he lived in unconstra

ıe was as far above the women of her time as he would have d himself above the men.

They say he paid to keep ten women.

And there were, perhaps, an hundred bastard children—for e legend's sake. But what I would drag out to the light this: If they were wrong, those who judged him in his time, e intent was deliberate and malicious—and that this is typ- ıl of us.

I can see how you would wish to prove that so but not how ru will prove it.

Knowing in the marrow what they must lose, the self-styled ree and independent," to become a nation—

That is, what they must give up of personal liberty for e general good—

What they must sacrifice of hard-won freedom, whittling emselves down—it was dispiriting—they realized with a stalgic tremor that Burr had KEPT. An unbecoming jeal- sy sprang up instanter, as with pioneers in a bad country o know that one of them is hoarding up his sugar. Burr uld not give in. Let others shift and scheme and draw ray, he would not.

He proved himself, by that measure, wanting in good feel- g for his fellows.

Nothing of the sort. By any measure that you choose, at we find good our virtue is to cling to it. The common od he found common—and did not hesitate to show it. The mmon good he found lacking, in no matter what—but lack- g. He would not stand for its tyrannical assertions. The e thing—liberty—he saw disappearing in the dreadful lev- ng, the machinations of a Junto, no matter how well inten- ned, were seeking to negate for themselves by seizing power.

Was he so great a rock of liberty?

They knew they must give up much, he refused—and de- nded still a place for himself, whole. They yielding to the wd, yet felt regret to take its dust. The degradation which y suffered and he refused to suffer brought their hatred

down on him with double force. It was all in that feeling. H gave it vent. The loss to Jefferson of a glass candlestick, a more later, which he imagined he could sacrifice; Washingt retiring disheartened to his farm to breathe the air; Bu *carried into politics.*

At last we have it!

A humanity, his own, free and independent, unyielding the herd, practical, direct. That was his violent party the based on the rock, could not be moved.

Did he present it in that light?

What light? Who shall name that thing? It is the hi den flame, but like all that's universal it cannot be pack into three common words.

They called him frivolous.

Because he was serious, because he gave himself whol where they played and ducked and hedged and took th sorrow off into the parlor or among the cattle. He stood and was arrogant, unyielding. They strutted pompously shyly, great liberals; he struck straight for liberty and did n kid himself that he had it, he who believed in himself and teaching and his blood, when he was smothering it in pret fancies and high-sounding phrases and dung. Either th had what they were fighting for or they did not have England or the mob, it made small difference to him. WAS serious, *they* were the triflers—their own dupes.

They said he was immoral.

He was, safely so, by the flesh. He found safety in th flesh and among its sturdy guardians—women. Were th too idle in recognizing him? They loved him. Frivolou He was perhaps the only one of the time who saw women, the flesh, as serious, and they hailed and welcomed with de gratitude and profound joy his serious knowledge and rega and liberating force—for them. Freedom? Then for wom also—but such a freedom that the one defense must be—i moral. He laughed at that and dug in the deeper.

He treated them lightly.

Never. He kept their secrets; no man has a better record. ked his opinion he could say of women: all seriousness, yet u must speak light nothings to them. The rest were frivo- us with women. The rest denied them, condoned the female sh, found them helpmates at the best and at the worst, rses, cattle, provincial accessories, useful workers to make ffee and doughnuts—and to be left to go crazy on the farms r five generations after—that's New England, or they'd le the bull behind the barn, so that the women would not ink it knew the cows were—Bah, feudal dolls gone ong, that's Virginia. Women? necessary but not noble, t the highest, not deliciously a free thing, apart, *feminine*, heaven;—afraid to delve in it save like so much dough. rr found the spirit living there, free and equal, independ- t, springing with life. Or did he? I say if he did he was fore his time. Surely they drank of him like water.

Of children he was passionately fond, and they of him. Those little images of freedom, children, fascinated him. hey, loving seriousness and openness and all things with ght in them—loved him. He adored them, his stepsons nong the first, and after them, that little grandson, Theodo- a's baby who died—and broke the old man's heart.

He was immoral as a satyr.

It is a cry of fear and disappointment—and perverse pleas- re. The acute delight Americans have always got from de- ying themselves joy and maiming others that they might be aved" from some obliquity of moral carriage is only lately nderstood. One step further and it leads to persecutions. he world is made to eat, not leave, that the spirit may be ll, not empty.

It is every licentious man's excuse for his excesses. Free- om is not so easy. There is no tyranny save ignorance and o escape from it save clear and persistent moral achievement, eeply followed. Doubtful of an advance the mere sensualist aps and flounders.

Burr knew what a democracy must liberate.

What then?

Men intact—with all their senses waking. He had, rai to a different level, the directness of "common people" wh reformers, that is to say, schemers, commonly neglect, n name, misapprehend as if it were anything but to touch, hear, to see, to smell, to taste.

Transcendental theory, my dear countryman.

What is; the delicious sincerity of pioneer people? In B this aristocratic strain, straight out of the ground, was *see* its own ground belied. To maintain that truth up throu the scale is the hard thing. A while ago, just here, I hear Polish woman saying to her daughter: "You bust your c with your fifty sweaters."

What's that: You bust your coat with your fifty sweate

Its immediacy, its sensual quality, a pure observation, lack of irritation, its lack of pretense, its playful exagge tion, its repose, its sense of design, its openness, its gayety, unconstraint. It frees, it creates relief. In the great it the same, or would be if ever it existed, a delicious sincerity greater things of course) not a scheme, nor a system of p cedure—but careless truth.

A second China you would have.

Burr's life was of that stuff. It is *this* that is trying escape in a democracy.

Traitors have it, maybe; also the incapable.

Yes, they have (maybe); it saves them. And if it not appeared in the great rulers of the world it is beca they lack power of the spirit and *it is yet to appear.* It difficult but it is IT.

Not too enlightening, that.

What does it matter on this earth about scientists, philo phers or saints? Snake charmers. An amusement. Th schemes amount to nothing. But to the men themselves ev moment, every detail, the devotion, the clarities are vital—a so we value them, in short, by their style. They must pon deeply, pass hours of suspense, give themselves wholly, s

ily that they may have the authenticity of a shepherd—or
llown, without which their lives are so much paper.

Well, yes. But how is Burr concerned in this?

If politics could be the science of humanity, I think his
ce was there. He was the essence of the schemes the others
de.

Granted that the value of all things—and men—is purely
ritual, a devotion in themselves to painstaking truthfulness,
h no interfering, yet how will Burr—?

Such things have an aspect, on the world's side, that be-
ders us. That obscene flesh in which we dig for all our
od, man and woman alike, Burr knew and trusted. Here
lived, giving and receiving to the full of his instinctive
ure.

But passion will obscure our sense so that we eat sad stuff
I call it nectar. Burr was heavily censured by his time,
noral, traitorous and irregular. What they say of him, I
l believe.

Believe it if you will but listen to this story: Near the
. of his life a lady said to him: "Colonel, I wonder if you
e ever the gay Lothario they say you were." The old man
ned his eyes, the lustre still undiminished, toward the lady
nd lifting his trembling finger said in his quiet, impressive
sper: "They say, they say, they say. Ah, my child, how
g are you going to continue to use those dreadful words?
ose two little words have done more harm than all others.
ver use them, my dear, never use them."

ADVENT OF THE SLAVES

THE colored men and women whom I know intimat
add a quality, that is delightful, to the life abo
me.

There is little use, after all—save in a title—of speaki
of the advent of the slaves; these were just men of a certa
mettle who came to America in ships, like the rest. The min
differences of condition were of no importance—the mere co
dition of their coming is of no importance—

The colored men and women whom I have known intimat
have a racial character which has impressed me. I have n
much bothered to know why, exactly, this has been so—

The one thing that never seems to occur to anybody
that the negroes have a quality which they have brought t
America. It is not important that it is available or not to
for any special use—

Poised against the *Mayflower* is the slave ship—manr
by Yankees and Englishmen—bringing another race to
upon the New World, that will prove its tenacity and abil
to thrive by seizing upon the Christian religion—a thing
replace their own elephant-, snake- and gorilla-filled jungle
on which to fasten for stability, blowing into it the soul
their own darkness, where, as were the Aztecs in their bloo
chapels, they are founded—

They helped to build "a society that was rich and in sc
ways sumptuous and curiously oriental". "Puritan Mas
chusetts unable to rid itself of the idea of man's essen
wickedness, could not envision this earthly paradise, Ge
gia—" "In many families every child had his individual sla
great gentlemen almost openly kept their concubines; gr
ladies half dozed through the long summer afternoons on th

aded piazzas mollified by the slow fanning of their black ttendants, and by the laving of their feet in water periodically tched anew from the spring house"—it is a sunken quality, it is a living quality—it is no matter which.

All the rest is to keep from having to say anything more -like a nigger: it is their beauty. When they try to make eir race an issue—it is nothing. In a chorus singing *Trova-re*, they are nothing. But saying *nothing*, dancing *nothing*, *NOBODY*", it is a quality—

Bert Williams, author of a Russian ballet, *The Kiss;* that's rse than nothin'. But "Somewhere the sun am shinin'—for E . . ." That's SOMETHIN'. Taking his shoes off; that's METHIN'.

. . . dancing, singing with the wild abandon of being se, closer, closest together; waggin', wavin', weavin', shakin'; alone, in a cabin, at night, in the stillness, in the moonlight -bein' nothin'—with gravity, with tenderness—they arrive d "walk all over God's heaven—"

There is a solidity, a racial irreducible minimum, which ves them poise in a world where they have no authority—

Or a ramshackle "castle", peaked with doll's house gables, awry, by the railroad; where the boys came with their rides" in those good old days JUST before the war; old oes and a shambling independence: a tigerish life, lived in fiance over a worthless son, by virtue of fierce courage, a avy fearless voice and a desperate determination to be let one—with two reminiscent, shrewd, remembering eyes amping authenticity upon her words—and long gorilla arms deal a heavy blow upon man or woman who may threaten r, with a shouted threat of knife-thrust or hatchet stroke that fails. She was knocked down, bellowing like a buffalo, altreated—by whom? You wouldn't get it out of her. But e announced to whoever has ears, in this place or the next, at it wouldn't happen another time,—and it hasn't. On a turday night shuffling along absorbed, with slow, swinging it, or staring into odd corners, or settling back on her heels

with a belligerent scowl if greeted—ready to talk: "Why h
are ya?"—anywhere. "Go ahead, kill me, I ain't afraid
ya."

I remember with thrilling pleasure and deep satisfact
E. K. Means' tale, *Diada Daughter of Discord*, an outstandi
story of a wild nigger wench, billeted upon a friend's fam
by her owner while he went for a short boat trip without h
Read *Diada*—cutting cane stalks, sharpening them with lig
ning speed and driving them through the attacking hounds

"faces like
old Florentine oak.

Also

the set pieces
of your faces stir me—
leading citizens—
but not
in the same way."

Nothin' makes much difference—to Otie: Butcher kn
butcher knife, Mr. Gould wants you.

It's a quality, the same as "Sweet everlasting voices
still".

Of the colored men and women whom I have known in
mately, the most loquacious is M.—who can't eat eggs beca
it gives him the hives. Language grows in the original fr
his laughing lips, "You know that bloom of youth stuff",
shy crooked smile, weary, slow, topping his svelt figure,
straight, slim six feet of willowy grace, drooping from
shoulders, smiling sleepy eyes. "White blood and colored bl
don't mix," said he nursing his injury, "Doc, I got a hem
rhage of the FLUTE," he said. "Cocaine for horses, coca
for mules, IN THE *TRENCHES!*" he yelled as I remo
the bandage. "I'm going to feed this to the ducks," he s
The relief is never ending, never failing. It is water fro

ring to talk with him—it is a quality. I wish I might write book of his improvisations in slang. I wish I might write a ay in collaboration with him.

His old man is a different sort: I once made several pages notes upon his conversation—but I lost them; he was an le fisherman along the North Atlantic shore, resistant as an l. In the hold of the vessel when they were packing porgies, e and fish filling the hold of the schooner in heavy layers, was he who could stay down there at work longest—

For sheer sordidness we never touch them, the desperate unkenness, upon foul stuff, in which they nearly die in a ap of rags under the eaves in the attic of some revolting, dis-se-ridden female's dump—fly-covered, dazed—

For purity of religious devotion, in the simplicity of their anœuvres, they exceed our greatest application. Personal anliness becomes them with an oriental grace before which r ablutions pale to insignificance.

They wear the BEST fabrics that money can buy, man and man alike.

It is nothing, nothing.

There was Georgie Anderson whom I remember as some male who walked upon air and light—in her wild girlhood.

And there was "Dudu", gentle as the dew or rain in April, but I knew she had a temper for those who offended her—

And there are many others.

Put them on a ship, under any circumstances you may ncy and you have them coming, coming. Why for?

Nothin'—

As old man Hemby said to me at the door: "I'm here. I me after you yesterday but I couldn't find you. Doctor, n in a bad fix; I want you to do something for me."

DESCENT

AT fifteen years of age Samuel Houston, born 17
Scotch-Irish, ran away from his brothers of whom
was a charge and joined the Cherokee Indians of W
ern Tennessee. He lived with them until eighteen, then
ascended to the settlements for school. . . . The primi
destiny of the land is obscure, but it has been obscured furt
by a field of unrelated culture stuccoed upon it that has m
that destiny more difficult than ever to determine. To
latter nearly all the æsthetic adhesions of the present
occur. Through that stratum of obscurity the acute but f
genius of the place must penetrate. The seed is tough but
chances are entirely against a growth. It is possible for ev
vestige of virtue from the New World to be lost, like the w
pigeon.

Houston was one of the few men of his time suited m
tally, morally, physically for dominant achievement. G
ernor of Tennessee, 1829, he married Eliza Allen of a pro
nent family of Sumner County, of that state. After th
months she left him. None knows the reason, both remai
silent. He wrote, "Eliza stands acquitted by me." The b
duration of the marriage, the violence and permanence of
separation, the prominence of Houston and the lack of all
formation forthcoming concerning the incident give it
arresting character. Surmise will suit the fancy: he accu
her of a romantic attachment; she accused him of worse;
there was, more likely, a disproportion between them; a m
of primitive vigors loosed upon her in private, she was ov
borne by him in some manner, or she refused to be overbor

He, swept off his feet by the emotional recoil from the m
fortune, first pleaded with her father to intercede for him t

wife might return; failing in this, he resigned the gover-ship of Tennessee, left everything behind him and took descent once more, to the ground. He rejoined the Chero-s, now removed to Arkansas. The state was in an uproar, ple spoke badly of him; there was nothing too bad for them say. His wife divorced him and remarried. For a while he k to drink. . . . He turned back to the Indians, it is the ing gesture—but a gesture of despair. Poe can be under-od only in a knowledge of his deep roots. The quality of flower will then be seen to be normal, in all its tortured rituosity and paleness, a desert flower with roots under sand of his day.

Whitman had to come from under. All have to come from ler and through a dead layer.

But this primitive ordeal, created by a peculiar condition destiny (the implantation of an already partly cultured e on a wild continent) has a plant in its purpose, in its s' eye, as gorgeous as Montezuma's gardens of birds, wild sts and albino natives in wooden cages.

But he who will grow from that basis must sink first.

If he goes to France, it is not to learn a *do re mi fa sol.* goes to see a strange New World.

If not definitely a culture new in every part, at least a sat-ction. He wants to have the feet of his understanding the ground, his ground, *the* ground, the only ground that knows, that which *is* under his feet. I speak of æsthetic sfaction. This want, in America, can only be filled by wledge, a poetic knowledge, of that ground. Since this is cult, due to the hardships which beset the emergence of a t: A poet is one related to a basis of material, æsthetic, -itual, hypothetical, abnormal—satisfaction, . . . since is so, the want goes for the most part unsatisfied in erica or is satisfied by a fillgap. The predominant picture America is a land æsthetically satisfied by temporary fill-s. But the danger remains: Taste is so debauched in the that everything of new will be forgotten and—

In spite of size its genius is shy and wild and frail, loveliest, to be cherished only by the most keen, courage and sensitive. It may die.

Meanwhile, taste is pandered to somehow. . . . Am the Indians Houston lived, from the time of his separat from his wife, eleven years. He was adopted into the tri he, maintaining silence upon the calamity which had overta him, preferred to be among those who accepted him for w he was and let no rumor of his past affect them. It wa courtesy he knew how to find as they to proffer. It ca from the ground like water. He took an Indian woman his wife.

The instigation to invasion is apparent: ready profit. excuse also is apparent: progress. The refusal of these thi is like feathered darts on armor. We are tyros in what are glad to believe are the fundamentals of artistic unc standing. We crave filling and eagerly grab for what there The next step is, floating upon cash, to wish to be *like* others. Now come in the Universities, the conformists of colors from the arch-English to the Italian peasant and goats.

It is imperative that we *sink*. But from a low position i impossible to answer those who know all the Latin and sc of the Sanskrit names, much French and perhaps one or other literatures. Their riposte is: Knownothingism. I we cannot climb every tree in that world of birds. But wh foreign values are held to be a desideratum, he who is bun and speaks thickly—is lost.

There is nothing for a man but genius or despair. cannot answer in the smart language, certainly it would b bastardization of our own talents to waste time to learn language they use. I would rather sneak off and die like a s dog than be a well known literary person in America—and doubt I'll do it in the end. Our betters we may bitterly vise: Know nothing (i.e., the man on the street), make attempt to know. With a foreign congeries of literary cl

p, come without courtesy to a strange country and make yourself a smooth track to the pockets of the mob by cater- to a "refined" taste and soiling that which you do not ow how to estimate. Courtesy would at least bid him be rmed or keep still. . . .

Those who come up from under will have a mark on them t invites scorn, like a farmer's filthy clodhoppers. They l be recognized only from *abroad*, being so like the mass of which they come as to be scorned from anear, etc., etc., ... After the many years with the Cherokees, having tled down thoroughly, this time, Houston rose again: de- ted Santa Ana at San Jacinto and received the soubri- t, "Sam Jacinto," Governor of Texas, U. S. Senator dur- a long term, several times mentioned for the presidency, rried again, several children, when in deep thought whit- l pine sticks, tigerskin vest, blanket, sombrero, joined Bap- Church, opposed secession of southern states, lived to have ncoln recognize him by offer of a Major-Generalship, which refused.

However hopeless it may seem, we have no other choice: must go back to the beginning; it must all be done over; rything that is must be destroyed.

EDGAR ALLAN POE

POE was not "a fault of nature", "a find for French ey ripe but unaccountable, as through our woollyhea ness we've sought to designate him, but a genius mately shaped by his locality and time. It is to save our f that we've given him a crazy reputation, a writer from w classic accuracies we have not known how else to escape.

The false emphasis was helped by his Parisian vogue tonal influence on Baudelaire, but the French mind was de hit than that. Poe's work strikes by its scrupulous origina *not* "originality" in the bastard sense, but in its legitir sense of solidity which goes back to the ground, a convic that he *can* judge within himself. These things the Fr were *ready* to perceive and quick to use to their advanta new point from which to readjust the trigonometric meas ments of literary form.

It is the New World, or to leave that for the better t it is a *new locality* that is in Poe assertive; it is America first great burst through to expression of a re-awakened ge of *place*.

Poe gives the sense for the first time in America, that l ature is *serious*, not a matter of courtesy but of truth. *Maria Lucretia Davidson*).

The aspect of his critical statements as a whole, from t hundred American titles to the inmost structure of his tences, is that of a single gesture, not avoiding the trivia sweep all worthless chaff aside. It is a movement, first and to clear the GROUND.

There is a flavor of provincialism that is provincia in the plainness of his reasoning upon elementary grammat syntactical and prosodic grounds which awakened Low

ision. But insistence upon primary distinctions, that seems lly academic, was in this case no more than evidence of a ng impulse to begin at the beginning. Poe was unsophis-ted, when contrasted with the puerile sophistications of a well. It is a *beginning* he has in mind, a juvenescent *local* rature. By this he avoids the clownish turn of trying to a, contrary to every reasonable impulsion, a literature (the glish) with which he had no actual connection and which ht be presumed, long since, to have passed that beginning ch to the *new* condition was requisite.

But Mr. Lowell's comment had to be answered:

> "Here comes Poe with his Raven, like Barnaby Rudge—
> Three fifths of him genius, and two fifths sheer fudge;
> Who talks like a book of iambs and pentameters
> In a way to make all men of common sense damn meters
> Who has written some things far the best of their kind;
> But somehow the heart seems squeezed out by the mind."

It brings a technical retort from Poe upon the grounds ., "We may observe here that *profound* ignorance on any ticular topic is always sure to manifest itself by some allu- to 'common sense' as an all-sufficient instructor." Then ears L.'s versification to pieces, adding, "Mr. L. should have meddled with the anapestic rhythm: it is exceedingly ward in the hands of one who knows nothing about it and *will* persist in fancying that he can write it by ear." But, viously, he had nailed the matter in a different vein. Lo- "could not do a better thing than to take the advice of e who mean him well, and leave prose, with satiric verse, nose who are better able to manage them; while he contents self with that class of poetry for which, and for which e, he seems to have an especial vocation—the poetry of *iment*." But Poe might have added finally, in his own nse, what he says elsewhere, concerning the accusation in last two lines: "The *highest* order of the imaginative intel- is always preeminently mathematical—"

The whole passage is noteworthy not only for the brilliar of such a statement as that, but also because of its use of provincial "we" (*Mr. Griswold and the Poets*): "That we not a poetical people has been asserted so often and so rounc both at home and abroad that the slander, through mere d of repetition, has come to be received as truth. Yet nothi can be farther removed from it. The mistake is but a porti or corollary, of the old dogma, that the calculating facul are at war with the ideal; while, in fact, it may be demonstra that the two divisions of mental power are never to be fou in perfection apart. The highest order of the imaginative tellect is always preëminently mathematical; and the convers

"The idiosyncrasy of our political position has stimula into early action whatever practical talent we possessed. E in our national infancy we evinced a degree of utilitarian al ity which put to shame the mature skill of our forefathe While yet in leading strings we proved ourselves adepts in the arts and sciences which promoted the *comfort* of the anir man. But the arena of exertion, and of consequent distincti into which our first and most obvious wants impelled us, l been regarded as the field of our deliberate choice. Our nec sities have been taken for our propensities. Having b forced to make railroads, it has been deemed impossible t we should make verse. Because it suited us to construct engine in the first instance, it has been denied that we co compose an epic in the second. Because we are not all Hom in the beginning, it has been somewhat rashly taken granted that we shall be all Jeremy Benthams to the end."

"But this is purest insanity . . ."

In the critical note upon *Francis Marryat*, the distinct between "nationality in letters", which Poe carefully sligh and the preëminent importance, in letters as in all ot branches of imaginative creation, of the *local*, which is his c stant focus of attention, is to be noted.

Poe was NOT, it must be repeated, a Macabre genius, *ess*

ially lost upon the grotesque and the arabesque. If we have ppraised him a morass of "lolling lilies", *that* is surface only.

The local causes shaping Poe's genius were two in charac- er: the necessity for a fresh beginning, backed by a native igor of extraordinary proportions,—with the corollary, that ll "colonial imitation" must be swept aside. This was the nscious force which rose in Poe as innumerable timeless in- ghts resulting, by his genius, in firm statements on the char- cter of form, profusely illustrated by his practices; and, *econd* the immediate effect of the locality upon the first, upon is nascent impulses, upon his original thrusts; tormenting ne depths into a surface of bizarre designs by which he's nown and which are *not at all* the major point in question.

Yet BOTH influences were determined by the locality, which, the usual fashion, finds its mind swayed by the results its stupidity rather than by a self-interest bred of greater isdom. As with all else in America, the value of Poe's genius OURSELVES must be *uncovered* from our droppings, or at ast uncovered from the "protection" which it must have ised about itself to have survived in any form among us— here everything is quickly trampled.

Poe "saw the end"; unhappily he saw his own despair at e same time, yet he continued to attack, with amazing genius eking to discover, and discovering, points of firmness by hich to STAND and grasp, against the slipping way they d of holding on in his locality. Either the New World must mine as I will have it, or it is a worthless bog. There can no concession. His attack was *from the center out.* Either exist or I do not exist and no amount of pap which I hap- n to be lapping can dull me to the loss. It was a doctrine, ti-American. Here everything was makeshift, everything s colossal, in profusion. The frightened hogs or scared ds feeding on the corn— It left, in 1840, the same mood ever dominant among us. Take what you can get. What lack, copy. It was a population puffed with braggadocio, om Poe so beautifully summarizes in many of his prose tales.

To such men, all of them, the most terrible experience in th world is to be shown up. This Poe did, in his criticisms, wit venomous accuracy. It was a gesture to BE CLEAN. was a wish to HAVE the world or leave it. It was the true instinct in America demanding to be satisfied, and an end makeshifts, self deceptions and grotesque excuses. And y the grotesque inappropriateness of the life about him forc itself in among his words.

One is forced on the conception of the New World as woman. Poe was a new De Soto. The rest might be conte with little things, not he.

"Rather the ice than their way."

His attack upon the difficulty which faced him was bri liantly conceived, faultlessly maintained and successful. T best term is perhaps: immaculate.

What he wanted was connected with no particular plac therefore it *must* be where he *was*.

"We have at length arrived at that epoch when our liter ture may and must stand on its own merits, or fall through own defects. We have snapped asunder the leading-strings our British Grandmama, and, better still, we have surviv the first hours of our novel freedom,—the first licentious ho of hobbledehoy braggadocio and swagger. *At last*, then, are in a condition to be criticized—even more, to be n glected; . . ."

What Poe says gains power by his not diminishing force for the slightness of the object; it is a sense of an inev able, impartial tide. "We have *no* design to be bitter. W notice this book at all, only because it is an unusually large o of its kind, because it is lying here upon our table, and cause, whether justly or unjustly, whether for good reason for none, it has attracted some portion of the attention the public." There is no softening for the department names, old or new, but a sense of the evidence examined, a lies on the page, by a faultless mechanism which he brin from the rear of his head for the trial.

Lowell, Bryant, etc., concerned poetry with literature, Poe oncerned it with the soul; hence their differing conceptions of ie use of language. With Poe, words were not hung by usage ith associations, the pleasing wraiths of former masteries, iis is the sentimental trap-door to beginnings. With Poe ords were figures; an old language truly, but one from which carried over only the most elemental qualities to his new urpose; which was, to find a way to tell his soul. Sometimes used words so playfully his sentences seem to fly away from nse, the destructive! with the conserving abandon, fore-adowed, of a Gertrude Stein. The particles of language ust be clear as sand. (See *Diddling.*)

This was an impossible conception for the gluey imagina-n of his day. Constantly he labored to detach SOMETHING om the inchoate mass—That's it:

His concern, the apex of his immaculate attack, was to ach a "method" from the smear of common usage—it is the rk of nine tenths of his criticism. He struck to lay low the *aiseries*" of form and content with which his world ounded. It was a machine-gun fire; even in the slaughter banality he rises to a merciless distinction. (See *Rufus wes.*) He sought by stress upon construction to hold the se-strung mass off even at the cost of an icy coldness of ap-rance; it was the first need of his time, an escape from the mless mass he hated. It is the very sense of a beginning, as *s the impulse which drove him to the character of all his s;* to get from sentiment to form, a backstroke from the rming "population."

He has a habit, borrowed perhaps from algebra, of balanc-his sentences in the middle, or of reversing them in the later ses, a sense of play, as with objects, or numerals which he in the original, disassociated, that is, from other literary t; separate words which he feels and turns about as if he d them to his design with *some* sense of their individual ity: "those who belong properly to books, and to whom s, perhaps, do not quite so properly belong."

The strong sense of a beginning in Poe is in *no one* el before him. What he says, being thoroughly local in origi has some chance of being universal in application, a thing th never dared conceive. Made to fit a *place* it will have th actual quality of *things* anti-metaphysical——

About Poe there is—
No supernatural mystery—
No extraordinary eccentricity of fate——
He is American, understandable by a simple exercise of reaso a light in the morass—which *must* appear eerie, even to hi self, by force of terrific contrast, an isolation that would n urally lead to drunkenness and death, logically and simply by despair, as the very final evidence of a too fine seriousn and devotion.

It is natural that the French (foreigners, unacquaint with American conditions) should be attracted by the su FACE of his genius and copy the wrong thing, (but the e pressive thing), the strange, the bizarre (the recoil) witho sensing the actuality, of which that is the complement,—a we get for Poe a REPUTATION for eccentric genius, maimed, curious, the sick—at least the unexplainable crop-up, un lated to his ground—which has become his inheritance.

* * * * * * * * *

"The fiery serpent that bit the children of Israel wh they wandered through the wilderness was possibly the guin worm, which enters the body as a water flea, develops, a ultimately, lies coiled under the skin, from one to six feet length. It formerly was coaxed out by winding it on a st little by little each day. Then the zoologist found that it se water in which to lay its eggs, and will naively crawl out the affected leg or arm is simply submerged in water for a f hours.

"The mysterious is so simple when revealed by science!"

* * * * * * * * *

On him is FOUNDED A LITERATURE—typical; an anger sweep out the unoriginal, that became ill-tempered, a mo

maniacal driving to destroy, to annihilate the copied, the slav-sh, the FALSE literature about him: this is the major impulse n his notes—darkening as he goes, losing the battle, as he feels imself going under—he emerges as the ghoulish, the driven ack. It is the crudeness with which he was attacked in his wn person, scoffed at—

He declares, maintains himself, pre-supposes himself and first rate. FIRST!—madly, valiantly battling for the right BE first—to hold up his ORIGINALITY—

"If a man—if an Orphicist—or SEER—or whatever else he ay choose to call himself, while the rest of the world calls m an ass—if this gentleman have an idea which he does not derstand himself, the best thing he can do is to say nothing out it; . . . but if he have any idea which is actually intelligi-e to himself, and if he sincerely wishes to render it intelligible others, we then hold it as indisputable that he should employ ose forms of speech which are the best adapted to further his ject. He should speak to the people in that people's ordi-ry tongue. He should arrange words such as are habitually ployed for the preliminary and introductory ideas to be veyed—he should arrange them in collocations such as se in which we are accustomed to see those words arranged." Meantime we earnestly ask if *bread-and-butter* be the vast A in question—if *bread-and-butter* be any portion of this t IDEA? for we have often observed that when a SEER has to ak of even so usual a thing as bread-and-butter, he can er be induced to mention it outright. . ."

The language of his essays is a remarkable HISTORY the locality he springs from. There is no aroma to his ds, rather a luminosity, that comes of a disassociation from thing else than thought and ideals; a coldly nebulous, side ide juxtaposition of the words as the ideas—It seems to fall k continuously to a bare surface exhausted by having hed no perch in tradition. Seldom a long or sensuous sen-e, but with frequent reduplication upon itself as if holding f up by itself.

Thought, thought, mass—and the sense of SOMETHIN over the heads of the composite particles of the logic, the ii significance of the details, WHICH HE DID ACTUALLY achiev A "childlike," simple, deductive reasoning IS his criticism— sense of BEGINNING—of originality that presupposes an ii trinsic WORTH in the reasoner—a sense of *strippea*, bein clothed, nevertheless.

Unwilling to concede the necessity for any prop to H logical constructions, save the locality upon which originali is rested, he is the diametric opposite of Longfellow—to s the least. But Longfellow was the apotheosis of all that h preceded him in America, to this extent, that he brought ov the *most* from "the other side." In "*Longfellow and Oth Plagiarists*," Poe looses himself to the full upon them. B what had they done? No more surely than five hundred arc tects are constantly practicing. Longfellow did it witho genius, perhaps, but he did no more and no less than to bri the tower of the Seville Cathedral to Madison Square.

This is the expression of a "good" spirit. It is the des to have "culture" for America by "finding" it, full blown somewhere. But we had wandered too far, suffered too ma losses for that. Such a conception could be no more than pathetic reminiscence. It had NOTHING of the New World i it. Yet, it was bred of the wish to bring to the locality what lacked.

What it lacked, really, was to be cultivated. So they bu an unrelated copy upon it; this, as a sign of intelligence vigor. That is, to bring out its qualities, they cover the Culture is still the effect of cultivation, to work with a thi until it be rare; as a golden dome among the mustard fie It implies a solidity capable of cultivation. Its effects marble blocks that lie perfectly fitted and aligned to expr by isolate distinction the rising lusts which threw them regulated, in moving through the mass of impedimenta wh is the world.

This is culture; in mastering them, to burst through

peculiarities of an environment. It is NOT culture to *oppress* a novel environment with the stale, if symmetrical, castoffs of another battle. They are nearly right when they say: Destroy the museums! But that is only the reflection, after all, of minds that fear to be slavish. Poe could look at France, Spain, Greece, and NOT be impelled to copy. He could do this BECAUSE he had the sense within him of a locality of his own, capable of cultivation.

Poe's use of the tags of other cultures than his own manages to be novel, interesting, useful, *unaffected*, since it succeeds in giving the impression of being not in the least dragged in by rule or pretence but of a fresh purpose such as I have indicated. There is nothing offensively "learned" there, nothing contemptuous, even in the witty tricks with bogus Latin which he plays on his illiterate public, which by *its* power, in turn, *permits* him an originality, *allows him*, even when he is satiric, an authenticity——since he is not seeking to destroy but to assert, candidly, and to defend *his own*.

He was the first to realize that the hard, sardonic, truculent mass of the New World, hot, angry—was, in fact, not something to paint over, to smear, to destroy—for it WOULD not be destroyed, it was too powerful,—it smiled! That it is NOT something to be slighted by men. Difficult, its very difficulty was their strength. It was in the generous bulk of its animal nudity that their every fineness would be found safely imbedded.

Poe conceived the possibility, the sullen, volcanic inevitability of the *place*. He was willing to go down and wrestle with conditions, using every tool France, England, Greece could give him,—but to use them to original purpose.

This is his anger against Longfellow.

The difficulty is in holding the mind down to the point of seeing the *beginning* difference between Poe and the rest. We cannot expect to see as wide a gap between him and the others as exists between the Greek and the Chinese. It is only in the conception of a *possibility* that he is most dis-

tinguished. His greatness is in that he turned his back an faced inland, to originality, with the identical gesture of Boone.

And for *that* reason he is unrecognized. Americans hav never recognized themselves. How can they? It is impos sible until someone invent the ORIGINAL terms. As long a we are content to be called by somebody's else terms, we a incapable of being anything but our own dupes.

Thus Poe must suffer by his originality. Invent the which is new, even if it be made of pine from your own yar and there's none to know what you have done. It is becaus there's no *name*. This is the cause of Poe's lack of recogn tion. He was American. He was the astounding, inconcei able growth of his locality. Gape at him they did, and he them in amazement. Afterward with mutual hatred; he disgust, they in mistrust. It is only that which is under yo nose which seems inexplicable.

Here Poe emerges—in no sense the bizarre, isolate write the curious literary figure. On the contrary, in him Amer can literature is anchored, in him alone, on solid ground.

In all he says there is a sense of him *surrounded* by H time, tearing at it, ever with more rancor, but always at batt taking hold.

But Poe—differing from pioneers in other literatures, t great beginners—due to the nature of the people, *had fi to lift his head through* a successful banality. This was double impost. But he did it, NOT by despising, ignorin slighting the work that preceded him but by attacking "Among all the pioneers of American literature, whether pr or poetical, there is *not one* (Note: In his own estimate ev he begins.) whose productions have not been much overrat by his countrymen."

"But originality, as it is one of the highest, is also c of the rarest of merits. In America it is especially, and ve remarkably, rare—this through causes sufficiently well u derstood."

He abhorred the "excessively opportune."—Of course, he says, to write of the Indians, the forests, the great natural beauty of the New World will be attractive and make a hit—so he counsels writers to AVOID it, for reasons crystal clear and well chosen. (See *Fenimore Cooper.*) His whole insistence has been upon method, in opposition to a nameless rapture over nature. He admired Claude Lorraine. Instead of to hog-fill the copied style with a gross rural sap, he wanted a lean style, rapid as a hunter and with an aim as sure. One way, in the New World, men must go. Bust gut or acute wit. Find the ground, on your feet or on your belly. It is a fight. He counsels writers to *borrow nothing* from the scene, but to put all the weight of effort into the WRITING. Put aside the GRAND scene and get to work to express yourself. Method, punctuation, grammar—

The local condition of literature FORCED Poe's hand. It is necessary to understand this if his names are to be grasped. By avoiding, of necessity, the fat country itself for its expression; to originate a style that does spring from the local conditions, not of trees and mountains, but of the "soul"—here starved, stricken by loss of liberty, ready to die—he is *forced in certain directions for his subjects.*

But this left him in difficulties. When he had narrowed himself down to a choice of method and subject, when all the meaningless lump of the lush landscape and all that that implies had been swept away, THEN, and only then will he begin to search for a subject. A voluntary lopping off of a NATURAL landscape, forced him into a field which he must have *searched* for, a field of cold logic, of invention, to which his work must still present a natural *appearance:* into his imaginative prose.

His criticism paves the way for what *must* be his prose—illustrating his favorite theory that the theory *includes the practice.*

No better means of transit from the criticism to the tales could be imagined than his discussion of the merits and de-

merits of Hawthorne as a proseist. He expresses his delight and surprise at finding Hawthorne's work of such excellence but then he finds a fault:

"He has the purest style, the finest taste, the most available scholarship, the most delicate humor, the most touching pathos the most radiant imagination, the most consummate ingenuity and with these varied good qualities he has done well as mystic. But is there any one of these qualities which would prevent his doing doubly as well in a career of honest, upright, sensible, prehensible, and comprehensible things? Let him mend his pen, get a bottle of visible ink, come out from the Old Manse, cut Mr. Alcott, hang (if possible) the Editor of *The Dial*, and throw out of the window to the pigs all his odd numbers of *The North American Review*."

Hawthorne has no repugnance for handling what Poe purposely avoids, the contamination of the UNFORMED LUMP the "*monstrum, horrendum, informe, ingens, cui lumen ademptum.*" And it is precisely here that lies Hawthorne's lack of importance to our literature when he is compared with Poe: what Hawthorne *loses* by his willing closeness to the life of his locality in its vague humors; his lifelike copying of the New England melancholy; his reposeful closeness to the town pump—Poe *gains* by abhorring; flying to the ends of the earth for "original" material—

By such a simple, logical twist does Poe succeed in being the more American, heeding more the local necessities, the harder structural imperatives—by standing off to SEE instead of forcing himself too close. Whereas Hawthorne, in his tales by doing what everyone else in France, England, Germany was doing *for his own milieu*, is no more than copying their *method* with another setting; does not ORIGINATE; has not a *beginning* literature at heart that must establish its own rules own framework,—Poe has realized by adopting a more elevated mien.

This feeling in Poe's tales, that is, the hidden, under, unapparent part, gives him the firmness of INSIGHT into the con-

ditions upon which our literature must rest, always the same, a local one, surely, but not of sentiment or mood, as not of trees and Indians, but of original fibre, the normal toughness which fragility of mood presupposes, if it will be expressive of anything— It is the expression of Poe's clearness of insight into the true difficulty, and his soundness of judgment.

* * * * * * * * *

To understand what Poe is driving at in his tales, one should read first NOT the popular, perfect—*Gold Bug, Murders in the Rue Morgue*, etc., which by their brilliancy detract from the observation of his deeper intent, but the less striking tales—in fact all, but especially those where his humor is less certain, his mood lighter, less tightly bound by the incident, where numerous illuminating *faults* are allowed to become expressive, *The Business Man, The Man That Was Used Up, Loss of Breath, BonBon, Diddling, The Angel of the Odd*—and others of his lesser Tales.

It should be noted how often certain things take place—how often there is death but not that only; it is the body broken apart, dismembered, as in *Loss of Breath*—

Then, as in *Hop Frog, The System of Dr. Tarr and Professor Fether* and the *Murders in the Rue Morgue*—the recurrent image of the ape. Is it his disgust with his immediate associates and his own fears, which cause this frequent use of the figure to create the emotion of extreme terror?—"Your majesty cannot conceive of the *effect* produced, at a masquerade, by eight chained orang-outangs, imagined to be real ones by the most of the company; and rushing in with savage cries, among the crowd of delicately and gorgeously habited men and women. The contrast is inimitable."

Note, in *Silence—a Fable:* "sorrow and weariness and disgust with mankind and a longing for solitude."

Many colloquial words could be detached from Poe's usage if it were worth while, to show how the language he practices varies from English, but such an exercise would be of little value—*hipped, crack*, etc.—it does not touch bottom.

The Tales continue the theories of the criticism, carrying out what they propose:

1. In choice of material, abstract. 2. In method, a logical construction that clips away, in great part, the "scenery" near at hand in order to let the real business of composition *show*. 3. A primitive awkwardness of diction, lack of polish, colloquialism that is, unexpectedly, especially in the dialogues, much in the vein of Mark Twain.

One feels that in the actual composition of his tales there must have been for him, as they embody it in fact, a fascination other than the topical one. The impulse that made him write them, that made him enjoy writing them—cannot have been the puerile one of amazement, but a deeper, logical enjoyment, in keeping with his own seriousness: it is that of PROVING even the most preposterous of his inventions plausible—that BY HIS METHOD he makes them WORK. They go: they *prove* him potent, they confirm his thought. And by the very extreme of their play, by so much the more do they hold up the actuality of that which he conceives.

If there ever had been another American to use his Greek, Sanscrit, Hebrew, Latin, French, German, Italian and Spanish—in the text—with anything like the unspoiled mastery of Poe, we should have known, long since, what it meant to have a literature of our own.

It is to have a *basis*, a local stanchion, by which to *bridge over* the gap between present learning and the classical; that asserts the continuity of the common virtues of style; that asserts their aristocratic origin, or their democratic origin, the same, as it has been pointed out recently, since an aristocracy is the flower of a locality and so the *full* expression of a democracy.

Of his method in the Tales, the significance and the secret is: authentic particles, a thousand of which spring to the mind for quotation, taken apart and reknit with a view to emphasize, enforce and make evident, the *method*. Their quality of skill in observation, their heat, local verity, being *over-*

shadowed only by the detached, the abstract, the cold philosophy of their joining together; a method springing so freshly from the local conditions which determine it, by their emphasis of firm crudity and lack of coordinated structure, as to be worthy of most painstaking study— The whole period, America 1840, could be rebuilt, psychologically (phrenologically) from Poe's "method."

* * * * * * * * *

It is especially in the poetry where "death looked gigantically down" that the horror of the formless resistance which opposed, maddened, destroyed him has forced its character into the air, the wind, the blessed galleries of paradise, above a morose, dead world, peopled by shadows and silence, and despair— It is the compelling force of his isolation.

The one earthly island he found where he might live in something akin to the state he imagined, the love of his wife, had to be single and inviolate. Failing of a more comprehensive passion, which might have possessed him had the place been of favorable omen, only in this narrow cell could he exist at all. Of this the poems are the full effect. He is known as a poet, yet there are but five poems, possibly three.

When she died, there was nothing left. In his despair he had nowhere to turn. It is the very apotheosis of the place and the time.

He died imploring from those about him a love he could not possess, since his own love, as his poems, had been so mingled in character with the iron revenge which completely surrounded him that it could not be repeated once its single object had been lost.

But here, in his poetry least of all, is there a mystery. It is but the accumulation of all that he has expressed, in the criticism, in the prose tales, but made as if so shaken with desire, that it has come off as a flame, destroying the very vial that contained it—and become, against his will almost it would seem,—himself.

It is not by a change in character but by its quickened motion that it has turned from mere heat into light—by its power of penetration that it has been brought to dwell upon love. By its acid power to break down truth that it has been *forced* upon love—

I mean that though in this his "method" has escaped him yet his poems remain of the single stuff of his great "theory" to grasp the meaning, to understand, to reduce all things to method, to control, lifting himself to power—

And failing, truth turning to love, as if metamorphosed in his hands as he was about to grasp it—now the full horror of his isolation comes down—

In his prose he could still keep a firm hold, he still held the "arrangement" fast and stood above it, but in the poetry he was at the edge—there was nothing——

Here in poetry, where it is said "we approach the gods," Poe was caught, instead, in his time.

Now, defenseless, the place itself attacked him. Now the thinness of his coat, the terror of his isolation took hold.

Had he lived in a world where love throve, his poems might have grown differently. But living where he did, surrounded as he was by that world of unreality, a formless "population" —drifting and feeding—a huge terror possessed him.

His passion for the refrain is like an echo from a hollow. It is his own voice returning—

His imagery is of the desperate situation of his mind, thin as a flame to mount unsupported, successful for a moment in the love of—not so much his wife—but in the escape she filled for him with her frail person, herself afflicted as by "ghouls."

Disarmed, in his poetry the place itself comes through. This is the New World. It is this that it does, as if——

It is in this wraithlike quality of his poems, of his five poems, that Poe is most of the very ground, hard to find, as if we walked upon a cushion of light pressed thin beneath our feet, that insulates, satirises—while we lash ourselves up and down in a fury of impotence.

Poe stayed against the thin edge, driven to be heard by the battering racket about him to a distant screaming—the pure essence of his locality.

The best poem is *To One in Paradise.*

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

THE Great Railsplitter's, "All I am or ever hope to b
I owe to my angel mother"; the walking up and down i
Springfield on the narrow walk between the two house
day after day, with a neighbor's baby, borrowed for the occa
sion, sleeping inside his cape upon his shoulder to give hi
stability while thinking and composing his coming speeche
and apart from its cowardice, the blinding stupidity of h
murderer's *sic semper tyrannis*, after he had shot him in th
back—in this trinity is reflected the brutalizing desolatio
of life in America up to that time; yet perversely flowering.

Mengelberg, a great broad hipped one, conducts an o
chestra in the same vein. It is a woman. He babies them
He leans over and floods them with his insistences. It is
woman drawing to herself with insatiable passion the myria
points of sound, conferring upon each the dignity of a su
cessful approach, relieving each of his swelling burden (bu
particularly, by himself), in the overtowering symphony—
It is the balm of command. The violins, surrounded, yet fe
that they have come alone, in silence and in secret, singly to h
heard.

It is Lincoln pardoning the fellow who slept on sentr
duty. It is the grace of the Bixby letter. The least priva
would find a woman to caress him, a woman in an old shawl—
with a great bearded face and a towering black hat above i
to give unearthly reality.

Brancusi should make his statue—of wood—after the ma
ner of his Socrates, with the big hole in the enormous ma
of the head, save that this would be a woman—

The age-old torture reached a disastrous climax in Li

oln. Failing of relief or expression, the place tormented it-
elf into a convulsion of bewilderment and pain—with a woman,
orn somehow, aching over it, holding all fearfully together.
t was the end of THAT period.

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This modern classic, which, like many classics, went generally unnoticed during the years after its first publication (in 1925), has reached out gradually to a larger and larger audience, until today its place among the primary works of American literature in this century is widely recognized. It is a magnificent book. In speaking of the "heroic prose" of one chapter, "The Destruction of Tenochtitlan," even so austere a critic as Yvor Winters has said that it "is superior in all likelihood to nearly any other prose of our time and to most of the verse."

Dr. Williams has looked at the texture of American history in much the way that he might examine anew the grain of his own hands in the picture on the front cover of this edition. He has found in the fabric of familiar episodes, from Red Eric and Columbus to Abraham Lincoln, new whorls of meaning, new configurations of character and intent. He has brought a poetic imagination to the task of reconstructing a live tradition for Americans, and the result is a genuinely consistent and integrated expression of the American inheritance. Dr. Williams has not invented the native conscience, but he has found it, often in the more remote gestures of history, and has given it enduring stature in prose.

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